WHAT HAPPENED TO CHEEVER COUNTRY? By Benjamin Cheever

JULY 28, 1997

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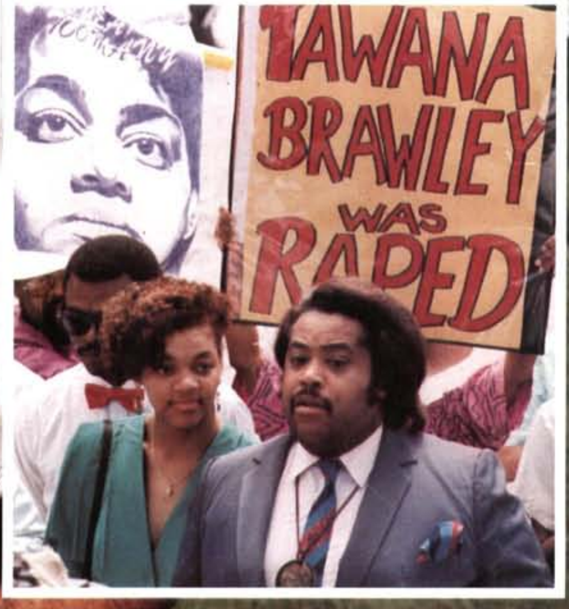
The Accused

Nine years ago, Al Sharpton falsely named him as Tawana Brawley's rapist. Now Steven Pagones wants Sharpton to pay. By Stephen Rodrick



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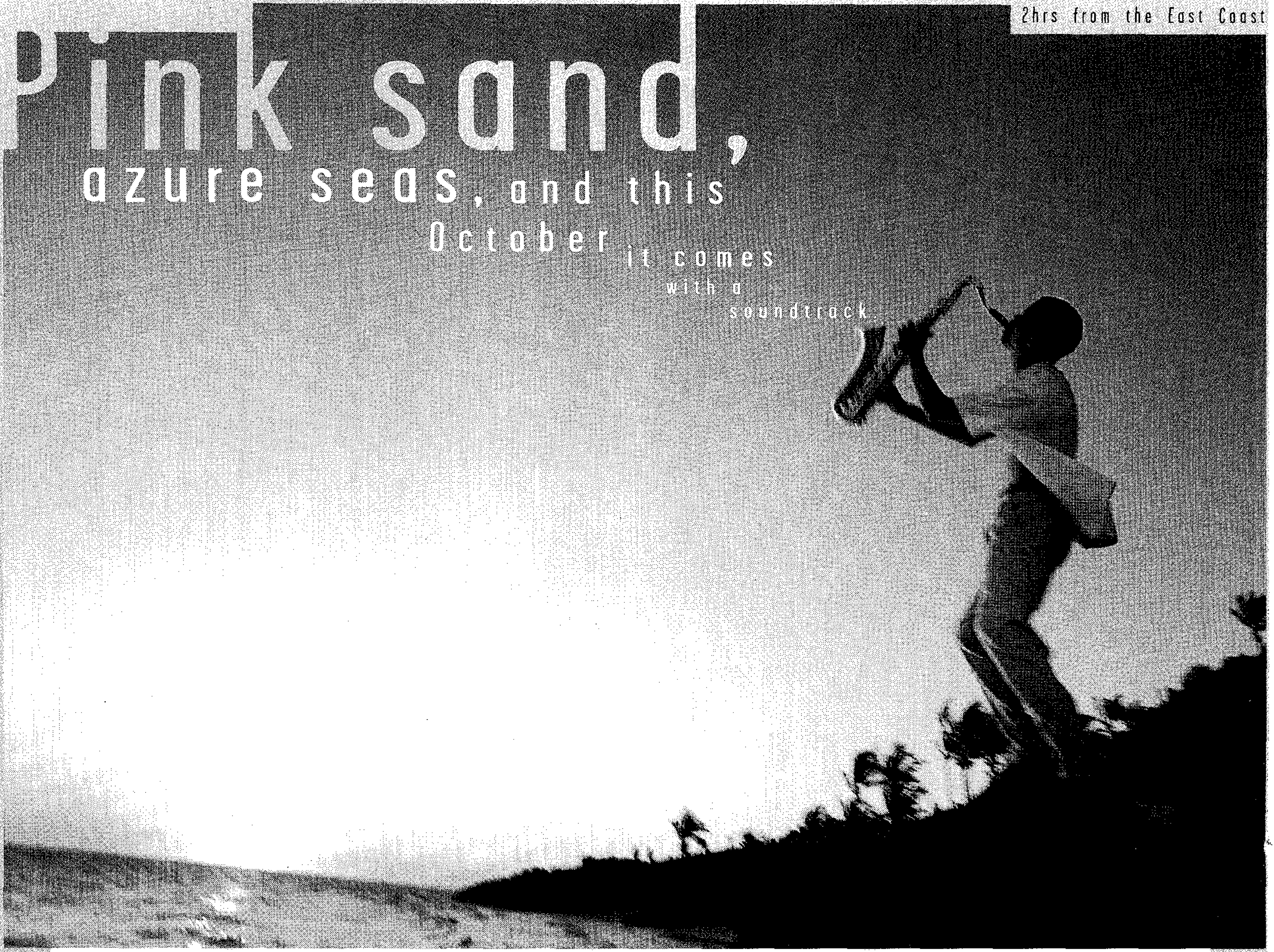
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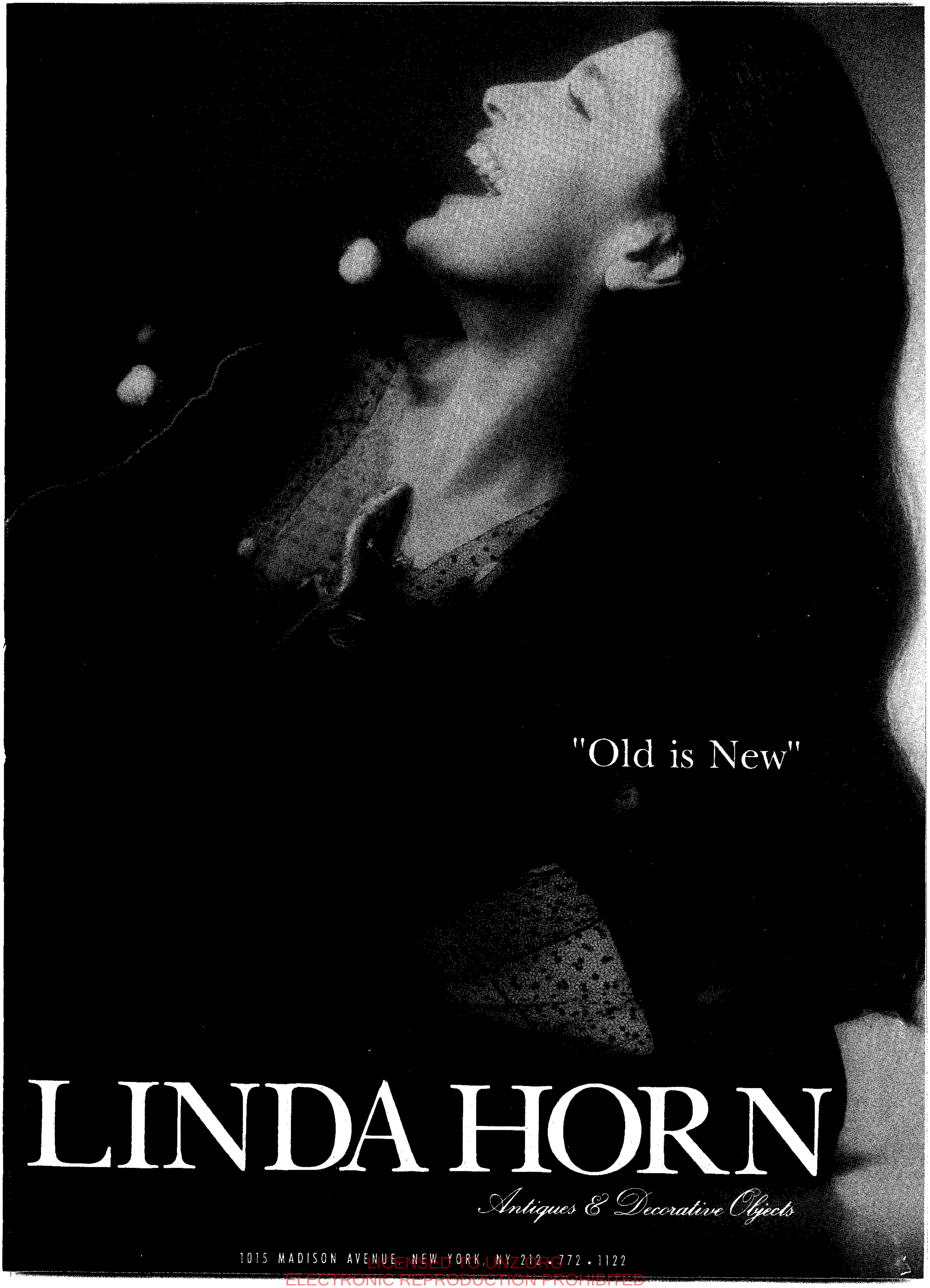
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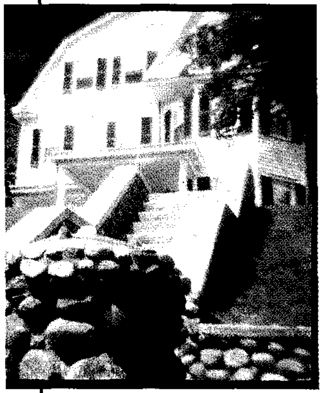
Contents July 28, 1997

> *"I wonder what kind of mind-set must a human being have to devote his whole life to perpetuating a fraud. . . . I can only get so angry. If I get angrier it will kill me."*
>
> STEVEN PAGONES, PAGE 24



18 The Westchester Chronicle

By Benjamin Cheever

Back before they widened the Taconic, John Cheever memorably captured the pastoral dream of New York's northern suburbs (and the gin-martini marriages lurking within those fieldstone houses). But Cheever's son can no longer detect the world his father knew. Has Cheever country been wiped from the map completely?

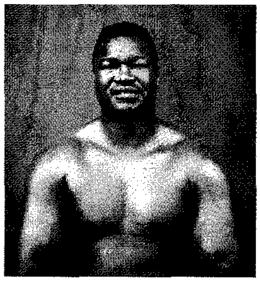
24 Tawanamania, the Sequel

By Stephen Rodrick

It's taken Steven Pagones—the assistant D.A. accused, and cleared, of rape during the Tawana Brawley scandal—ten years, but this fall, his defamation-of-character suit against mayoral candidate Al Sharpton and his former partners is coming to trial. There are millions of dollars—if not an election—at stake.

32 Larry Holmes Bends Your Ear

By Mark Jacobson



Next week at the Garden, Larry Holmes, 47, will fight a man 26 years his junior. The talkative ex-champ, who says he may wear earmuffs during all future bouts, explains why he's coming back—and what he thinks of Mike Tyson, Don King, George Foreman, and his own son's sports choices ("Black people do not play ice hockey!").

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By Helen Eisenbach

Director Tom DiCillo has finally made the movie he couldn't afford to as a struggling independent director—when his frustration drove him to make his breakthrough *Living in Oblivion* instead.

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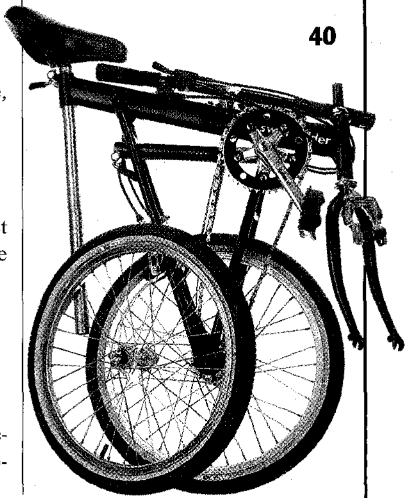

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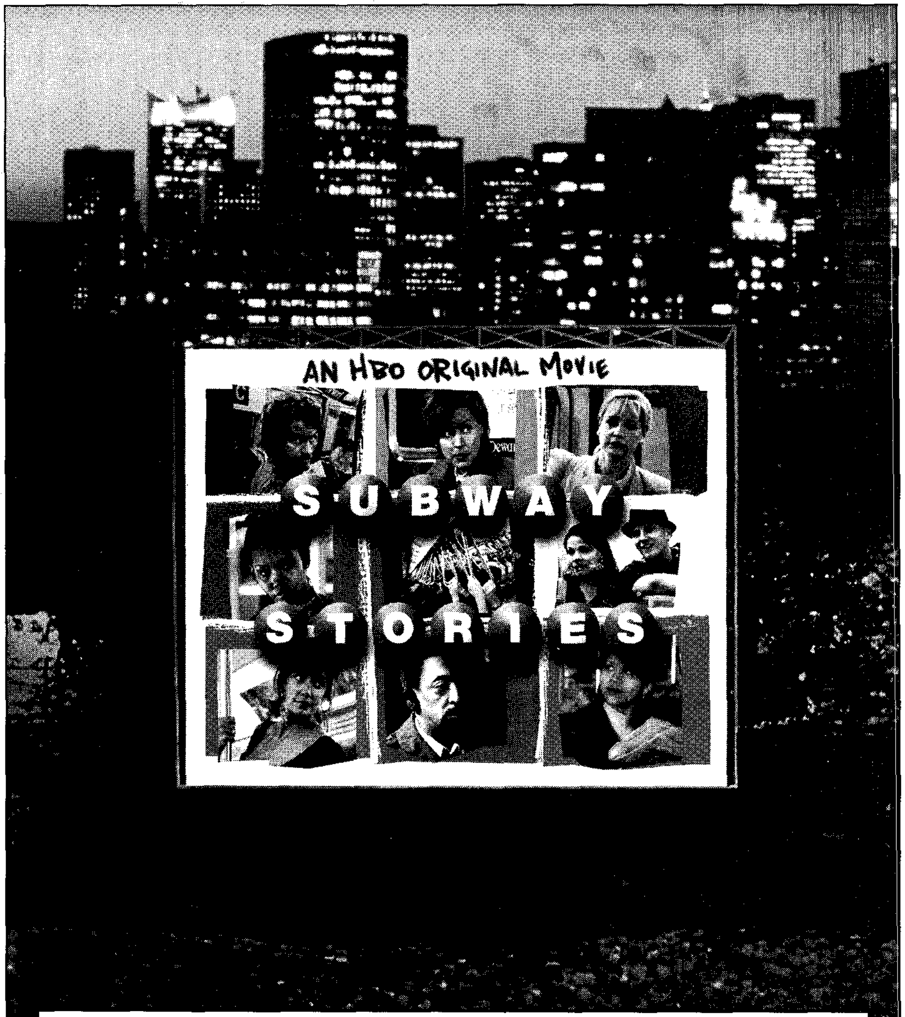

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cue

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Wild About Harry

Evil genius or author's best friend?—you be the judge; speedy summertime thrills; minimizing your baby.

SUZANNA ANDREWS'S PREMISE IN "Random Anxiety" [July 7]—that Harry Evans has been shunted aside at Random House—is one she was so eager to prove that she evidently didn't want the truth to stand in the way of a salacious, if utterly false, story.

I have watched as many Random House books, my own included, have achieved commercial and critical success due in large part to Evans's ability to think outside of the box. During negotiations during the past few months for two new books, Evans was involved in almost every aspect of the deal, personally negotiating with my agent, Andrew Wylie, and helping resolve sticking points that arose at the last moment. It is quite a different picture from the one Andrews portrays of an editor who is no longer in touch with his list.

Ann Godoff and Walter Weintz are extremely talented and have made significant contributions to Random House's success. They are the house's future. But without question, Harry Evans is Random House's present.

Gerald Posner
MANHATTAN

ONCE AGAIN THE SMOKE AND MIRRORS OF publicity have triumphed! Five of the events you highlight in your story on Harold Evans as examples of his lavish spending cost surprisingly little. I know because I arranged them while working at Random House. People were willing to give us almost anything in the hope that magazines like yours would notice them.

Jonathan Marder
MANHATTAN

SUZANNA ANDREWS BLEW IT. IN THE PERson of Harold Evans she had a terrific subject—a man possessed of great intelligence, immense energy, and a profound reverence for the written word; a man who has himself authored six books, edited the most important and distinguished periodical in the English-speaking world, masterminded one of the most successful magazine start-ups in the last decade, and transformed a venerable imprint into one of the industry's most successful and dynamic publishing houses.

It's a pity Andrews's preoccupation with dross and scuttlebutt, purveyed largely by anonymous ex-employees, resulted in such a cheerless, mean-spirited, inaccurate caricature.

Walter L. Weintz
President
Random House Information Group
MANHATTAN

WHAT A SLYBOOTS, THAT HARRY EVANS! One didn't know, prior to your article, that Mr. Evans was a parodist on wry. Or is he serious about the high-mindedness that allegedly underlies his hype machine?

Jeffrey M. Gross
BROOKLYN

HARRY EVANS IS THE CONSUMMATE LITERary schlockmeister. He couldn't have done more damage to American publishing standards if he'd used a MAC-10 and a chain saw. Thank you for making this clear.

Jack Olsen
MANHATTAN

Memory Lanes

I ACTUALLY LAUGHED UNTIL I CRIED OVER Ted Cohen's characterizations of life as an amusement-park reviewer in "Ain't We Got Fun" [June 23–30]. Most uncomfortable, given that I was reading in bed—respiratory difficulties ensued. Rides that make you look like "one of Jerry's kids" and "Serengeti Soft Serve" . . . Please let Ted write many, many more articles for you.

My own memories of nearby Rye Playland are more in line with Ted's description of Coney—the fear quotient was upped by the decrepitude of the rides. I particularly remember one called the Dragon Coaster—every time it hurled me to the left, a large exposed bolt burrowed into my thigh,

---

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making for a nice hematoma by the time I debarked. O happy days of childhood!

Isabelle McDonnell
GREENWICH, CONN.

BEING NEW YORKERS, WE UNDERSTAND many New Yorkers' attitudes about auto racing ["Built for Speed," by Norman Vanamee, June 23–30]. However, auto racing is the No. 1 spectator sport in the U.S. The statement that "the participants easily outnumber the spectators" couldn't be farther from the truth. Your writer came on a very cold, very damp night, and it seems apparent he arrived not with an open mind but with the thought that all racers are blue-collar grease monkeys who wear dirty jeans. This certainly does not describe people like Paul Newman, who, as you know, is an avid race-car enthusiast.

Riverhead Raceway is just 80 miles from New York, but it is very close to an area most New Yorkers can't wait to get to—the Hamptons. On a summer weekend, it doesn't feel like "a remote outpost of the Deep South." It feels like the Hamptons—a divergence from the city, a relief from the heat, something a little different to do.

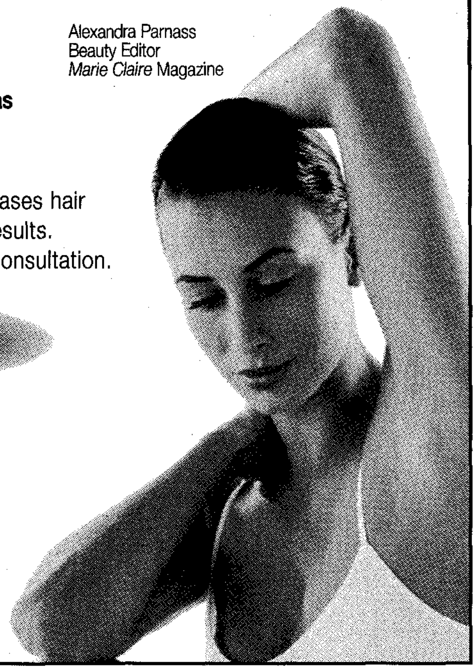
Barbara and Jim Cromarty
Owners
Riverhead Raceway
RIVERHEAD, N.Y.

Simplicity Itself

I JUST FINISHED READING THE JULY 14 "Best Bets," and I agree that it's never too early to introduce kids to minimalism. My own kids were introduced to minimalism more than a dozen years ago by the soft, pale hand-me-down sheets, comforters, etc. we received from kind relatives. They may have once been festooned with bunnies, teddy bears, or chicks, but by the time they made their way to my babies' cribs, they were fashionably minimalist!

Isabel Burk
NEW CITY, N.Y.

Corrections The caption in last week's "Sales and Bargains" column was incorrect: The owner of Potted Gardens, and the author of the book by the same name, is Rebecca Cole, not Wendy Shuman. In addition, an item in the July 14 "Sales and Bargains" column contained an error. Flavors puts prepared foods on sale only on Fridays after 2:30 P.M. ▬



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Alexandra Parnass
Beauty Editor
Marie Claire Magazine

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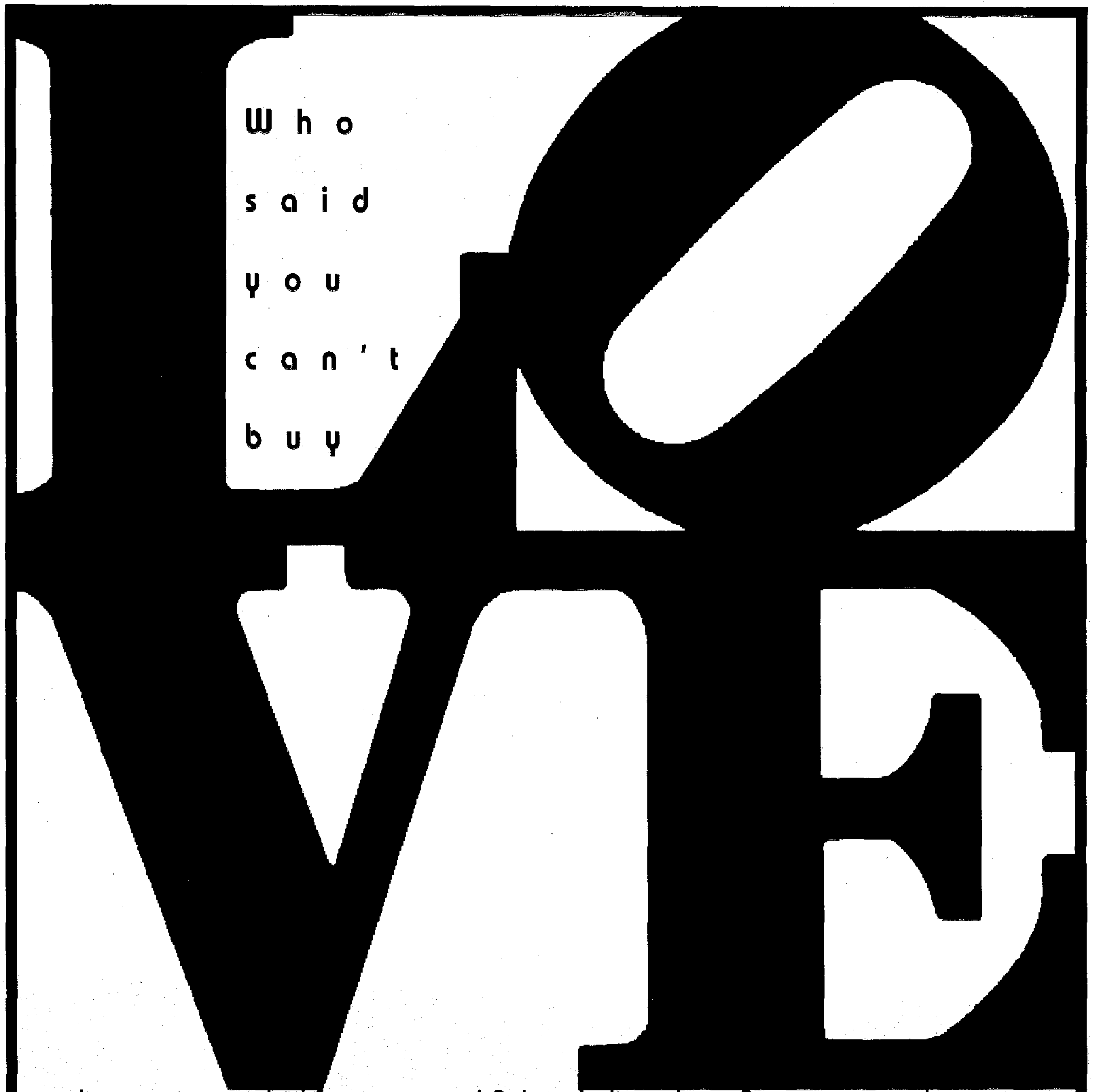

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

VERSACE'S TV PALS: FRIENDS OR *FAUX*?

Gianni Versace's clothing may not have been low-key, but his sister, **Donatella,** and the rest of his family are wishing that certain mourners would be. According to fashion-world insiders, the Versace family is disturbed by some of the people who have decided to appear on television to talk about the designer as if they were authorities on the subject. Upon learning that the model **Irina** was scheduled to appear on *Good Morning America* to discuss Versace, the family's representatives "called and informed us that Irina was not a Versace girl and therefore not an appropriate representative," reports an ABC source. Irina's publicist says Versace was "like Irina's mentor" and adds that the designer had been discussing a new ad campaign with her. "Irina is a fantastic model with a really cool look," concedes the family spokesperson, "but to say someone is a Versace model is a privilege. For her to be speaking on a top morning show the day of his death we didn't feel was right." Representatives for the family have since issued a press release on the subject: "They thank all those who wish to respect, in silence, their grief."

Irina:
Unplugged

TYSON TAKES ON TAME CATS

While the women at Cheetah's lesbian-friendly "Purr" night this past Monday weren't exactly looking for hunky guys, they seemed happy to welcome **Mike Tyson** to the club. "He told me he had come to look for women," says Cheetah's owner, **Robert Shalom.** "And many of the ones who come here on Purr night are bisexual." The rabid pugilist, who regularly wrestles with his pet lions and tigers, arrived at the feline-themed club with an entourage of twenty men and commandeered the front banquettes. Tyson came out of hiding wearing shorts, a silk T-shirt, and a huge necklace with the letters MT encrusted on it in diamonds. Iron Mike drank bottled water and danced the night away before he accomplished his mission and left—with six women—at 3 A.M.

Mike Tyson:
On the catwalk

BACK-STABBED IN THE USSR

Village Voice scribe and would-be pundit **Jennifer Gould,** who recently published a well-reviewed book about her years as a young reporter in Russia, is facing her own cold war as former colleagues have begun questioning her credibility. Nicknamed "Lenin's angel" by the staff at the Moscow *Times,* Gould has said that she accordingly called her heavily hyped book *Vodka, Tears, and Lenin's Angel.* But the author—whose comely face is plastered on the book's cover—clearly missed something in the translation: "There's a school named for Lenin near Moscow for mentally retarded children—the kids are called Lenins," explains a Russian source who worked closely with Gould. "We called her Lenin's angel because even though she was sweet, she was *not* a clever girl." While the book jacket claims Gould is now "fluent in Russian," a translator at the *Times* says Gould "only knew a couple of expressions—it was embarrassing." Other sources remember her work as fluff pieces: "She would land important interviews and then ask the subject what his favorite color was," recalls one *Times* insider. "My work speaks for itself," responds Gould. "This is very hard-hitting stuff." Gould admits her Russian isn't flawless; as for the "Lenin's angel" euphemism, Gould now says it refers to "a spirit of goodness which I hope is hovering over Russia."

A POWER BURN AT SIEGAL'S ROAST

The idea was to roast **Peggy Siegal,** whose 50th birthday was fêted with a dinner for 140 at Le Cirque 2000 last Wednesday night. But some of the roasters couldn't help grilling one another. The master of ceremonies was the former head of Time Warner's HBO and Warner Music Group, **Michael Fuchs,** who shot some barbs at his old employers while introducing *Time*'s managing editor, **Walter Isaacson.** "At least I still have a job," Isaacson countered, before deconstructing Siegal's famously annotated guest list. Isaacson pointed out that there was the figure "100" next to **Lee Radziwill's** name, and a "200" next to **Anne Hearst's**. "But I didn't even make the top 400," Isaacson said, "so I'm feeling really bad about myself." He felt a little better when he saw the word *literary* after his name. "But then I saw that the only other person with a *literary* after their name was **Martha Stewart.** So I figured that Peggy must have a loose definition of the word *literary.*" While everyone—including Stewart—laughed, Isaacson went on to comment on the "400" he noticed next to Siegal's name: "Peggy didn't even make her own top 100." Master roaster Fuchs explained to Isaacson that the "400" was a reference to *Forbes's* list of richest Americans. "You will never get on that list being 'literary'," Fuchs told Isaacson. "I'm on that list just from getting a Time Warner severance deal." On the way out, everyone got a present: **Helen Bransford's** *Welcome to My Facelift.*

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

Photographs: top, I. Uimonen/Sygma; bottom,Gregory Pace/Sygma.

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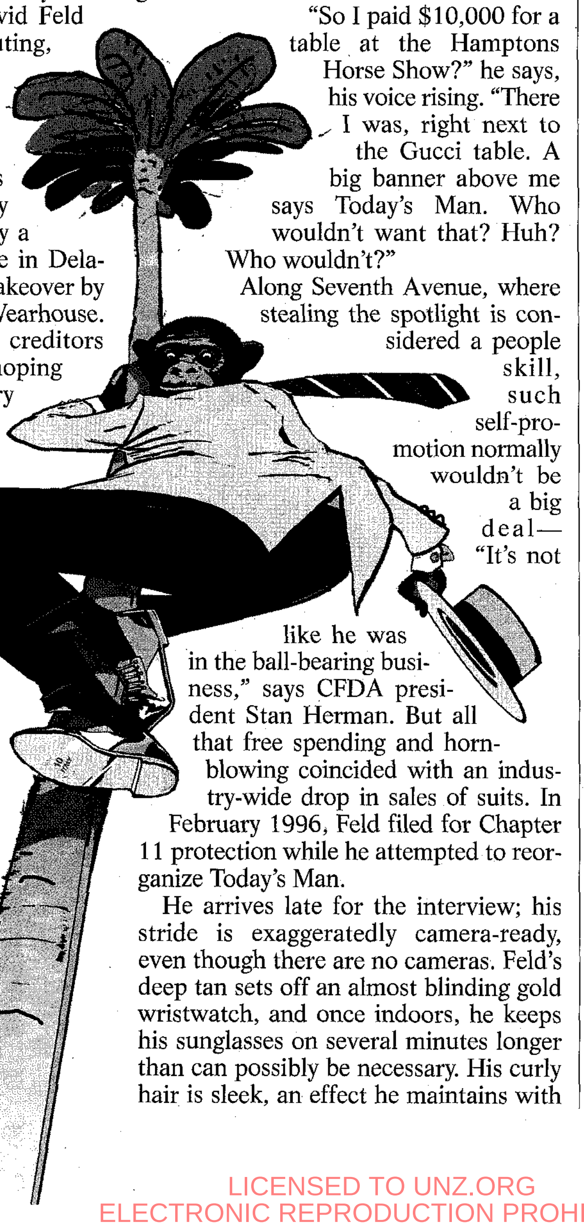
Marketplace

WILL TODAY'S MAN BECOME TOMORROW'S FASHION VICTIM?

"I MEET PEOPLE AT COCKTAIL PARties, and they say, 'You don't wear your own clothes.' And I say, 'Yes, I do.' They say, 'You mean you sew in your own labels.' I tell them, *I wear my own clothes!*" This is David Feld talking, though shouting, gleefully, would be more accurate. As the founder, chairman, and CEO of Today's Man, Feld once flew high and fast. On July 22, however, he's gambling that his plan to repay $68 million in debt will satisfy a federal-bankruptcy-court judge in Delaware and stave off a potential takeover by his biggest competitor, Men's Wearhouse.

Feld promises to repay his creditors 100 percent on the dollar, hoping this will put the whole sorry episode behind him. But his critics extend beyond the people to whom he owes money. For several years, the flamboyant salesman's antics raised eyebrows, leaving many with the feeling that he's too gauche even for an industry that thrives on gaucherie. To create buzz for his three Manhattan stores, Feld opened his wallet wide for a variety of p.c. causes. He sponsored the Suits (a rock band whose lead guitarist, real-estate mogul Jay Weiss, is the husband of actress Kathleen Turner). He moored his yacht off Sag Harbor and kibitzed with stars.

"The higher the monkey climbs the tree, the more his ass shows," Feld asserts, even while complaining about the way the media hounded him in more flush times. "I think it's unfair. There was not one weekend when I didn't have vendors or designers as my guests.



"So I paid $10,000 for a table at the Hamptons Horse Show?" he says, his voice rising. "There I was, right next to the Gucci table. A big banner above me says Today's Man. Who wouldn't want that? Huh? Who wouldn't?"

Along Seventh Avenue, where stealing the spotlight is considered a people skill, such self-promotion normally wouldn't be a big deal—"It's not like he was in the ball-bearing business," says CFDA president Stan Herman. But all that free spending and horn-blowing coincided with an industry-wide drop in sales of suits. In February 1996, Feld filed for Chapter 11 protection while he attempted to reorganize Today's Man.

He arrives late for the interview; his stride is exaggeratedly camera-ready, even though there are no cameras. Feld's deep tan sets off an almost blinding gold wristwatch, and once indoors, he keeps his sunglasses on several minutes longer than can possibly be necessary. His curly hair is sleek, an effect he maintains with a palmed comb. His tailored gray suit, he volunteers, "would have cost $900 at Saks, but I sell it—*the same suit!*—for $399."

Feld fervently defends his menswear-superstore concept, a subject on which even his detractors agree with him. "His argument for the widest possible selection at a relatively low price is correct," says Carl Steidtmann, chief economist for Management Horizons, a division of Price Waterhouse. "But consumption of suits is down dramatically, and it's hard to imagine this will turn around. I mean, here at Price Waterhouse, five years ago, I couldn't even have envisioned casual Fridays, and now we have casual summer."

Impatient with such pronouncements, Feld slips out the comb and tweaks the do, while offering up several of his own: "I don't wear jeans anymore. I don't know anyone who wears jeans . . . Look at the popularity of the cigar, the martini. Don't these things lend themselves to wearing suits?" Case closed.

He checks the gold watch. "Gotta go. Gotta business to run." And if things don't go his way in Delaware? "What else is there for me? I only *founded* the company. I only gave it *25 years of my life,*" he hollers. "You read all this stupid stuff in the papers, 'Feld is fighting for control,' as if it's somehow weird. If people think that kind of fighting is a bad thing, they don't understand life."

STEPHEN HENDERSON

Justice

THIS JUST IN: FAMILY COURT IS NOW IN SESSION

"WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH these people again?" the security guard joked as a reporter approached the desk at Queens family court to have her purse examined. New rules allowing the media more access to family court don't take effect for another six weeks, but on Parsons Boulevard in Jamaica last Monday, reporters were already being waved in. Around 200 cases were scheduled for that day, but one was attracting all the attention: the custody trial of Richard and Karen Thorne, who were arrested and charged with endangering the welfare of children on May 28 at JFK as they got off a Delta flight from Moscow with their two newly adopted girls.

Six reporters huddled in the crowded second-floor seating area while a rotating cast of attorneys and court clerks barked out names of clients, caseworkers, and defendants. "The speech I give to anyone who comes in here," said John Cairns, a clerk, "is this is the last place you would ever want to spend a day. Your life is crumbling, and now you're dragged into a courtroom and asked to lay the facts of whatever it is that brought you here on the table. That's my greatest concern, for those people who have to use our courts. It's a horror show."

At 10:30 A.M., the Thorne case was called. Reporters filed into a dining-room-size courtroom, hoping to find out exactly how a couple from Arizona had ended up in Queens family court. Particularly riveting—and sad—was the testimony of one flight attendant, who said she "saw the mother take what we call a roll-up, which is a fork, knife, and spoon rolled up in a napkin in a plastic bag, and she hit [one child] on the head with it four times."

Yet one could also sense that a bit of a show was being put on for the new observers in this jury-less courtroom. Why else would defense attorney Harvey Jacobs be wearing a Save the Children tie? "Do I think participants are going to be 'on' all the time? Probably," Judge Joseph Lauria later said. "But if participants are more theatrical, then it's the gratuitous stuff, not the actual trial of the case."

During a break, a woman from *Dateline NBC* inquired about an application to have cameras in the courtroom, although it was unclear where they could possibly fit. Kate Seelye, of the New York *Times,* asked whether there was a phone line she could use to file her stories. Judge Lauria, who had 30 cases to hear that day, offered the phone in his chambers. "It has to be a dedicated phone line," Seelye said. "It can't have other lines going into it." At that, a court officer burst out laughing. "You'll have to go to the family-court communications center," he teased.

After more testimony, from a visibly nervous Administration for Children's Services caseworker, the court was adjourned for two weeks. The reporters dutifully followed the Thornes and their three lawyers downstairs for comment. "We're hopeful it will come to a resolution shortly," Harvey Jacobs said on the courthouse steps, in front of a camera and a few tape recorders. "What was hopeful about what happened today?" a reporter asked skeptically. "We feel confident things will end up going our way," Mrs. Thorne said, undeterred.

Behind her, a disheveled man who had been lying on a stone bench watching the group lifted his head. "What about the children?" he yelled hoarsely over the sound bite.

RUTH G. DAVIS

FIELD MEMO

A Remembrance of Politics Past

"It's the best job in the world, being an ex-mayor." Marty Begun is watching his old pal David Dinkins wade through a crowd of friends and onetime staff members gathered for the former mayor's 70th-birthday bash. Tonight, Dinkins will be lauded in a letter from the president. He'll blow out candles on a cake shaped like City Hall and receive Tiffany cuff links for his tuxedo shirts. People will share war stories and show him baby pictures while a child ("my adopted granddaughter") clings to him lovingly. "If this is what 70 feels like," Dinkins says, "it ain't half bad."

The leader of the vanquished has found meaning in retirement, and his followers are at peace tonight as well. Events may have long since passed them by, but inside the pink-marble comfort of the New-York Historical Society, all that they once held dear is flourishing. Here, Rudy Giuliani's popularity simply proves how the public can be duped. "Liberal Democrats who are comfortable have basically been bought off, as they were in '68, when they voted for Nixon," complains Harvey Robins, Dinkins's former head of operations.

Most of the icons of the Dinkins era are back together tonight, a snapshot in time unfrozen for an evening. There's his liberal conscience, labor leader Dennis Rivera, standing with political impresario Ken Sunshine, his former executive assistant. There's the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, the racial activist, briefly back from the obscurity bestowed upon him by Giuliani's victory. Next to him is Victor Kovner, elegant stalwart of Upper West Side liberalism and Dinkins's corporation counsel.

And there is Ruth Messinger, a potential leader of the future, looking strikingly comfortable in this spectral image of the past. Unlike the tense and dour candidate of the campaign trail, she appears relaxed here, whispering conspiratorially with Dinkins, showing off pictures of her grandchild. It must be tantalizing for Messinger, back in the bosom of the coalition that elected Dinkins, welcomed as a soul mate. Yet instead of banding together once again, this time for her, Messinger's friends will disperse at the end of the evening and leave their compatriot hanging out on a limb. Cowed by Giuliani's muscle, most want her to prove she can win before they'll actively help her. "What can she do that she's not doing already?" an admirer asks. "Take her clothes off? I mean, *what can she do?*"

Near the end of the evening, Al Sharpton arrives, congratulates Dinkins, and procedes to ridicule Messinger to the press ("I've been trying to get the number for her limousine"). The lights start blinking on and off, and the workers start folding tables. Dinkins is among the last to leave—the waiters are wishing him a happy birthday. A former aide, Patrick Gaspard, walks out of the room, his son, Indigo, born one month ago, nestled in his arms. "I know I shouldn't have brought him out," he says. "But I wanted him to see a piece of history."

ANDREW KIRTZMAN

At the New-York Historical Society, former mayor David Dinkins celebrates his 70th birthday.

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

A Foot Stompin' Issue
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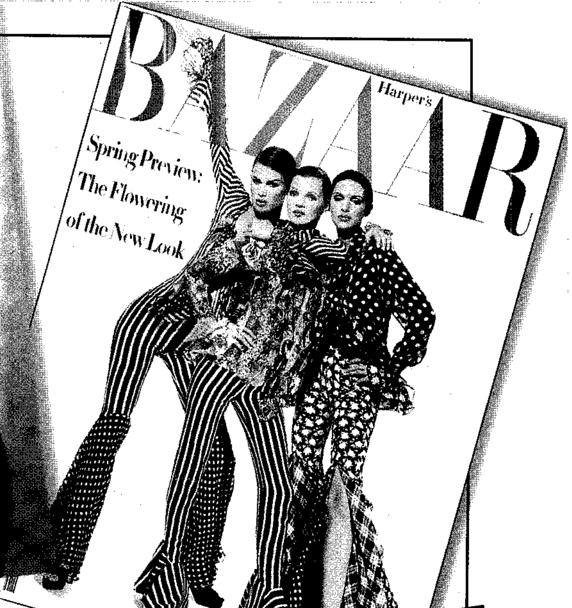
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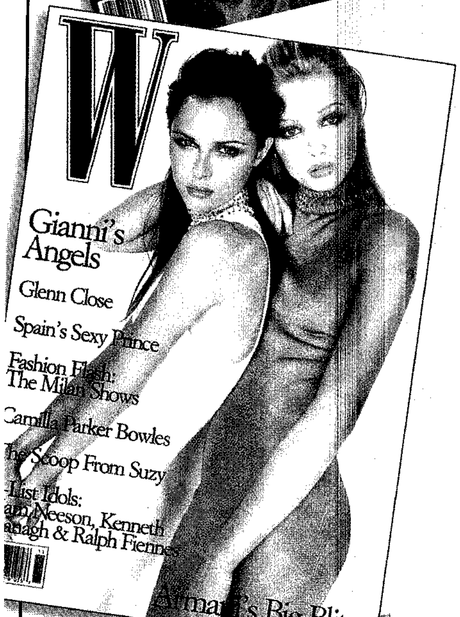
W
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Glenn Close
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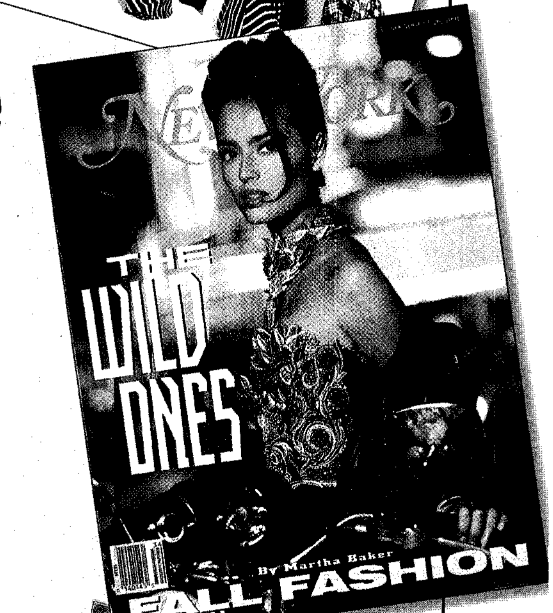

NEW YORK
THE
WILD
ONES
By Martha Baker
FALL FASHION

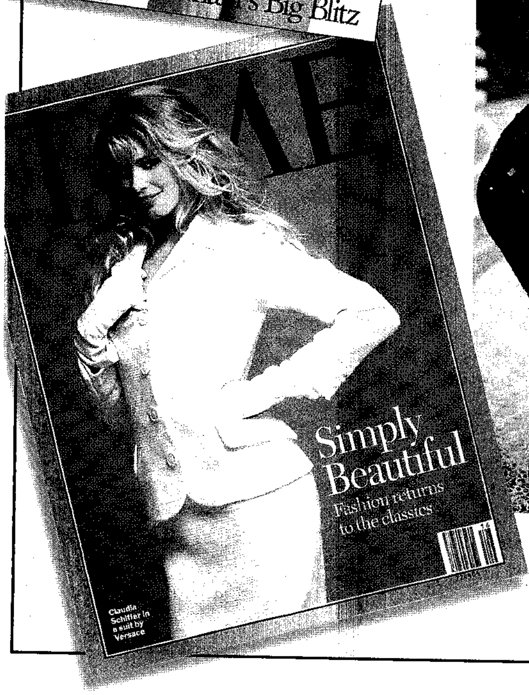
Gianni Versace

December 2, 1946–July 15, 1997

Noticing the profusion of Medusas throughout Gianni Versace's opulent East 64th Street townhouse while interviewing the designer for the New York *Times* last October, I asked what had inspired him to choose the Medusa as his personal logo and why he found its symbolism so potent. "For me, the Medusa is about seduction," he told me. "Of course, there is risk in seduction. But it's nice to have a little danger. The moment you feel safe, you're dead. That's why I work all the time."

Christopher Mason

Gianni Versace with his niece Allegra.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not iffy:
fall fashion
from
Prince to
pinstripes
10
Best-Dressed
Men in Sports
How Not to Kiss
a Woman

Photograph by Bruce Weber, courtesy of Versace.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST HANNA ROSIN

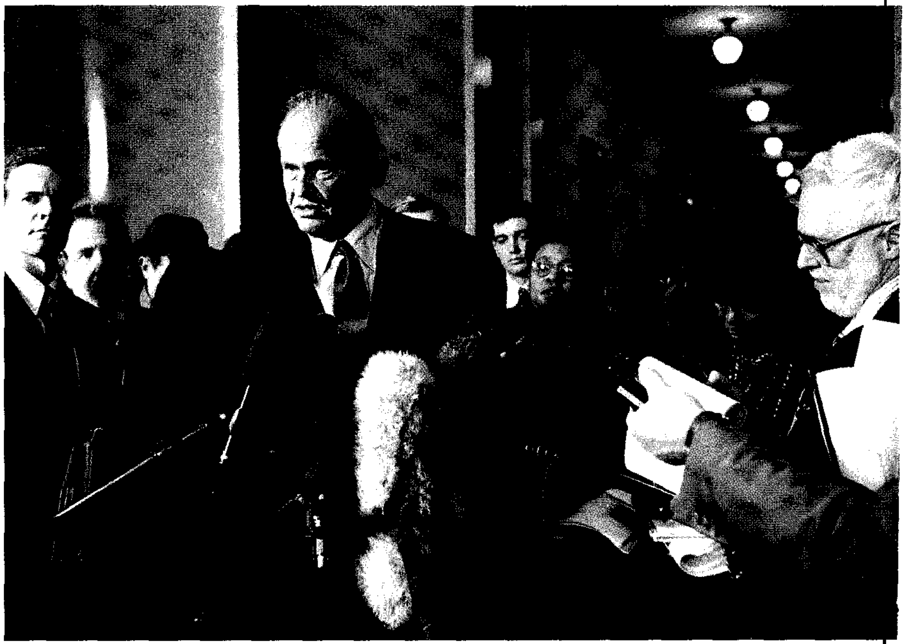
Pass the Milk Duds

Tired of the summer-blockbuster blitz? Check out Hollywood-on-the-Potomac, where the campaign-finance hearings have the characters, if not quite the direction, of fine cinema.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT AS the weather gets hotter, movie plots get boiled down to rudimentary themes, generally along the lines of Good Man vs. Bad Man. So it is this season: we have Batman vs. Mr. Freeze, John Travolta vs. Nicolas Cage, Nicolas Cage vs. John Malkovich, Harrison Ford vs. Gary Oldman, and Fred Thompson vs. John Huang. The political blockbuster is unusual for a summer, and if you believe the op-eds, it's turned out to be no more imaginative than the season's movies (not to mention lacking in mind-blowing special effects and gooey extraterrestrials). Just as movie critics roll their eyes in disgust, their political counterparts covering the hearings conspicuously check their watches. It's hot and humid in Washington. The backyard barbecue beckons.

But somewhere in all this political mess is a great plotline (several, actually) with two-bit hustlers and shady dealers and lots of dirty money. It's just too bad that Thompson, once a decent actor, has turned out to be such a rotten director. The seedy domestic schemes are all there to be plumbed, if only he could discard his James Bond–like visions of global intrigue and international spies.

Right from the opening credits, Thompson was trying much too hard. He aimed for suspense right off the bat, but wound up with a muddled first scene. First he handed out the eye-glazing "Statement by Senator Fred Thompson"—a dull, lifeless document in faded gray type. Then, just as he was about to begin, a flunky appeared out of nowhere to pass out a this-just-in, ripped-from-the-headlines addendum. There was only so much he could reveal right now, Thompson breathed, because most of what he had just learned was *top secret,* and *still going on.* All he could say was that it involved the FBI and (pregnant pause) a *Chinese plan*—that while we all lay sleeping in our beds under the illusion of security, "high-level Chinese government officials crafted a plan to increase China's influence over the U.S. political process." [*Stage directions: Dim lights. Have several anonymous women in back row faint.*]



The sheriff: Senator Fred Thompson, a proven Hollywood outlaw, wears a white hat in Washington.

But even to the casual viewer, the plot has too many holes, painfully stretching the limits of credibility. If the Chinese wanted to plant a high-level spy, why would they have moved John Huang from the Commerce Department, where he was fed raw intelligence data on a silver platter, to the DNC, where he had the same security clearance as I do? When asked this question, Republican counsel Michael Madigan stuck to the global plotline, saying the Chinese were interested in a "long-term plan of influence." Like Clinton's second re-election, maybe? And if they were so smart, why did they have Huang submit cab receipts for his trips from the Commerce Department to the Chinese embassy, a bank-breaking $5 ride?

Another plot snafu: The Chinese have a much more effective and proven technique for influencing U.S. policy than sending a third-rate political operative on a five-year mission. They do it about once a year, just before the vote on Most Favored Nation status is scheduled to take place. About a month in advance, a multi-million-dollar contract between the Chinese and, say, Boeing will suddenly run into unspecified problems. There will be glowing mentions of Airbus. Boeing will get the hint and dispatch its lobbyists *tout de suite* to the White House.

Even if Huang did funnel money from Chinese operatives, they're the ones who probably got fleeced. Here's how ethnic fund-raising generally works: A well-placed operative calls, say, the Chaldean community in Michigan. They meet at the local Four Seasons over Angus and wine. He hears out their concerns about Iraq, nodding solemnly as he chews. Afterward, he collects the cash and makes vague assurances that the president will address their concerns. But then what's the president really going to do? Inconspicuously lift the embargo against Iraq? It's one thing to show your gratitude to a generous American donor by, say, raising mohair subsidies. But you can't exactly turn back the Seventh Fleet from the straits of Taiwan without its making the front page.

Photograph by Amy Toensing/Sygma.

The more the Chinese plot deepens, the more it unravels. After a frustrating, muddled first scene, a miracle happens. A whisper races through the room that the star villain has decided to show up after all. But the director decides, absurdly, to keep him offstage. "The chairman is skeptical," Madigan mumbled an hour or so after learning about Huang's offer to testify under immunity, "and so am I." The explanations given for the demurral were at least half disingenuous. The Republicans said they were worried about spoiling the Justice Department's criminal investigation. But since when have they wanted Janet Reno to get all the credit?

More plausible is the explanation one Senate staff member working on the investigation gave me: "If he takes the Fifth Amendment, you can continue hurling charges that he is a spy, a shady Chinese operative, that he broke every single law. 'Mr. Huang, when did you stop beating your wife?' " If John Huang testifies, in other words, you might end up with the truth. And that would be grim indeed. "The worst case politically is we wind up with a third-rate political operative who pulled a few stunts and leads us down no more trails," says the staff member.

Oh, but he's wrong, of course. The best case is you wind up with third-rate political operatives who pulled some world-class mobster stunts. There are some riveting narratives here; what we need is a Tarantino to knit them together. There was, for example, a priceless memo from Martha Phipps, laying out all the White House baubles for sale: two reserved seats on Air Force One and Two, six to eight spots at all White House events, White House mess privileges, guaranteed Kennedy Center tickets, photo opportunities with the "principles [*sic*]," and the truly illegal—better coordination on appointments to boards and commissions.

Richard Sullivan, the first witness and finance director of the Democratic National Committee, hinted at more sleaze. He told how the system of vetting donor checks "atrophied," letting in some truly seedy characters. There was Roger Tamraz, a businessman described in a memo to the vice-president as "shady and untrustworthy" with a bogus "peace pipeline" designed to bring together Armenia and Azerbaijan. The DNC received the warning memo but decided to pick Tamraz's pockets anyway.

Then there's Gregori Loutchansky, born and raised in the former Soviet Union, no citizenship, no green card. Loutchansky is president of Nordex, a company accused of "nuclear smuggling, drug trafficking, gun running, and money laundering," according to *Time.* And Yogesh Gandhi, an American citizen from India who received a $500,000 wire transfer from a Japanese bank, gave $325,000 to the DNC and used the rest to dazzle his lovely new wife. These are only three of the dozens of slimeballs that pop up during the hearings, then get lost in the puff of hot air emitted by the senators. Each is a movie in his own right.

Let us not forget the other cast of colorful characters, the ones behind the podium. Investigative hearings, with their endless opportunity for babble, bring out the unintentionally hilarious in every senator. Take the loose-lipped Bob Torricelli, Democrat from New Jersey, who in between gum-chewing described the Mafia hearings held by Senator Estes Kefauver in 1950. "I will never forget the pain that Italian-Americans felt that day," he said, recalling the "flickering television screen" he watched them on. The problem is, Torricelli could not have seen the Kefauver hearings—unless it was from the womb. He was born August 26, 1951, five days before the hearings ended, as the newspaper *Roll Call* pointed out.

Don Nickles, a sourpuss from Oklahoma, has proved to be a hoot in his own way. "What's so funny?" he says bitterly at each rare outbreak of bipartisan laughter. "I'm glad you all find this so funny." And the most off-kilter is Pete Domenici, Republican from New Mexico. At one point, he asked whether Sullivan's wife was uncomfortable sitting there all by herself, thereby making her all the more self-conscious and uncomfortable. He cordially greeted Daniel Akaka, the only Asian-American on the committee, as "my esteemed colleague from Alaska." (Oops, that would be Hawaii.) Then he proceeded to launch into a rambling monologue about "those little Buddhist monks and nuns."

But the star, let's be fair, really is Fred Thompson. Ah, Fred Thompson, of the fine cowboy head, with its deeply lined brow and inverted mouth, propped up by a meaty fist. He laughs, he makes jokes, he directs every detail yet somehow maintains a judicious astral float. Far and away, he's the best character in this sprawling, slow-moving melodrama. In cinematic terms, he's so money and he just doesn't know it. Forget the sound bites delivered on the evening news; they don't do him justice. Settle in and watch him on C-SPAN. With Thompson leading, there's hope yet that the summer will be saved. ▬

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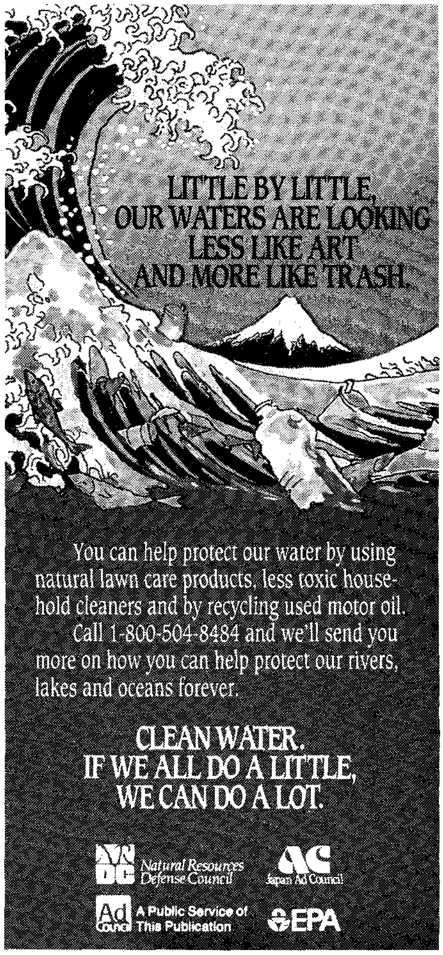

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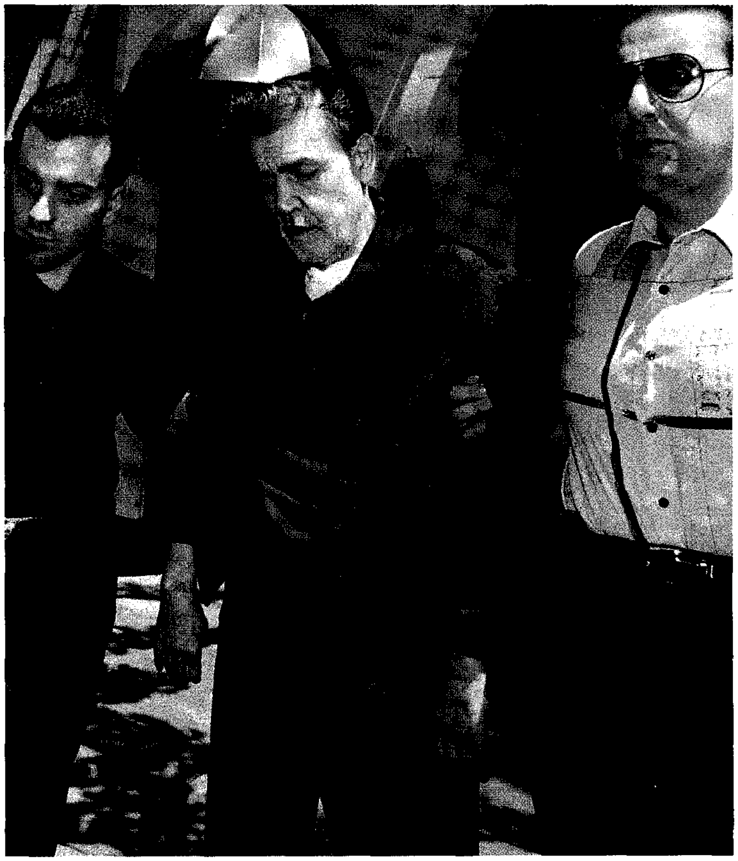
CITYSIDE JOHN LOMBARDI

Taking It on the Chin

Vinny “Chin” Gigante is the last don, and the FBI might finally nail him—even if its anti-mob crusade has made it hard to tell the good guys from the bad.

‘F*ACCIA A FACCIA*” (PRONOUNCED “FOTCH-ah-fotch”) is old-time Italian street slang for the “manly” resolution of an unseemly situation, most often caused by someone of devious and cowardly character. I hadn’t heard the phrase since I was a kid in South Philly, until a skinny little guy packed into the corridor outside Judge Jack B. Weinstein’s sixth-floor Federal District courtroom in Brooklyn let it fly while waiting for Sammy Gravano to show up and finger Vincent “Chin” Gigante as the lucid boss of the Genovese crime family. *“Faccia a faccia, e mai pace!”* (“In your face, and never peace!”) whined the old-timer, sounding just like William Hickey as Don Corrado in *Prizzi’s Honor*.



All dressed up: Gigante goes to court without his traditional pj’s and bathrobe.

The gist of the remark was that Sammy—best-selling co-author of *Underboss* (with Peter Maas); ABC-TV raconteur (with Diane Sawyer); and star of the FBI’s America’s Team of mob informers (his testimony helped sentence John Gotti, his boss in the Gambino family, to life without parole)—would now have to face a serious interrogator, one Michael Marinaccio, Gigante’s flash young attorney, on cross-examination. Bereft of the righteous framework provided by his federal keepers, who insist that despite Sammy’s nineteen confessed murders and countless extortions and robberies he’s a credible witness, and without the “sociological” filter of Maas’s and Sawyer’s interpretations (Maas argues that Sammy’s undiagnosed dyslexia led to his becoming a killer, and Sawyer buys his “We only hurt our own kind” rationalizations), Gravano was expected to fold on the witness stand like a cheap umbrella. He didn’t, but he had an unpleasant couple of days, and so did the government’s “media strategy” for ridding the country of organized crime.

As far back as the early eighties, when the FBI was still reeling from embarrassing revelations concerning J. Edgar Hoover’s sex life and professional misbehavior, and when Judge William Webster was appointed director, the bureau developed a public-relations agenda as savvy as Ronald Reagan’s “Morning in America” election tactics. Webster immediately pushed for full implementation of the Draconian RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations) Act law, which waived constitutional restraint and allowed the government to prosecute organized crime “structurally”; he also pushed for the use of certain Title III “spy” technologies—parabolic microphones that could literally hear through walls, infrared night scopes that would enable agents to videotape in the dark. Such “tools” were subsequently responsible for the government’s successful prosecutions in the infamous “Pizza” and “Commission” cases, which made Rudy Giuliani a media star; they also helped establish the “organizational” guilt of such old-time Cosa Nostra dons as Carmine “the Snake” Persico, chief of the Colombo crime family; Tony “Ducks” Corallo, head of the Luccheses; and “Old Man” Tony Salerno, identified as boss of the Genoveses.

The only Mafia “CEOs” who got away were Paul Castellano, the Gambino-family boss (because he’d been killed by Gotti and Gravano), and “Chin” Gigante, whom the bureau now gave a quick upgrade, describing him as the “real” power behind Salerno. (This despite Chin’s own media-savvy “incompetence” campaign, which involved his strolling down Sullivan Street, commedia dell’arte–style, drooling and mumbling and dressed in slovenly pajamas and a beat-up bathrobe.)

By this time, Webster had been replaced by William Sessions, an even more media-conscious bureaucrat, who focused his attention on the remaining mob stars. Gigante’s crazy act and extreme diffidence made his the tougher case to crack, so the government went after Gotti. In 1986, agent Bruce Mouw was given fifteen men and an office in Queens and instructed to break Gotti. Over the next six years, his C-16 unit did just that, costing U.S. taxpayers $75 million but generating an FBI-publicity blitz, including a cottage industry in “official” true-crime books, such as *Gangland*, by Howard Blum; *Mob Star*, by Jerry Capeci and Gene Mustain; and *Boss of Bosses*, by Joseph O’Brien and

Photograph by Rickerby/Sipa

Andris Kurins, two agents from C-16 itself! Needless to say, all the books made the bureau look swell.

According to sources, the bureau provided timed leaks to favored members of the press and true-crime authors. Blum, for example, whose *Gangland* was an unapologetic flack job for the C-16 operation, got unprecedented cooperation from Mouw and from Sammy Gravano's FBI handlers, Frank Spero and Matty Tricorico (it was a blatant reward—Blum had already produced two fawning "authorized" books on the government). Jim Fox, who headed the FBI's Manhattan office, was a regular source for Capeci, who wrote a Mafia "gossip" column for the *Daily News* (until the mob hired detectives to follow him around, whereupon he dropped the column and accepted a yearlong journalism fellowship), and for Selwyn Raab of the *Times*, columnist Mike McAlary, and NBC crime reporter John Miller. A top agent on the FBI's technical-bugging team was also an official leak.

Despite three initial Gotti defense wins, the legal-publicity strategy ultimately worked well on the Gambinos, particularly the leaked transcripts of Gotti's foul language and self-incriminating remarks—"I whacked him [Louis DiBono] because he wouldn't come in!"—when trial judges were forbidding defense lawyers from discussing case details with reporters. But Gotti departed for the total-isolation federal pen in Marion, Illinois, five years ago, and the bureau has suffered serious P.R. losses at Ruby Ridge, Waco, and Oklahoma City since then. Meanwhile, Chin's case languished.

The problem was, Gigante, the last of the traditional Mafia dons, had learned from the mistakes of his predecessors. On the wall of his Triangle Social Club on Sullivan Street, a poster said, "The enemy is listening." This wasn't Gotti's Ravenite HQ, with its Armani-suited capos, its media-saturated "walk-talks" starring Gotti and Sammy; no local women waited for autographs outside Gigante's club. Chin's Genoveses dressed almost as badly as he did. You never saw "Quiet Dom" Cirillo, the family underboss, in anything but T-shirts and khakis; Louis "Bobby" Manna, a Genovese consigliere convicted of plotting to kill Gotti, looked like a guy who drained oil pans at 1-Day Auto Body. When the Genoveses held meetings—rare occurrences, since Gigante considered them potential traps—the boys mumbled like the boss, and pointed to their chins when they needed to refer to him.

He was careful. In fact, Chin had always been such a secretive, good soldier, the story goes, that once when he'd been introduced to Mario Puzo, who was touring the Village in the wake of *The Godfather*, and Puzo confided that he'd made $350,000 from film rights alone, Chin rasped: "Don't tell nobody!"

Few other Gigante quotes, apocryphal or not, are known. In Judge Weinstein's courtroom, prosecutor George Stamboulidis produced tapes that had Chin telling his longtime girlfriend, Olympia Esposito, whom he lives with on the Upper East Side, compromising things like "I love you" and "Don't smoke" and inquiring of his son Vinnie, "How's the left?" (referring to the kid's boxing). Assistant District Attorney Andrew Weissman put five government informers on against Gigante—"Fat Pete" Chiodo (400 lb.) of the Lucchese family; "Crazy Phil" Leonetti of the Atlantic City Scarfo mob; "Little Al" D'Arco, another Lucchese; Carmine Sessa, a Colombo; and Gravano himself. Marinaccio, Gigante's chief attorney, pointed out that this group, responsible for 63 murders, constituted "the most infamous array of murdering psychopaths ever assembled since Nuremberg." He characterized them as "people who had spent every waking minute of their lives either committing crimes or planning [them]" but who were now asking the jury to trust them. Only Sammy came to court with an official good-guy makeover (thanks to the FBI and the respected Maas, author of *The Valachi Papers* and *Serpico*), and none but Gravano had even met Gigante, but Marinaccio threw a shadow over Sammy's descriptions of a functional Chin at meetings with Gotti and other members of the New York Five Family Commission by asking him about his profits from *Underboss*.

"What was the arrangement?" Marinaccio demanded.

"I got $250,000," Sammy replied, extremely reluctantly.

"From?"

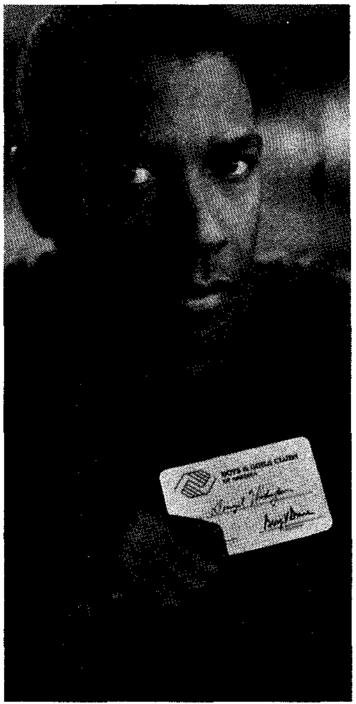
"T.J.M. Corporation."

"Which is?"

"Peter Maas [set it up]."

But Maas had said on June 8 on Geraldo Rivera's CNBC show, among other places, that neither he nor his publisher, HarperCollins, had paid Gravano anything, and Sammy went on to testify that he hoped to realize $1 million on a similarly arranged movie sale. So his (and Maas's) credibility had a luxe price tag.

The daily reporters were scrambling for the telephone bank outside the courtroom. The columnists seemed to be using cellulars. I looked for the old guy, and found him smirking near the metal detectors. "You see?" he said. "*Faccia a faccia!*"



Denzel Washington

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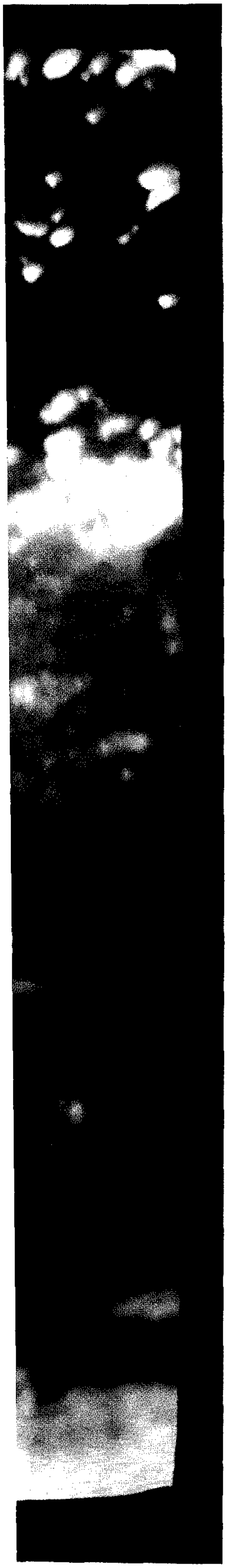


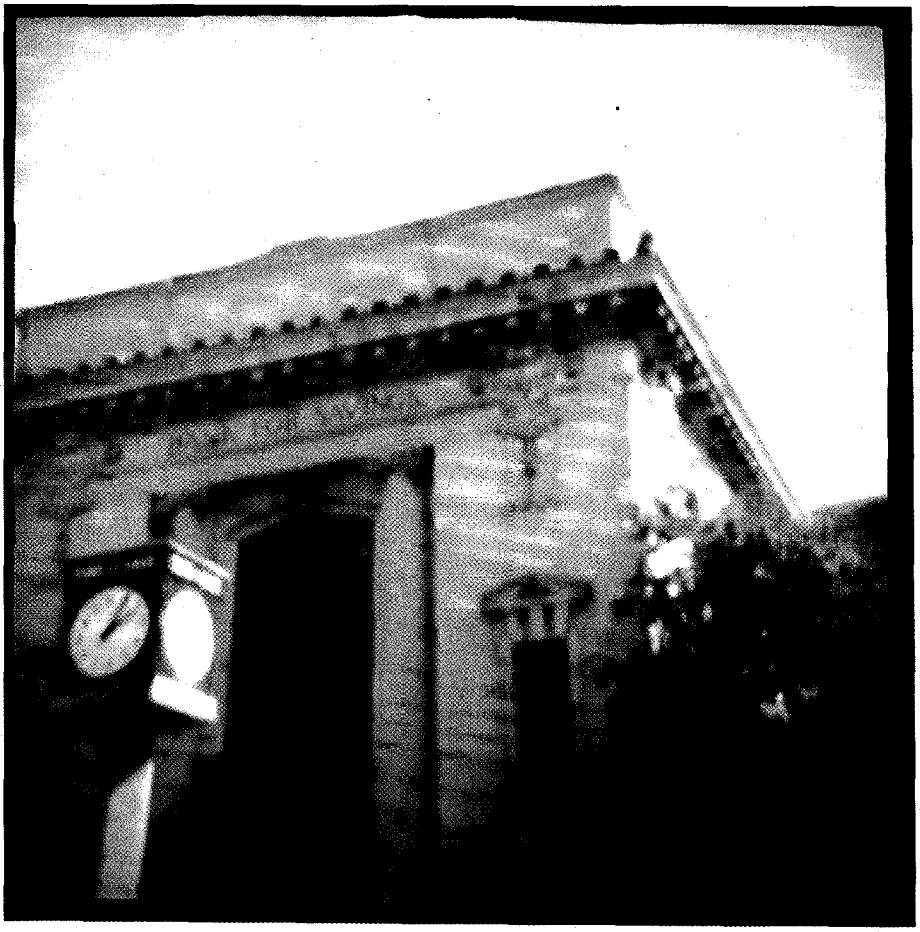
PARADISE LOST

BY BENJAMIN CHEEVER

"All conservatism is based upon the idea that if you leave things alone, you leave them as they are. But you do not. If you leave a thing alone, you leave it to a torrent of change. If you leave a white post alone, it will soon be a black post. If you particularly want it to be white, you must be always painting it again: that is you must be always having a revolution. Briefly, if you want the old white post, you must have a new white post. But this, which is true even of inanimate things, is in a quite special and terrible sense true of all human things." —*Gilbert K. Chesterton*

YOU HEAR IT ON THE BREAD LINE AT ZABAR'S, OR AT E.A.T.: "YOU CAN OPEN THE door, shoo the children outside. Nobody's ever been raped by a white-tailed deer." School's out, and so New Yorkers of a certain age and income have begun to wonder noisily if this isn't the year to move to the country. ▪ The ones who stay behind will be polite about it. Hide their disdain. I know what they think, though: They think it's over. They think we move to the suburbs for the same reason the salmon swim upstream—to lay eggs and then to die. ▪ When we appear again it's as the Auslander, the walking dead, flooding the bowels of Grand Central Terminal, our faces scorched to a bland sameness by the fires of domesticity. The most obdurate of us show up on the weekends at Lincoln Center, where we shepherd ill-dressed and ill-behaved children to concerts they will neither remember nor enjoy. (If we materialize unexpectedly and without children, at the Metropolitan or downtown at a club, it's almost certainly a divorce we want to talk about, or else the diagnosis.) ▪ It's not

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN LAUGHTON



I FEEL WELL PLACED TO BE TRAUMATIZED, BECAUSE THE COUNTRY THAT HAS VANISHED WAS CALLED CHEEVER COUNTRY.

the disdain that shocks me. What shocks me is that when full-blooded New Yorkers talk about a "bedroom community," they seem to evoke a constant: saltboxes and center-hall colonials nestled in lawns of emerald green. Something preserved in aspic or cash. They've seen it from the verges of the Saw Mill River Parkway. They have no idea that what they're thinking about is another Troy or Carthage, a civilization gone.

I HAVE SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE IN NORTHERN WESTCHESTER COUNTY. My wife and I now live with two boys and a black Labrador retriever in a house in Pocantico Hills, which is 5.2 miles by sport-utility vehicle from the place I lived when I was 3. But as for constancy, it's rather as if a furious genie had gripped that carpet of emerald lawn in two giant hands and yanked.

Change is traumatic. And I feel well placed to be traumatized, because the country that has vanished was sometimes actually called Cheever Country. My father had a railroad car named after him: *The John Cheever.* (I saw it once when I was wandering through the bowels of Grand Central, my face scorched to a bland sameness by the fires of domesticity.) There was an offer to name a road after him. He was excited, until he found that it was a very small road in a new business complex. The developer was one of the men my mother—a member of the County Environmental Advisory Council—had been fighting for years. He declined.

Ossining's Encore Books carries one paperback copy of *The Stories of John Cheever.* If you want anything else, you need to order it. And you'd better be prepared to spell your name. "No," I say, embarrassed, "I don't believe I am related to Eddie Cheever, the famous race-car driver."

It's not the fading of my father's reputation that distresses me, but rather the knowledge that the world he symbolized is fading as well.

In the spring of 1951, my family moved from an apartment on 59th Street to a small house behind the high brick walls of the Frank A. Vanderlip estate in Scarborough, New York. The Tappan Zee Bridge had not yet been completed, and Mrs. Vanderlip was still living in the mansion on the hill above us.

From Farm Boy to Financier was the title of her husband's 1935 autobiography. He'd been president of the National City Bank, then the nation's largest, for ten years. Frank A. Vanderlip had entertained Woodrow Wilson, Henry Ford, and Sarah Bernhardt in the house we could see from the window of our dining room.

"Dear Josie," my father wrote to his friend Josephine Herbst. "Here we are and you'd better come out and take a look at us. I overdrew the bank account the day we arrived here, and at about the same time the swimming pool overflowed. The swimming pool is curbed with Italian marble, lucent and shining like loaves of fine sugar. The trees are huge and beautiful and now and then a vast herd of sheep moves around the park, frightening Benjamin. I have a light, quiet room to work in and Mary is very pleased with her living-room. She keeps standing in a corner pretending that she just strayed in by chance. We haven't forgotten our beginnings, and from the dining-room table we look squarely into Mrs. Vanderlip's garbage pail. It's a good house for us and if I can lay down some kind of a temperate routine I think I can work more easily here than I did in New York. It's not far from the city. It's less than an hour on a good train and less than that in a car. . . ."

The swimming pool was not ours, but it was private, and we were allowed to swim in it. There was an Italian garden (pebbled paths, pillars, and marble nudes), a farm (greenhouses, orchards, and some livestock), and the Scarborough Country Day School, which had been built within the high brick walls for Frank Vanderlip's children and which the Cheever children all attended. The public schools were more than adequate, and so to select a private education was not just a mark of wealth but also an indication of aristocratic aspiration. The inscriptions over the doorways to the auditorium were LIFE IS FOR SERVICE and MANNERS MAKETH MAN.

It was in this auditorium that the Christmas pageant was held each year. The Christ was a lightbulb set in an iron cage to prevent fire, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and held to the bosom of the prettiest senior. The performance began with Mrs. Vanderlip's reading to us from the Book of Luke: "And so it came to pass, in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed." But all the world wasn't taxed, or not with the precision with which it is taxed today. Nor was it so thoroughly self-conscious.

Across Route 9, the Sleepy Hollow Country Club was said to exclude anyone who would admit to being a Jew. There were many Jews at Scarborough, and yet we all had to get down on our knees before the electric Christ. We weren't actually a homogenous group, but we intended to be one. We all meant to be descended from somebody grand.

Sexual roles were clearly defined. Homosexuals were like the Chinese, a distant, strange culture, of no real concern in the here and now. If another boy didn't like you, he might say that you had cooties, or that you were a faggot. Neither insult was meant to have any biological basis.

And yet despite the rigidity of social mores, there seems to have been more latitude. Is this a trick of memory? I think not. Conformity was a virtue, but then the rules were not so strictly or minutely enforced. A man constructing his dream house was much less apt to paint it pink in honor of his wife's favorite color. But if he did paint his house pink, the community would likely be amused. Houses should be white with black trim—this was axiomatic. The pink house was the exception that proved the rule. Nowadays, people will paint a dream house toothache blue, or bumblebee yellow; nobody is amused.

The population has surged, of course, but not nearly as dramatically as one might suppose. The 1960 census for Westchester County shows 808,891, while the count in 1990 was 874,886. It's not how many of us there are, or even who we are, since we have always been a racial and cultural grab bag. The problem is who we mean to be. Up until 1960, we all meant to be the same American. We failed, of course, but our intentions kept us peacefully in line.

Not without cost. I myself was thought to be a faggot with cooties. And uncoordinated. Which was not good. Baseball was the national pastime. My own sainted father wrote a story titled "The National Pastime." Everybody wanted a chance at bat. Everybody but me. That ball was small and hard as a stone. I couldn't see it. I never did hit it. Although it used to hit me sometimes. I was an outcast. There were other outcasts. At least one in every class. We were free to fail.

And yet mysteriously, inexplicably, everybody seems to have been freer then. Dogs used to wander off the leash. They toppled garbage pails and treed the cats. Such behavior was expected in a social contract rarely questioned and yet somehow dramatically more elastic than the one under which we all bridle and fret today. When our black Labrador, Cassiopeia, bit my friend David Palumbo after we'd teased the dog wickedly, there was little ill will between the families and nobody even hinted about lawyers.

In the autumns of my youth, the fathers—old men at 35—used to rake up great mountains of leaves for their obedient children to leap into. Then the undisputed head of household set his monument ablaze. No permit was required. Three Saturdays a year, Westchester looked like Waterloo must have just before Napoleon sent in the Guard, each copse and meadow trailing silvery clouds of aromatic smoke.

After starting his own personal conflagration, the alpha male—was there any other kind?—would go back into his castle and light a health-giving cigarette. Then he'd shake himself a martini. Martinis are back, you say. Well, yes, but they're a statement now, prepared by fastidious experts, apt to contain

UP UNTIL 1960, WE ALL MEANT TO BE THE SAME AMERICAN. WE FAILED, OF COURSE, BUT OUR INTENTIONS KEPT US IN LINE.

vodka, or worse. The silver bullets of those high old times were simple drinks, taken at dusk, and remarked on not at all. The man drank his portion of gin in the same way he might have brushed his teeth. His wife, wearing a pointy brassiere and a girdle, bustled cheerfully in the kitchen.

Nowadays, the leaves are blown around by immigrants with two-cycle engines strapped to their backs, gathered into plastic bags, or piled at the curb to be vacuumed up by municipal workers. The wife's at the office, *her* office; the disobedient children do the smoking.

The Scarborough Country Day School is now the Clear View School for emotionally disturbed children. The Vanderlip estate has become the Beechwood Condominiums. The big house has been cut into units.

I rarely visit, and when I do, I drive through furtively, with my heart in my shoes. I bring my children, hoping to fill them with awe. Instead, they pick up on my confusion. There was a thicket into which I used to run away from home and hide until my parents found me or called the police. I can't figure out where it was. The thicket was at the bottom of the hill. The bushes are gone, of course, and there was one tree I sometimes climbed. That's gone as well. The hill still seems to be there, but I wouldn't swear to it. Not seeing the tree makes it hard to believe that I actually sat in it. But I did. Weeping, wondering when my parents would find me, cherishing the passion my disappearance had been designed to arouse.

WHEN, AS A BOY, I SPOKE OF A NEW FRIEND OR COLLEAGUE, MY mother would ask, "What sort of name is that?" The categories are now virtually meaningless. Class distinctions have been blurred, or erased, and so have sexual roles. I took my boys to McDonald's recently on a Sunday morning. Janet was sleeping in. The men around me were off-duty policemen, with their children. Their wives were sleeping in, too. Even the policemen baby-sit in this strange new world. Their wives have jobs. The policemen I knew as a boy would have cheerfully murdered a wife who wanted a career.

I RECENTLY READ A MENCKEN ESSAY FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1934. (NOT exactly up-to-the-minute. But then, I live in the suburbs.) Mencken had gone back to look for Carthage.

"Certainly there must be few parallels in history to the completeness of its destruction," he wrote. "The Romans, like all the other Japs and Nazis of antiquity, threw their hearts into the job when they undertook to pull an enemy town to pieces, but there is no record that they ever went so far anywhere else as at Carthage. . . . At Carthage, the Romans really spit on their hands, and in consequence the remains of the city, once so rich and so puissant, are no greater in bulk and hardly greater in significance than the remains of a barn struck by lightning."

Westchester hasn't fought a war on its home field since the American Revolution. And yet the changes I have seen since I moved off Manhattan Island in 1951 would do honor to the most barbaric demolition team.

Manhattan has changed as well, you say. Pennsylvania Station is gone, the Biltmore Men's Bar. But then, the suburbs were advertised as a safe, unwavering haven from relentless Manhattan.

I recall a walk my family took in Scarborough one day when I was a little boy to view the excavation for the Arcadian Shopping Center. Mother, father, children, and dogs, we stood on a berm of raw earth and watched the bulldozers. We didn't approve, but unlike stout Cortez—silent, upon a peak in Darien—we had no idea of the consequence of what we saw.

Soon, shopping centers would spring up outside every village. Because you needed a car to get there, the truly needy were excluded. The villages withered away to slums. The shopping centers grew tawdry themselves and were replaced by malls.

I live now in a house that backs into the Rockefeller State Park Pre-

"I LIKE IT WHEN A BOY LOOKS AT MY EYES AND NOT AT MY BUST," SHE SAID. "I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN," I SAID, RAISING MY EYES.

serve. The hill behind us is thick with trees and shrubs, but the ground is soft, and occasionally a sinkhole appears, earth tumbling down into the cellar of the vast mansion that stood there until quite recently.

Half a mile away, a friend, journalist Herbert Hadad, lives in a house that stood between two empty wooded lots. A year or so ago, he began to get phone calls from a man who wanted him to buy one of those lots. He refused. Now there's a huge excavation immediately behind the basketball hoop he put up for his children, and rising from the instant canyon is a house substantially larger than the Hadad residence. My friend has been served with papers charging that his driveway and backboard violate the builder's property rights.

Many of the villages have decayed like rotten teeth. My father cashed his checks at Norman's liquor store on Spring Street in downtown Ossining. Norman gave me the wooden crates to build my hot rods out of. (We called them hot rods, although they had no engines.) Ossining even had a department store, Griffen Hilliker. There was, instead of video cameras, an elevated balcony from which spinstery old ladies looked down on the shoppers.

The stores all had proper names of individuals we knew in their titles: Ben's Stationery, Kipp's Pharmacy, Ross Men's Wear. (Ross had a sign that said YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO BE WELL DRESSED.)

Drive into the village today, and it's as if you've stumbled on a set for *The Twilight Zone*. The two great banks are closed, the space to let, the clocks stopped in their towers. Trinity, the church my father used to attend, still stands, but South Highland Avenue has been widened so that the building's granite underpants are practically in the street.

There were bulldozers growling in the background during his memorial service. "It's so nice," my sister said afterward, "that now that he's dead, they are tearing down the town he loved."

When they widened South Highland Avenue, they also took away the end of the lawn that falls away from Ossining High School. It was on this slope of lawn, now gone, that I embraced my first real lover. She smelled of Canoe. Canoe Canoe?

I unfastened her bra on another strip of land, behind Stillwater lake. This spot was paved when they widened the Taconic. But I remember exactly the mumbled endearments, the scent of Johnson & Johnson baby powder, the ground now taken.

I even remember the dialogue. "I like it when a boy looks at my eyes and not my bust," she said. "I know what you mean," I said, and raised my eyes.

Ossining's fate may have been unusually harsh, but all over the county the great landmarks are gone. Even Sing Sing, the big house, has been transformed into the Sing Sing *Correctional Facility*. The chair is gone, and there is now a prison museum. No gift shop yet.

A LEGENDARY FIGURE MY FATHER HAS BECOME. THE WORLD HE LIVED IN IS GONE. THE WORLD HE WROTE OF NEVER QUITE WAS.

White Plains is our largest retail center, and for those of us who knew it then, it looks like they tore down at least a third of the commercial district, including the old courthouse. My mother wrote a poem: "Elegy for a Courthouse."

Before you see it you breathe it,
stonedust raised by the demolition.
All over downtown White Plains
there's an odor of tombs, of cold ruins.

The wildlife, too, has been shuffled. There are black squirrels now. Where did they come from? What do they mean? Since hunting has been restricted, the crows have gotten bold and large enough to take the top off my garbage pail. I don't remember that there were any Canada geese when I was a boy. Now they're as common as Volvos.

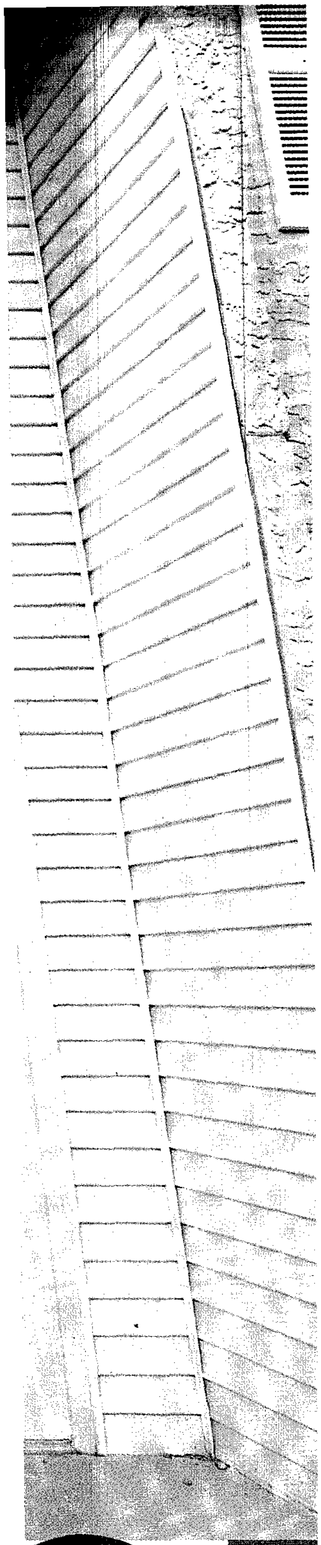
Parks are treasures, parks are great, parks are the hope of mankind. Still, I liked it better when they were estates. Estates are private. Nobody is allowed on an estate. *(continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY
BASTIENNE SCHMIDT

PAYBA

CK TIME

BY STEPHEN RODRICK



Steven Pagones was sitting in a Sarasota, Florida, swimming pool when he realized **Tawana Brawley** would follow him the rest of his life. ■ In 1988, Pagones was accused by Al Sharpton and others of taking part in the racially motivated rape and kidnapping of Tawana Brawley, a 15-year-old black girl who was found in Wappingers

Left, Steven Pagones outside 19 Carnaby Drive, Tawana Brawley's former home; above, Brawley and Al Sharpton at a news conference.

Falls, New York, wrapped in a garbage bag and covered with charcoal and feces. Ten months later, a New York grand jury would completely exonerate him, and the case was eventually declared a hoax. But for Pagones, the damage was done. Fallout from the case compelled him to quit his job as an assistant district attorney in Dutchess County and leave the legal profession completely. At the mall, people sometimes gave him hateful glares; at home, there were repeated death threats. His health was in tatters: stomach problems, insomnia. There were armed guards at his wedding.

By 1992, he had a wife and a daughter and had opened a private-investigating firm. On a break from his job, he and his wife headed to Florida. After a day of sightseeing, they relaxed in the whirlpool, where they struck up a conversation with another couple from up north. After a while, Pagones brought up the false accusations against him in the Brawley case and said that four years later, he was just beginning to feel like himself again. Immediately, Pagones realized he had made a mistake. His revelation was met with stony silence. He could feel the other couple physically withdrawing from him, moving almost imperceptibly to the other side of the whirlpool. Within five minutes, the couple made an excuse and left. It was at that moment that Steven Pagones realized the Brawley affair wasn't simply going to fade away.

HELPING HANDS? Sharpton, Brawley, and Maddox in a characteristic pose.

TODAY, STEVEN PAGONES IS ON ALL FOURS, SIFTING THROUGH dozens of videotapes at his parents' house in Beacon, New York. Pagones's hometown is a fifteen-minute drive from the epicenter of the Brawley affair. On a lunch break from the Poughkeepsie office of the New York State attorney general, Pagones, who restarted his law career in 1995, is picking through news accounts of the Brawley case he has compiled for his $165 million defamation suit against Al Sharpton, C. Vernon Mason, and Alton Maddox, the three men who accused him of participating in the rape of Brawley. The suit is scheduled to be heard November 10, almost ten years to the day after Tawana Brawley was reported missing. His mother brings some soft drinks and leaves the room. She says she can't bear to watch.

Pagones fast-forwards through a deluge of images. There's Brokaw, Donahue, and Koppel talking about him. Sharpton leading a march outside his office. Alton Maddox smirking as he accuses Pagones of raping Brawley. There's Pagones himself holding a press conference after being cleared of any involvement, his face huge on the 35-inch Sony. And there's Sharpton trying to force his way into the room, screaming, "Your accuser has arrived." The video Pagones, pudgier and more naïve than the current one, fights back tears as he realizes that Sharpton won't even leave him alone in his moment of vindication.

Pagones slumps in his chair and hits the stop button. Nine years in the making and costing him perhaps $100,000—relatively cheap because his father's firm is handling the litigation—the suit has involved a half-dozen judges, endless motions, and a fruitless legal pursuit of Tawana Brawley, the person most responsible for his nightmare. Pagones now has three daughters, the oldest entering the first grade. None of them has known her father without the specter of Mason, Maddox, and Sharpton hanging over him.

"One time, my 6-year-old came bouncing into the room as I was watching these tapes. She thought it was so cool that Daddy was on TV. One day, I'm going to have to tell her that wasn't cool: That was the worst year of Daddy's life."

Pagones's suit has finally wound itself toward trial. The suit lists 33 examples in which Maddox, Mason, and Sharpton—at press conferences, on television, and on radio—declared that Pagones was a suspect in the Brawley affair. For Pagones, the case has clearly become an obsession.

"There have been points throughout, even now, when I say this is crazy, it's eating me up," admits Pagones. "It's killing me emotionally. I get depressed over it. I can't sleep for days. I live on Zantac for my stomach. But I have three daughters; they're going to go to school, and somebody is going to call their daddy a racist. This is the only way I can make them pay for that."

SEVENTY MILES SOUTH IN HARLEM, IT'S A BUSY Saturday morning at the headquarters of Al Sharpton's National Action Network at 125th Street and Madison Avenue. At 10 A.M., in a quarter-full conference room, four black elected officials, refugees from Fernando Ferrer's stillborn campaign, are endorsing the reverend's mayoral bid. Listening to the speeches, Sharpton seems disengaged. Sharpton has traded the sweat suit and MLK medallion for the pol's uniform: navy-blue suit, crisp white shirt, red tie, subdued pompadour. There's no sign of the Cheshire Cat sound-bite-on-the-way smile New Yorkers have come to love or loathe.

Sharpton is talking about a defamation suit he's filed against Mayor Giuliani for calling him a no-good, riot-causing scoundrel, but the subtext is clearly Tawana. Sharpton tells of a reporter who expressed skepticism he could win the suit. When you're a public figure, the reporter explained, people can make inflammatory statements about you that may prove to be completely erroneous.

"I said, 'Good, that just assures me that I win either way,' " bellows Sharpton, his voice gravelly. "If the decision comes down in my favor, then I'll be able to show the world the liar that Mr. Giuliani is. If it doesn't come in my favor, then I take the decision to Dutchess County and say, 'If you can say something about me, why can't I say something about Steven Pagones? He's a public figure. He was an assistant district attorney. You folks confuse my brain with my hairstyle. I don't curl my brain.' "

Sharpton's supporters break into laughter. An elderly man in a blue checked jacket turns to his companion and says: "Who's Pagones?"

Photographs: previous page, right, AP/Wide World; this page, John Sotomayor/New York Times Co./Archive Photos.

"That's the white boy who raped Tawana," whispers an elderly woman wrapped in a shawl. "He's suing Sharpton, saying he ruined his reputation. But the boy's making a mistake. We ain't going to let him get away with it this time."

UNWILLING CELEBRITY: Pagones heading up the steps to defend himself in 1988.

THE NINE YEARS SINCE A NEW YORK GRAND JURY declared Tawana Brawley's rape claim a hoax have been kind to Al Sharpton. He survived a 1991 assassination attempt in Bensonhurst. A 1992 Senate bid displayed a Sharpton well-versed in the issues, an articulate spokesman for the state's dispossessed. His 15 percent showing bested Elizabeth Holtzman and established him as a bona fide vote-getter not to be ignored by black pols. Sharpton's media image also brightened: *The New York Times Magazine* ran a glowing profile in 1993 that barely mentioned Tawana Brawley.

Now he is running for mayor. Yes, Sharpton still marches against alleged police brutality (witness the Kevin Cedeno case), but he's just as likely to talk about economic revitalization and school reform this summer. And in a June 16 debate with Messinger and Sal Albanese, it was Sharpton who played peacemaker, chiding his two competitors: "Don't show everyone how divisive you are." Followers speak of the new, mature, politically astute Sharpton. His most optimistic supporters talk of shocking the world in September. Realists whisper about an eventual run for Congress against Major Owens. For most, Tawana Brawley is a lifetime ago.

But the glowing embers of the Brawley case have Sharpton caught between his agitating past and his electoral future. On one side, there are the Alton Maddox–led radical activists who stridently cling to Brawley—like Roosevelt liberals to Alger Hiss—as an example of black degradation at the hands of a racist white Establishment. On the other side are mainstream blacks and whites who would like to see him put the Brawley matter to rest once and for all. But Sharpton is standing firm. "There can be nothing better for me in an election year than for [Pagones] to finally go into court and fall on his face," says Sharpton. "I believe Tawana Brawley was violated, and I believe that there is enough evidence that convinces me that Mr. Pagones was involved."

Now, however, the accused has become the accuser. "We all must be held accountable for our actions," says Pagones. "It's time Reverend Sharpton is held accountable for his. Even a minister has to face judgment."

IN THIS ERA OF FORD BRONCO CHASES, RODNEY KING HOME VIDEO, and Reginald Denny's copter-captured beating, the Tawana Brawley saga seems almost quaint. But at the time, it was a circus. Even Bill Cosby and Mike Tyson made cameos. A media horde chronicled the players' every move.

And, of course, there was the girl.

Tawana Brawley, 15, disappeared on November 24, 1987, from the small, nearly all-white Dutchess County town of Wappingers Falls. Four days later, she was found inside a garbage bag, covered in feces, with KKK and NIGGER written on her body and clothes. Brawley, providing the scantest of details, spoke of six white men who'd kidnapped her and for four days raped and sodomized her in the woods.

In hindsight, the story was outlandish from the start. The six men conveniently dropped her off at the Pavillion Condominiums, where the Brawley family had recently lived. An eyewitness saw Brawley crawl into the bag. Logic suggests six men in a small community would be missed if they disappeared over three workdays and Thanksgiving. When Brawley was first taken to the hospital, no rape kit was administered because there was no evidence an assault had taken place. She didn't even show any signs of having spent four days in the woods: no symptoms of exposure, not even bad breath.

"It wasn't even a good hoax," says Steven Pagones. "There were so many holes, so many inconsistencies."

That didn't stop everyone from the *Times* on down from jumping on the story. Soon, the Reverend Al Sharpton and black civil-rights lawyers Alton Maddox and C. Vernon Mason, fresh from Howard Beach, drove to Wappingers Falls and promptly anointed themselves the girl's protectors. They brought along high-placed friends: Bill Cosby, along with the publisher of *Essence,* offered a $25,000 reward. Mike Tyson visited and gave Brawley the Rolex off his wrist. Searching for suspects, the trio first fixed on Steven Pagones's friend Harry Crist, a part-time cop who'd committed suicide three days after Brawley was found.

Pagones found out about Crist's suicide from a police investigator he was talking to on the phone. Horrified, Pagones drove to Crist's house shortly before the body was removed. There, police found a pistol and a suicide note from Crist lamenting his failure to become a highway trooper.

Three days before, Brawley, who refused to be interviewed by either police or the grand jury, scrawled on a black policeman's notepad the

"WHY CAN'T I SAY SOMETHING about Steven Pagones?" says Sharpton. "He's a public figure. He was a district attorney. You folks confuse my brain with my hairstyle. I don't curl my brain."

Photograph by Philip Kamrass/Middletown Times Herald Record.

words "white cop" when asked who had assaulted her.

Building on these raw materials, Brawley's team eventually put forth this scenario: Brawley had been visiting friends in Newburgh. She took the bus back to Wappingers Falls and was walking home when an unmarked police car pulled up to her. A white man, flashing a police badge, beckoned Brawley to the car. He then threw her in the backseat and sped away along with several accomplices.

Based on Brawley's "white cop" scribbling, investigators began checking on Crist's whereabouts during the Brawley disappearance. Steven Pagones heard this and told investigators that Crist couldn't possibly have been involved: He had been shopping with him and other friends in Danbury, Connecticut, the day Brawley had supposedly been dumped.

"IF I TOOK ALL THIS SERIOUSLY, I'd go crazy," says Pagones. "What kind of mind-set must a human being have to devote his whole life to perpetuating a fraud on another human being?"

Pagones's revelation put his boss, William Grady, the Dutchess County district attorney, who was in charge of prosecuting the case, in a delicate situation. Pagones, one of his staff, was shaping up to be an alibi witness for a potential suspect. Reluctantly, Grady, citing a conflict of interest, withdrew from the case.

To Sharpton, Mason, and Maddox, these few jagged pieces of the puzzle in their possession added up to a good old boys' cover-up. Pagones's presence at Crist's house, Grady's exit, and the subsequent withdrawal of another local prosecutor only confirmed their suspicions.

And finally, on March 13, 1988, at the Grand Hyatt Hotel in Manhattan, Alton Maddox made a startling statement: "Mr. Pagones was one of the attackers." He went on to claim that "Steven Pagones had known the Brawley family for some time." When incredulous reporters asked Maddox whether he had any evidence, the lawyer replied, "If I didn't have direct evidence, I wouldn't be sitting here saying that."

That direct evidence never surfaced. The next day, Steven Pagones woke to the *Post* headline DA'S AIDE IN TAWANA RAPE GANG: LAWYERS. Mason would later also publicly accuse Pagones. Not surprisingly, it was Sharpton who made the most grandiose, and eventually prophetic, remarks. On March 31, 1988, he said on WWOR-TV's *People Are Talking*: "We stated openly that Steven Pagones, the assistant district attorney, did it . . . If we're lying, sue us so we can go into court with you and prove you did it . . . Sue us—sue us right now."

ON OCTOBER 3rd...
BROADCASTING
BE A MAN,
TAKE A STAND
BRAWLEY
ERUP
ABRAMS

WALKING AND TALKING: Sharpton shakes up the '88 Democratic Convention.

STEVEN PAGONES TOOK SHARPTON UP ON HIS OFFER.

In May, Pagones met me for a drink at a Holiday Inn just outside Wappingers Falls for his first in-person interview in nearly ten years. He was noticeably nervous; his hands quivered a bit as he sipped his Coke.

A beefy Greek-American, Pagones has lived his entire life around Beacon, where his grandfather settled in 1922. Eventually, his grandfather opened the Boston Candy Kitchen, a soda fountain that became a center of social life in Beacon for decades. Pagones's parents met there. Steve's dad is Anthony Pagones, a judge and pillar of the Hudson Valley legal community.

"I used to be known as Anthony's kid," recalls Pagones. "Now whenever I call people, they go, 'Steve Pagones? Where have I heard that name . . . Hey, weren't you involved in the Brawley case?' "

Not an outstanding student, Pagones the younger nevertheless forged through Boston University and then the University of Bridgeport Law School. In 1986, he landed a job as an assistant district attorney for Dutchess County, the same place where his dad had begun his legal career. He was there a year before his life was permanently altered.

After some cajoling, Pagones agrees to give a guided tour of the Brawley case in his Jeep Cherokee. Amazingly, Pagones says he has never been to the complex where Tawana was "found." After a short drive up Route 9 to MacFarlane Drive, Pagones takes a right, and although the sign says White Gate Condominiums, not Pavillion, he's pretty sure this is the place. It's an endless sprawl of nondescript burgundy-shingled two-story buildings. We drive around a bit, trying to find the exact spot where Tawana Brawley was first found covered in feces. Pagones flips on the brights and squints into the dark for something he might recognize from the videotapes. Despite making two passes, he can't find it. He gives up and drives on. First to Harry Crist's last home. He points toward a lighted room on the second floor. "That's where they found Harry," he says.

Next stop is the Montclair Townhouses, where Pagones lived at the time with his fiancée, now wife, Niki. For six weeks, armed guards were posted outside his door. He even had them at his wedding.

"One day, I opened the door and there was this

Photograph by AP/Wide World.

little box," remembers Pagones, his eyes going glassy. "I stared at that box for fifteen to twenty minutes. I didn't want to call the police and have them come over and it be nothing. I'd feel stupid. I sat and stared at it. I kicked it a little bit. It turned out to be nothing. But what a way to live."

Pagones also endured Sharpton-led demonstrations outside his Poughkeepsie office. He'd sit at his desk and listen to 300 marchers shouting, "Arrest Pagones now! Arrest Pagones now!" Sometimes his colleagues would joke about it with him. Other times, his hands would shake with anger and he would slip out the back door of his own office.

The first reporter to call Pagones about the Brawley case didn't even get a sound bite. "The guy said, 'What do you have to say about the allegations? They just accused you of raping Tawana,' " recalls Pagones. "I hung up. Then another guy called. He put things in perspective: He said, 'You got to say something.' I said, 'I deny it. I had nothing to do with it.' "

After consulting with his father, Pagones decided to file a defamation suit against the three advisers and Brawley. Pagones also took the aggressive step of waiving immunity and testifying before the grand jury. Its report completely cleared him.

"There never was any evidence that Pagones ever met Tawana Brawley, much less had anything to do with a crime that never happened," says a former aide to Attorney General Bob Abrams who is intimately familiar with the Brawley investigation. "I've read every inch of copy and every 'lead' that has come out since then, and there's no reason to think any differently today." At the height of the drama, the Brawley camp put out the word to WCBS-TV that Pagones was involved with drugs and put the station in touch with two restaurateurs who claimed Pagones had improperly denied them liquor licenses. The station did its own investigation and found something more benign: Pagones had indeed turned down a restaurant's request for a liquor license, but there was little evidence of wrongdoing on Pagones's part and absolutely no credibility to the drug angle. What it said was that Pagones, a rookie lawyer, had not conducted a thorough enough investigation. A second piece by WCBS involving the two restaurateurs described their alleged problems with the mob in Dutchess County. Pagones was in no way involved. However, that didn't stop the Brawley camp from going on talk radio and claiming Pagones had mob ties.

"Guess how many lawyers make those decisions every day?" demands Pagones, his face turning red. "Thousands. Guess how many have to defend those decisions on a broadcast all over New York City? One. Guess how many had to go to White Plains and tell the FBI about my mob ties? One. Why? Al Sharpton."

THE DRAMA HAS MOVED TO THE CARMEL, NEW YORK, LAW OFFICES of Maher & Brofman, located in a bland, powder-blue triple-decker. Over the past three months, depositions have been taken for Pagones's suit. For Sharpton, it's been a minor inconvenience; his deposition, postponed so he could attend Betty Shabazz's funeral, will take only one day, on July 29. For Pagones, the depositions have been grueling. While Mason's and Sharpton's lawyers deposed him for just a day, Maddox, representing himself, questioned Pagones for more than a week.

However, after nearly a decade of waiting, that doesn't seem like such a long time. When Pagones first filed the suit against Sharpton, Brawley, Mason, and Maddox, in 1988, it was ruled that the suit would move forward as one legal action rather than four. That has meant four times the delays.

Much of it has involved legal maneuvering on the part of Maddox, Mason, and Sharpton. At the suit's start, Maddox attempted to defend both Sharpton and Brawley. This was disallowed because of Maddox's obvious conflict of interest. While Maddox could represent himself, the code of the New York State Bar Association prevents him from representing anyone in a case where he would likely be called as a witness. But Maddox started a legal war of attrition.

"What would happen is, Maddox would appeal a ruling," says Anthony Pagones, Steven's father. "He would take it all the way through the system and be denied. Then Sharpton would file the same exact motion. Then Mason, and on it went."

Also, as a result of the Pagones family's extensive Dutchess County legal connections, five judges have recused themselves from the case. It is now being handled by New York State Supreme Court justice S. Barrett Hickman, who will travel to Dutchess County to hear the case.

MOTHER MATTERS: Sharpton puts an arm around Glenda Brawley.

Then there's Brawley. She answered no legal notices. As a minor at the time of the suit's filing, Brawley needed to be represented by a guardian. No family member stepped forward. Finally, in 1991, she defaulted. Brawley's monetary damages will be determined at the trial of her three co-defendants.

Last year, Mason threw up another roadblock. Mason, disbarred in 1995 for fee-gouging and now a seminary student, unsuccessfully tried to wriggle off Pagones's hook by claiming his 1995 petition for bankruptcy discharged any potential debt he might owe Pagones. His plea was denied, and the depositions finally began.

"I thought the whole thing would take four or five years," says Anthony Pagones. "Then Maddox, Mason, and Sharpton started to delay, delay. They thought they could wait us out. But now we're almost there."

Outside the deposition room, the atmosphere is mostly polite. When William Stanton, Pagones's lawyer, comes to the door with a box of evidence, Michael Hardy, Sharpton's lawyer, greets him with a smile and holds the door for him. I walk over to Alton Maddox's recently arrived Honda Passport and introduce myself. Maddox, bespectacled, his hair peppered with gray, warmly shakes my hand. Absent is the storied defiant scowl and scornful rhetoric that compelled New York lawyers to delay their own trials so they could watch him orate in court. He tells me to call him. A dozen phone calls later, friends of Maddox tell me he rarely speaks to white reporters.

Photograph By James Marshall/Image Works.

BULLY PULPIT: Sharpton and the gang filming a *Donahue* special.

Instead, Maddox saves his rhetoric for the courtroom. Always well prepared, he brings two or three assistants to operate video equipment. (Maddox has long been rumored to be putting together a "documentary" of the depositions for release to the media.) Stephen Jackson, Mason's lawyer, admits that Maddox is the star of the show.

"Alton Maddox's cross-examining of Pagones has been a textbook, meticulous interrogation of a witness," says Jackson.

That meticulousness nearly caused a fight. On one occasion, Maddox's relentless prodding led to harsh words and mutual threats to have the furniture removed and the whole issue settled with fists. A short recess was called and order restored.

"His questioning has just been so ludicrous," says Pagones. "Some questions, even Maddox starts laughing. Once, he looks at me and says, 'Mr. Pagones, isn't it a fact that you're friendly with Matty the Horse?' I said, 'Who the hell is Matty the Horse?' Turns out it's some mob guy he's trying to connect me with."

Pagones's anger would undoubtedly please Alton Maddox. His career has been built around consistent guerrilla warfare against white adversaries. One of his most vocal defenders has been Al Sharpton.

During the Brawley case, Governor Mario Cuomo named Attorney General Bob Abrams as special prosecutor. Maddox, Sharpton, and Mason found this unacceptable and advised the Brawleys not to cooperate, citing Abrams's office's weak civil-rights record. This was a tactic that had worked for the three in Howard Beach, where their withholding of witness cooperation led to the naming of the more acceptable Joe Hynes as a special prosecutor. They also turned up the rhetoric. Asking the Brawleys to cooperate with Abrams, said Al Sharpton, is "like asking someone who watched someone killed in the gas chamber to sit down with Mr. Hitler." "Robert Abrams, you are no longer going to masturbate looking at Tawana Brawley's picture!" chimed in Maddox.

Eventually, Glenda Brawley, Tawana's mother, was served with contempt-of-court charges for ignoring the grand jury's subpoenas at Maddox's counsel. That advice eventually led to Maddox's legal suspension in 1990 (he's suspended until 1999, although he is allowed to defend himself).

Following closely on the Brawley debacle, Abrams charged Sharpton with tax evasion in 1989. Maddox defended him, and Sharpton was acquitted of all charges. Around that time, the three formed the United African Movement, a grassroots group bent on agitating against everyone from the white Establishment to black "sellouts." Although Sharpton resigned a number of years ago, he has remained close to Maddox and the UAM. That relationship is one of the reasons Sharpton remains a non-option for many white voters.

When the UAM came under attack recently for refusing whites entry to its publicly advertised meetings, Sharpton remained mum. Similarly, Sharpton has never objected when the UAM hosted guest speakers like Steve Cokely, a former aide to then Chicago mayor Eugene Sawyer who was fired for suggesting that Jewish doctors were injecting black babies with the AIDS virus. In December, the UAM endorsed Sharpton's mayoral bid. Showing gratitude, Sharpton's National Action Network held a fund-raiser for Maddox in May to help him with his Brawley legal expenses.

I ask Sharpton whether he has ever considered separating from Maddox and reaching an out-of-court settlement with Pagones simply to put the case behind him. He stares at me as if I were asking him to denounce his own mother.

"Others have suggested that," says Sharpton, munching on a piece of hard candy in his midtown campaign office. He then pauses, unwraps another piece, pops it in his mouth, and grinds it into dust before letting out a wide smile. "But I'm convinced from the evidence I reviewed that he was involved."

ON A RETURN TRIP TO WAPPINGERS FALLS, I FIND OUT THAT PAGONES took me to the wrong apartment complex. Brawley's former residence is actually across the road, about a quarter-mile away. Later, I drive him there: 19 Carnaby Drive. For a minute, he skeptically stares at the cream-colored building with its bleached shutters. Pagones then recognizes it from the endless TV standups captured in his video collection.

"I feel so stupid," he mumbles. Then he lets out a grimace masquerading as a laugh. "I'm sure Sharpton would love that: Pagones returns to the scene of the crime but can't find it. I wonder how they'd fit that into their theory."

CYNICS WOULD SAY SHARPTON COULD NOT REVERSE COURSE ON Brawley even if he wanted to. The Brawley case underscores the chasm that exists between blacks' and whites' concepts of truth in modern America. Starting with historical examples like the Tuskegee experiments, it's not a huge leap to the United African Movement's promoting speakers who suggest AIDS is a white conspiracy to eliminate blacks. All of which makes

"WE ALL MUST BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE for our actions," says Steven Pagones, accusing the accuser. "It's time Reverend Sharpton is held accountable for his. Even a minister has to face judgment."

Photograph by Giovanni Laroca/Corbis.

the multitude of Brawley apologists in the black community not so surprising. Not coincidentally, many of them are Sharpton supporters. The reverend knows this and plays on that vibe.

At the forefront of Brawley believers is Curt Stewart, a filmmaker living in New Rochelle. His crude documentary *Is Justice a Joke?* is a bizarre mixture of interviews with a grown-up Tawana interspersed with disguised voices whispering about Brawley being gang-raped at the Pavillion Condominiums. No new evidence is produced. At the end of the film, Brawley is shown theatrically knocking on the ornate doors of the Justice Department in Washington and getting no answer. When I ask Stewart to hook me up with his "new" witnesses or the Brawley family, he declines. However, that hasn't stopped Nobel Prize–winning author Toni Morrison from writing on May 1 to Bill Cosby that "Stewart warrants consideration as the recipient of the Brawley case reward which you . . . have chosen to grant."

Stewart has a companion manuscript to *Is Justice a Joke?* labeled "Open Statement to the Nation," in which he luridly lays out what he claims to be Steven Pagones's involvement:

". . . An assistant . . . by the name of Steve Pagones suggested they sedate her with an unidentified liquid, scrawl 'KKK' and racial epithets on her, cut and mat her hair with dog feces, plug up her nose with cotton wads, place her in a garbage bag, deposit her in the dumpster with the Thanksgiving Holiday debris and leave her there to suffocate. Harry Crist . . . vociferously objected to murdering Tawana and accused . . . Pagones of being sick. [Later, Pagones decided] Crist had become a traitor, a Judas, a turncoat. He had to be found and killed. . . ."

When I read this passage to Pagones over the phone, there is a long silence.

"If I take all this seriously, I'd have gone crazy a long time ago," says Pagones. "I wonder what kind of mind-set must a human being have to devote his whole life to perpetuating a fraud on another human being. I can only get so angry; if I get angrier, it will kill me. That's what they want."

BARRING A DELAY, NOVEMBER 10 WILL BE PUT-UP-OR-SHUT-UP TIME for Mason, Maddox, and Sharpton. Stephen Jackson, Mason's lawyer, claims the truth will finally come out.

"I was initially somewhat dubious about Brawley's case," says Jackson. "Now I am certain that Mr. Pagones was involved."

Jackson has hundreds of pages of depositions that he claims would convince anyone in his right mind of Pagones's involvement. In the 158 pages provided to *New York,* no new facts emerge. At one point in the deposition, Pagones mentions to Jackson that he, Crist, and another friend were going to go out with their girlfriends. Jackson then asked Pagones, "Isn't it a fact that Mr. Crist indicated to you Tawana Brawley was his date?" Jackson is finally reduced to asking Pagones whether a pain in his buttocks was connected to the stress he suffered during the Brawley case.

That lack of evidence doesn't mean that Sharpton, Maddox, and Mason will be found liable, however. Pagones, since he was a Dutchess County assistant district attorney at the time, has been legally declared a public figure. (The legal wrangling over this point further delayed the proceedings.) As a result, his lawyers have to prove not only that the trio made false statements but also that they either knew they were false or made them with serious doubts as to their truth.

"Pagones's picture to the world is that we set out and for no reason concocted a hoax on him," says Sharpton. "Now he has to prove that in a court of law, which is impossible because it never happened. There were other law agencies independent and prior to us that had been investigating him. Whether they reached the same conclusion or not, it certainly removes the malice. If you remove the malice, you have no suit."

While legal hair-splitting may win Sharpton the case, reminding the New York electorate of his Brawley days—and therefore of his links to the conspiracy-toting fringe—certainly can't help his long-shot campaign. However, he's convinced that clinging to Tawana Brawley won't hurt him politically. According to Sharpton, society doesn't hold the incident against him: The media's to blame.

"If I saved the pope's life, the media would ask me about Brawley," says Sharpton, quickly growing impatient of the subject. "I think it's some of the psychological, racial, sexual implications of the case that the media is obsessed with."

STEVEN'S WAY: Pagones likes to walk the beach in Cold Spring Harbor.

As for Brawley, she remains a ghost. With the exception of the Curt Stewart documentary, Brawley hasn't spoken publicly about her case this decade. For a while, she went by Maryann Muhammad, a Muslim name given to her by Louis Farrakhan, another prominent supporter. Brawley attended Howard University for a while and is rumored to be still living in Washington, D.C., working at a hospital. Both Stewart and Sharpton declined to put me in touch with her. Ironically, as the November trial approaches, Brawley, whose supporters have always clamored that she be allowed her day in court, is expected to be a no-show.

ON JULY 29, THE REVEREND AL SHARPTON IS SCHEDULED TO GIVE his deposition in Carmel. Finally, after nearly a decade, Steven Pagones will be able to turn the tables on the reverend. His lawyers, including his father, will spend the day grilling Sharpton about the case. However, Pagones will not attend.

"I know that Sharpton doesn't care how I feel," says Pagones. "It would be hard for me to sit there and have him look back at me with complete indifference. It would just drive me crazy."

That doesn't mean Pagones isn't still looking for payback.

"When the jury finds in my favor and issues a financial judgment," says Pagones, "I will follow Sharpton and make sure he pays up as long as I live. Wherever he goes, he'll find me waiting for him." ▬

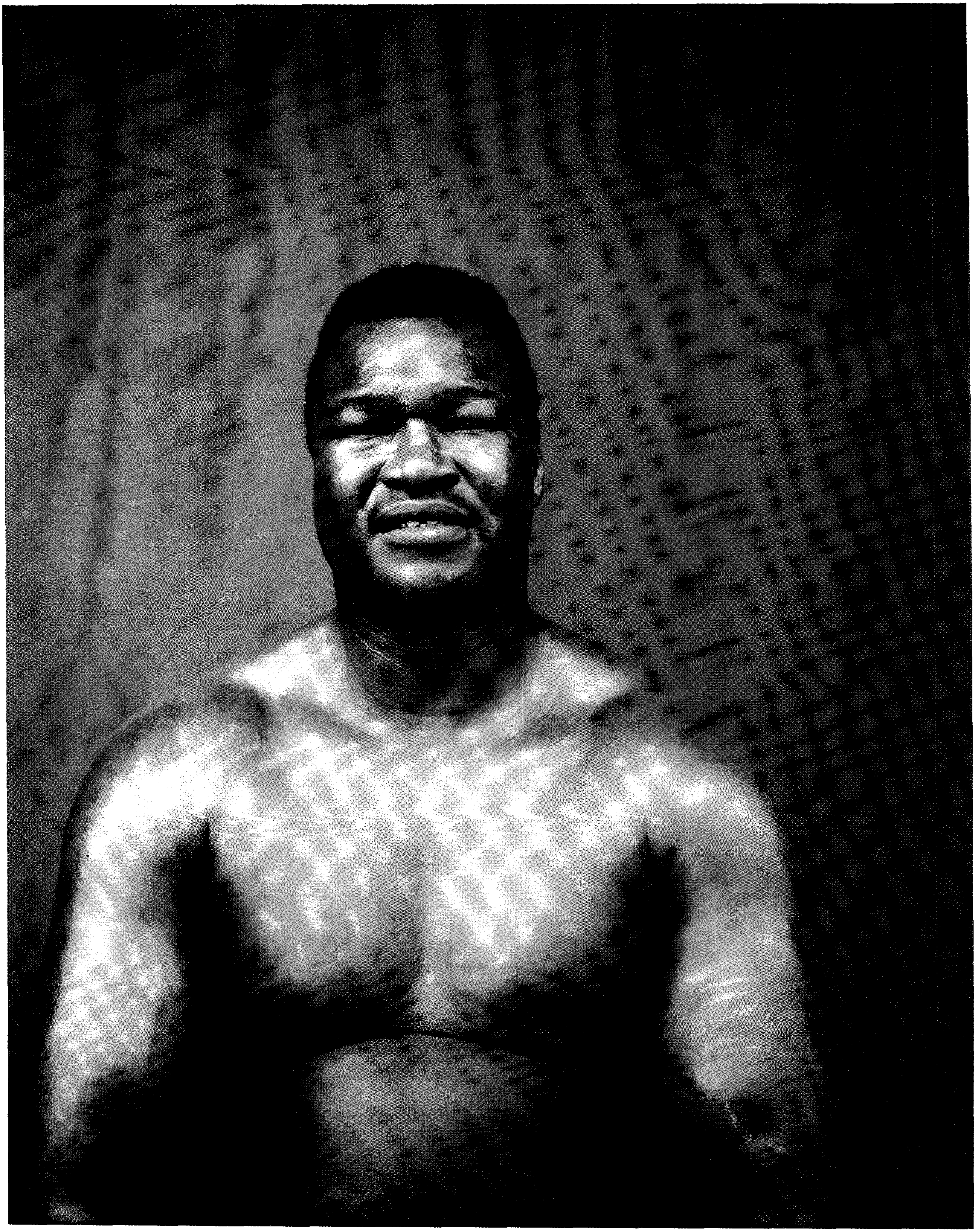
Photograph by Bastienne Schmidt.

when he was KING

LARRY HOLMES, WHO'S FOUGHT EVERYONE FROM ALI TO TYSON, GETS IN THE RING NEXT WEEK WITH A MAN HALF HIS AGE. WHO SAYS HE'S NOT *STILL* KING?

BY MARK JACOBSON

LARRY HOLMES, FORMER HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, DOES NOT "exactly" remember Joe Hathaway, whom he knocked out with a single jab at the Catholic Youth Center in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on December 12, 1974. But I do. ■ I was writing about Mike Rossman, the supposed "Jewish Bomber," whose name was Mike DiPiano until his father, Jimmy DiPiano, changed it on the theory that when it comes to getting ink in the boxing wars, as opposed to the real ones, you'd rather have a Jewish bomber for a son than an Italian one. Anyway, there wasn't enough room at the motel, so I had to share with Hathaway, a "body" brought in by the Rossman camp to bulk up the undercard. Everything was fine until about three in the morning, when Hathaway shook me awake. "You asleep?" he said, agitated. ■ "They never told me this guy I'm fighting was good," Hathaway said, close to tears. "He's been working with Ali. Giving Ali hell! What am I gonna do now?" I tried to console the distressed heavyweight, but it was no use. He paced the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BARRY
FOR *NEW YORK*

room, cursing his fate, into the dawn light.

"I knocked him out with one jab?" Larry Holmes asks now, 23 years later, as he bites into a club sandwich served up at the Larry Holmes Ringside restaurant and nightclub, part of the Larry Holmes Enterprises Complex, which is located on Larry Holmes Drive in Easton, Pennsylvania, Holmes's hometown. "Fear'll do that to a fighter.

"Some guys, you just look at them, they fall down dead."

The nearly two and a half decades since that evening in Scranton have been eventful for Holmes, a 47-year-old grandfather who, on July 29, will drag his never-beautiful body into the ring at Madison Square Garden (The P.A. system will play "Never Can Say Goodbye," by Gloria Gaynor) to fight one Maurice Harris, a man 26 years his junior. "Been a ride, all right," Holmes says, adjusting his glasses while recalling his legendary career, which includes twenty defenses of the title he won from Ken Norton in 1978 in one of the most grueling fights in heavyweight history.

"Fought everyone," Holmes muses with a lisp, snaggled teeth showing behind his smile. "Norton, Earnie Shavers, Cooney, Weaver. Kicked their ass. Beat Ali too. And the best thing is, I can sit here and tell you about it. Because maybe I don't remember no Joe Hathaway, but I remember just about everything else."

Ask Holmes anything; he'll talk. "I'm outgoing," he says. He offered ample proof last week at the Garden press conference for the Harris fight, when he startled pedestrians on West 52nd Street by appearing on the jockey-festooned balcony of the '21' Club to warble a frothy, if off-key, version of "Stand By Me," dedicated to the disgraced Mike Tyson (more on this later). The ebullience comes as something of a surprise, since Holmes has often been viewed by fight-game observers as a frustrated, eternally grumbling individual who, despite his vast talent and courage (with that nonpareil jab it's hard to think of a heavyweight champ against whom he wouldn't have had a decent shot), will never get his true due.

Much of this down-rating stems from bad timing. As Ali's favorite sparring partner in the early seventies, he was "always sure never to show up" his hero. However, in a 1980 title fight, Holmes beat the old champ into submission. After easing off on Ali in the later rounds, Holmes cried in the dressing room. "Nobody wants a great man hurt, having to quit," Holmes says. "But we were fighters. What was I supposed to do? People never forgave that, me beating Ali."

"FOR THE MONEY, MAN!": Holmes at his Easton, Pennsylvania, training center.

Muhammad proved a tough act to follow. Holmes kept winning, but audiences found his highly mobile jab–overhand-right technique more workmanlike than inspiring. Neither hated nor loved, he was a fighter for the cognoscenti.

Things never broke just right for Holmes. Undefeated in 48 straight fights over a thirteen-year period, one victory away from tying Rocky Marciano's record for consecutive wins, he lost a close decision to Michael Spinks. Disappointed and thinking everyone wanted him to lose rather than have a black fighter surpass the white-man icon Rock, Holmes ignited much tabloid hysteria by declaring that "Rocky Marciano could not carry my jockstrap." Holmes apologized, but his persona as a sore loser–race paranoid was fixed. Not that anyone could blame Holmes even if the characterization were true, which it wasn't. Certainly no one could blame him after his big 1982 payday against White Hope Gerry Cooney. Forced to take short money against the near-novice challenger, Holmes arrived in Vegas to find Caesars Palace decked out in Irish orange and green. On fight night, it was said, Secret Service personnel hooked up Cooney's dressing room to receive a congratulatory phone call from Ronald Reagan. Holmes's dressing room went unwired, and after he knocked Cooney out, he received no call from the president.

"But screw that," Larry Holmes says now, back in Easton. "It's like I told Cooney: 'People will say anything about white and black if there's green involved, but the only two people who can get hurt out of this is you and me, Gerry.' " Besides, even if his Ringside serves a club sandwich on a puffy roll instead of crisp toast, Holmes thinks he's gotten the last laugh, and deservedly so.

ONE OF ELEVEN CHILDREN BORN INTO A Georgia sharecropper family, a seventh-grade dropout who worked twelve hours a day in a car wash, Holmes has grown rich from boxing. To gauge the breadth of what Holmes calls "my achievement," one only needs to take a stroll across Larry Holmes Plaza, past Diane's Lingerie, run by Larry's wife of seventeen years ("Go in there, buy some of that sexy shit for your wife," he says), to the Summit Bank, one of Holmes's tenants.

Larry saunters through the door in his jeans and white LARRY HOLMES, EASTON, PA shirt, and the bank employees catapult out of their chairs to greet him. A fawning loan officer introduces Larry to the starry-eyed owner of an "industrial-vacuum-cleaner sales company from Jersey" who says he's seen "every one your fights, Mr. Holmes" and is thinking of relocating to Easton. "Don't even think," Holmes sells. "I lived in Easton for 42 years, and it's a great place. A great place to live and to work." The vacuum-cleaner salesman looks back: like, *Where do I sign?*

Upstairs from the bank, Holmes leases the federal government space that is used for minimum-security prison cells. "That about tells the story," Holmes declares. "A lot of fighters be in jail. I own the jail."

For Holmes, who still bills himself as "the Easton Assassin," this primarily white working-class foundry town on the banks of the Delaware River (population 27,000; home to Crayola Crayons) is the world. Indeed, there is a zany Norman Rockwell–esque pleasure to be had in accompanying the former champ around town. He says he has to get his eyes checked for the Garden fight, so we get into his Mercedes and drive over to an optometrist a few blocks away. There are about fifteen senior citizens waiting to get their frames adjusted. Holmes sits down along with the rest, content to wait his turn. One old white lady, at least 80, yells out, "Hey Larry, watch your ears!" The whole place, recognizing the reference to the recent Tyson lobefest, cracks up. "I ain't going to Madison Square Garden without my ear muffs," Holmes remarks.

He's a small-town guy. Holmes loved being champ, but seven years was plenty. "Part of me was relieved when I lost to Spinks, just to get it over with," he says, scanning the copious memorabilia adorning the walls of his restaurant. He points to a photo from his early days as champion; he's stripped to the waist, sitting in a convertible, looking young, hard, cocky. "Here's me when I thought I was Mr. Badass Shit-on-a-Stick," he remarks with loving disdain. Up on the TV screen, CNN is playing a clip of Evander Holyfield in South Africa, giving a boxing robe to Nelson Mandela. "What's he gonna do now, tell Mandela about Jesus?" Holmes wonders. "I never liked traveling around like that.

"Life's a bitch if you don't know who you are. Your own illusions is what kills you," Holmes says offhandedly; it's something he learned from his former longtime promoter, Don King. "I never regret being with Don," Holmes maintains. "Everybody is out to get him, but before Don, fighters didn't get shit. I'm not saying he's a great guy. He's a businessman. Don must have cost me $10 million in the years we was together. Cutting my purses, this and that.

"But it was worth it," Holmes continues. "I learned from him. I wouldn't be a success today if it wasn't for Don King. Don's thing is, talk and talk. Lie, cheat, steal. But know what you got. Your base. Who you are. Some people, people like Tyson, maybe, don't know that. Don can take advantage of their vanity, the way the bank takes it out of your hide on interest when you buy something you can't afford. I don't buy stuff on time. I pay full price, right up front. That way I don't have a debt. I don't owe anyone anything."

Then Larry starts talking about his family, his five kids and three grandchildren, and how his son, Larry Jr., likes ice hockey. " 'Ice hockey?' I yell at him," Holmes relates. " 'What you want to play ice hockey? Don't you know you black? Black people do not play ice hockey! . . .' He just gives me that look and tells me I'm old-fashioned." You listen to this fun stuff, hear him talk about "what really matters is your health and your family," and wonder: Why the hell is Larry Holmes fighting at 47?

"For the money, man!" Holmes shouts back, like he's insulted you asked. "Why else would I fight—for the love of the game?"

According to Holmes, known as a tight man with a dollar who recalls the price of everything he has ever bought or sold (his first house cost $78,000, his current one $395,000, etc., etc.), fighting is simply another part of the portfolio, like the outrageously priced autographed Larry Holmes phone cards he hawks through his larryholmes.com Web page ($25 for ten minutes). He's bummed to be getting only $225,000 to fight the unknown and, one hopes, undertalented Maurice Harris at the Garden, but as Larry says, "it's better to hide in the shade of a toothpick than to burn in the noonday sun."

Besides, it's an investment. If he keeps going, there's always the chance that he might persuade the 48-year-old George Foreman to fight him in some fabulous "Geezers at Caesars" multi-million-dollar gate.

"George can't beat me," Holmes says, rattling his saber. "Couldn't beat me then, can't beat me now. Him on TV with that big phony smile. He don't fool black people. We know! What kind of man calls all his children George and Georgette? Can't he take the time to remember their names? Aw, I'll kick his fat ass."

All this aside, a trip to the Larry Holmes Training Center reveals another reason why Holmes continues to fight. You watch him amble into the dressing room, gently put his glasses down on a white towel, remove his jeans and T-shirt to expose much untoned girth, slip on the same black sweats he's worn at least a thousand times before. Then he starts to shift his feet, jump around to get warm. He flicks out his famous left hand. Once, twice. Then a quick right. When he has his hat off, you note the odd, football-like shape of his dis- *(continued on page 44)*

"DON MUST HAVE COST ME $10 MILLION IN THE YEARS WE WAS TOGETHER," SAYS HOLMES. "CUTTING MY PURSES, THIS AND THAT. BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. I LEARNED FROM HIM. I WOULDN'T BE A SUCCESS TODAY IF IT WASN'T FOR DON KING."

UP FROM OBLIVION

Even Brad Pitt couldn't save [redacted]'s debut. But the filmmaker got angry, scored with *Living in Oblivion,* and finally made the movie he always wanted to.

BY HELEN EISENBACH

'EVERY SINGLE INDEPENDENT FILM DIRECTOR, IF HE'S honest, will tell you that most of the time, you feel like a complete fool," admits Tom DiCillo. "You have no idea *what's* going on. You're literally hanging by your fingernails for four or five months at a time just trying to survive."

If you're a writer-director with a strong predilection for irony, of course, you'll use the theme of art and life spinning out of control to create a cinematic roller-coaster ride like *Living in Oblivion,* DiCillo's 1995 film, the one his fans will probably never let him live down. A hilarious ode to the particular lunacy of making a movie with aspirations that exceed your budget, *Oblivion* was conceived in a moment's rage, was shot in fifteen days, and ended up giving the director back his career.

You might expect DiCillo to be like *Oblivion's* pale, increasingly desperate protagonist (played by Steve Buscemi): a chain-smoking, neurasthenic filmmaker with dark circles under his eyes and a classic mildewed East Village fashion sense. In fact, he comes across more L.A. than New York, a bit like the It Boy played by Brad Pitt in DiCillo's 1991 directorial debut, *Johnny Suede.*

DiCillo was born in North Carolina on a military base and spent his childhood moving from one small town to another. "As a kid, most of my summers were spent outside in the woods engaging in acts sometimes of a juvenile-delinquent nature," he half boasts. This might explain his new film, *Box of Moonlight,* set in the backwoods of America, far from the Lower East Side—the "little tiny grungy apartments, rubble without a cause," as he puts it—where his previous films were shot. "I wanted to capture that sense of youthful anarchy," says DiCillo. "When people see *Oblivion*—even *Johnny Suede*—their first response is confusion: Why did I make this film?"

DICILLO GOT INTO FILMMAKING ALMOST ACCIDENTALLY. HE RECEIVED a bachelor's degree in creative writing from Virginia's Old Dominion University; when an acquaintance suggested joining a film society, the ex–Marine brat had no idea what that was. The film that night was *La Strada.* "At that point, I was 21 or 22," DiCillo recalls, "never lived in a big city, so where was I going to see these kinds of films?" His response was visceral: "I'd like to try to do that."

DiCillo was accepted to NYU film school in 1975 and moved to Manhattan, where "for the first three years, I was literally terrified." And broke. To make money, he painted apartments with his brother; often, he'd have to leave class to go finish a painting job. This may have been a blessing in disguise, as the venerated NYU tradition he experienced was hardly inspirational. "People left the school emotionally shattered—several students had nervous breakdowns, clinical ones," says DiCillo, adding that he came out so "wounded" that it took him eight years to recover.

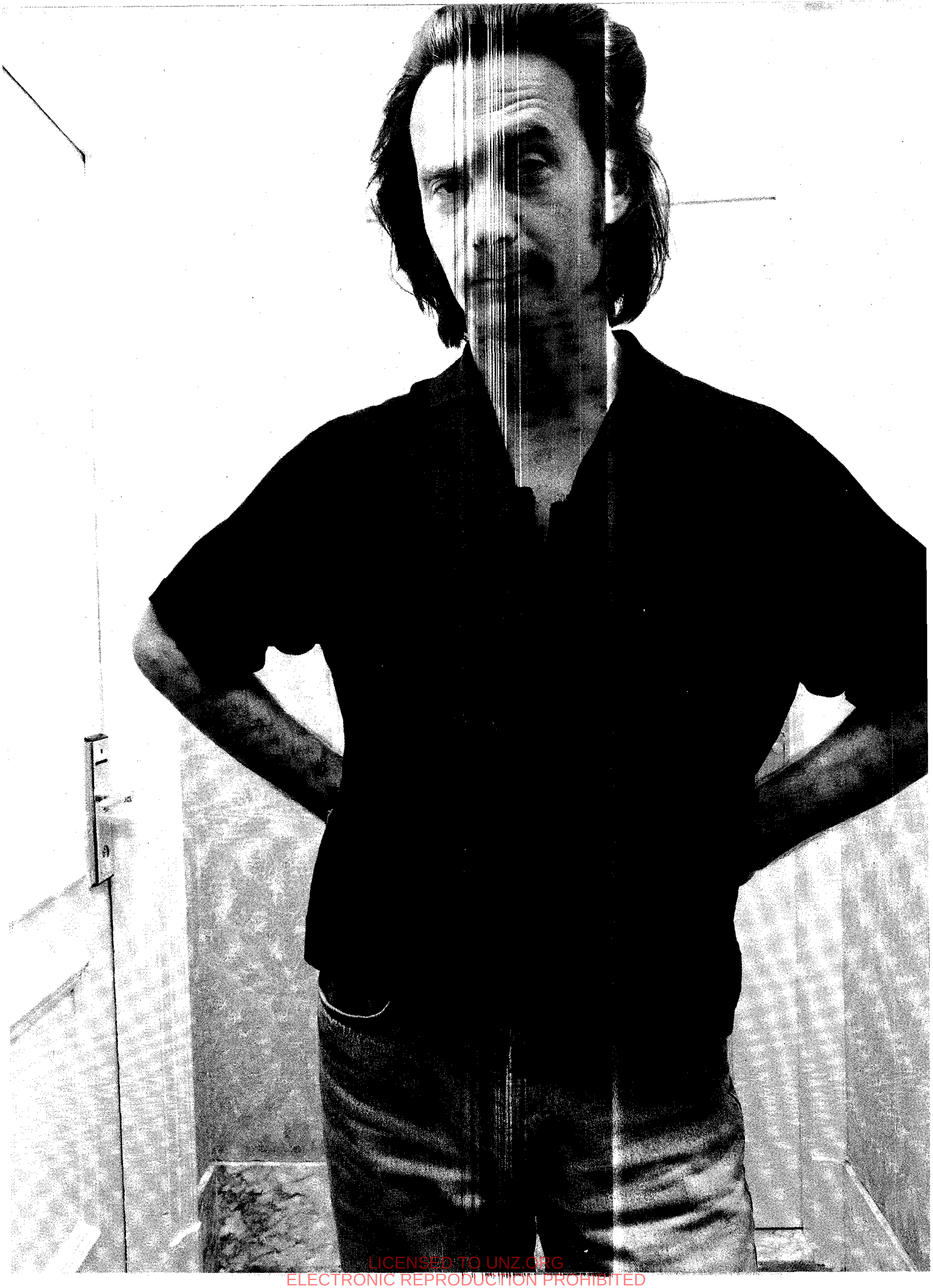
In the interim, he managed to accomplish a few things, working as a cinematographer on eight feature films, including NYU classmate Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise.* But mostly, he stalled by studying acting. Romantic complications he was going through prompted him to write and perform a one-man piece "trying to figure out a little bit of the jostling that takes place between men and women." That was *Johnny Suede,* which DiCillo turned into his debut film, starring a then-unknown blond actor. It won the Grand Prize at the Locarno film festival; Miramax bought it sight unseen.

Because of Brad Pitt's burgeoning appeal, the studio repositioned what was essentially a deadpan East Village self-parody as a teenybopper romp. Nobody really got it, including the New York *Times;* in two weeks, *Johnny* was dead. The money DiCillo had raised for his next story quickly dried up. For five years, he came agonizingly close again and again to making *Box of Moonlight* until at last he stopped trying. "That was a tough day," he says, "when it became clear to me that this film was not going to get made."

"I WAS ABOUT TO COMPLETELY GIVE UP FILMMAKING FOREVER," says DiCillo. Then, at a wedding, he ran into an acquaintance from a long-ago acting class who began raving about how lucky DiCillo had been to realize his dream with *Johnny.* DiCillo snapped. "I said, 'Shut the fuck up! You don't know how intensely frustrating it is making a film, especially when you get to that rare moment when an actor has an emotional breakthrough, a *real* one, and suddenly the camera runs out of film or the mike comes into the shot.' " In that instant, *Oblivion* was born. In two days, DiCillo wrote a short film for the actress Catherine Keener, whose performance in *Johnny* he thought critics had criminally overlooked; Keener's husband, the actor Dermot Mulroney, immediately put up $5,000. "Two weeks later, we were filming," DiCillo marvels. "People would call and I'd go, 'Got any money? Want to be in this?' " DiCillo's wife, Jane Gil—whom he met "out on the town one night about twenty years ago" when Jim Jarmusch dragged him to a party far uptown, across the hall from where they now live—raised $11,000. The couple whose wedding was the scene of his inspiration ended up as actor-producers. "And even after we had finished the first half-hour and it had turned out so well," notes DiCillo, "every single U.S. distributor turned us down. So I call it a truly independent film, because no one involved in the business even helped us finish it at all."

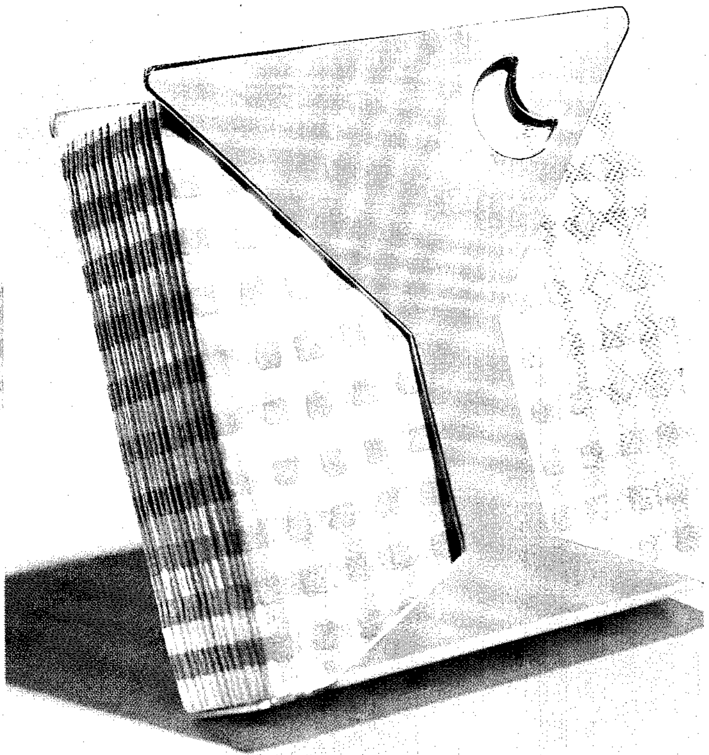
WINNING SUCH HONORS AS BEST SCREENPLAY AT SUNDANCE AND the coveted opening-night slot in Manhattan's chic New Directors/New Films Festival, *Oblivion* brought the film whose death inspired it back to life; suddenly, people wanted to give its director money to make movies. *Moonlight,* starring John Turturro, opens this week, and another project, *The Real Blonde,* is slated for next spring. Not that there aren't always a few frustrations. *Moonlight,* DiCillo says, lacked the collaborative joy of *Oblivion,* where "there wasn't even anyone around telling us what to do." In fact, time pressure and intensely different acting styles made shooting "a whimsical film about the joy and beauty of a summer breeze . . . into a kind of warfare." But DiCillo is thrilled with the outcome: "*Moonlight* taught me that the most important thing is what is happening right at the moment. It may not be what you wrote, it may not be what you have rehearsed—but it's the only thing that's real." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF RIEDEL
FOR NEW YORK

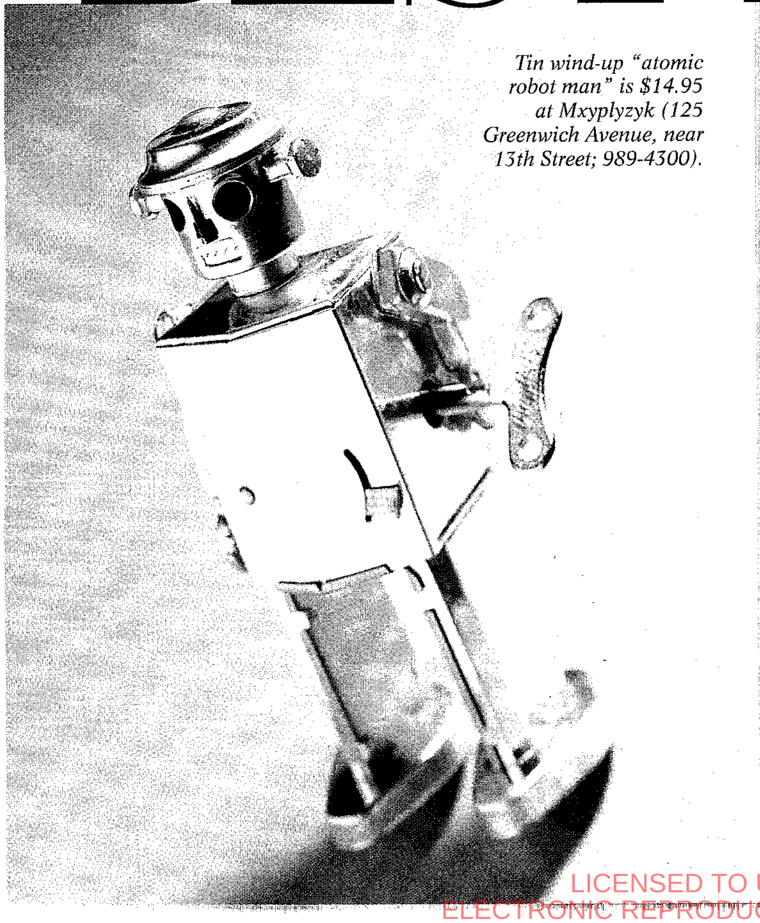


Alfi insulated frosted-resin pitchers are $50 at Barneys New York (both locations)

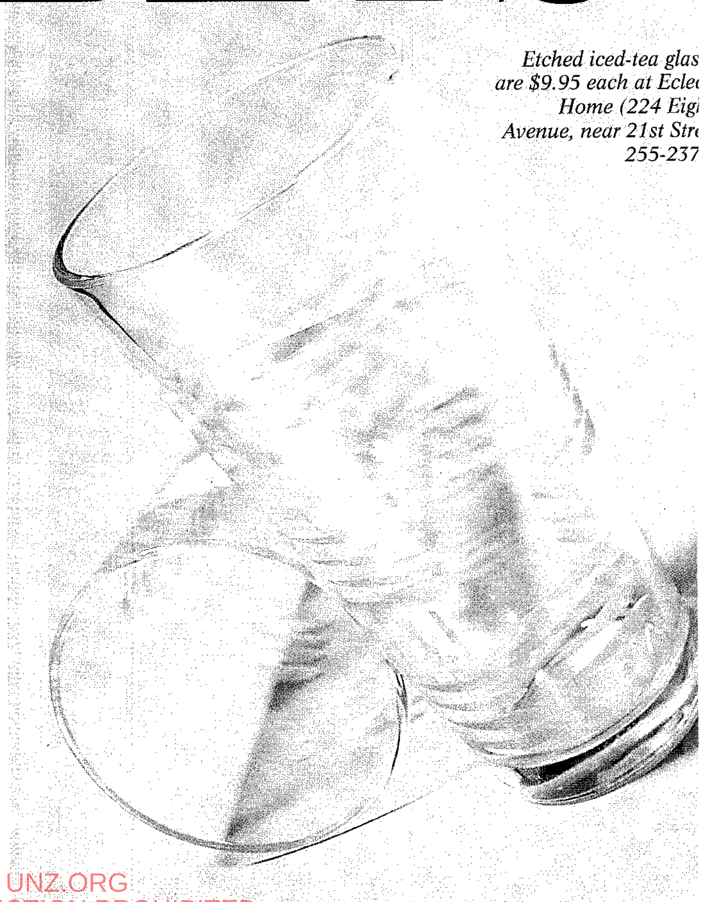
Silver-plate "martini" napkin holder is around $15 at E.A.T. Gifts (1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street; 861-2544) and Wolfman-Gol & Good Company (117 Mercer Street; 431-1888). Checked paper cocktail napkins are $5.50 at Wolfman-Gold & Good.



BEST BETS



Tin wind-up "atomic robot man" is $14.95 at Mxyplyzyk (125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street; 989-4300).



Etched iced-tea glas
are $9.95 each at Ecle
Home (224 Eig
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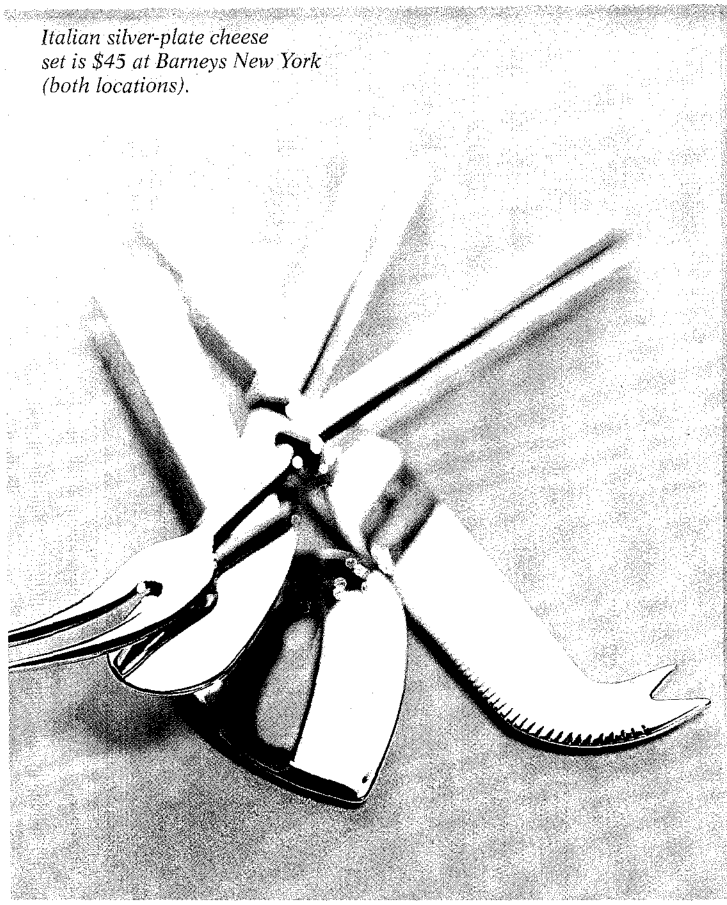
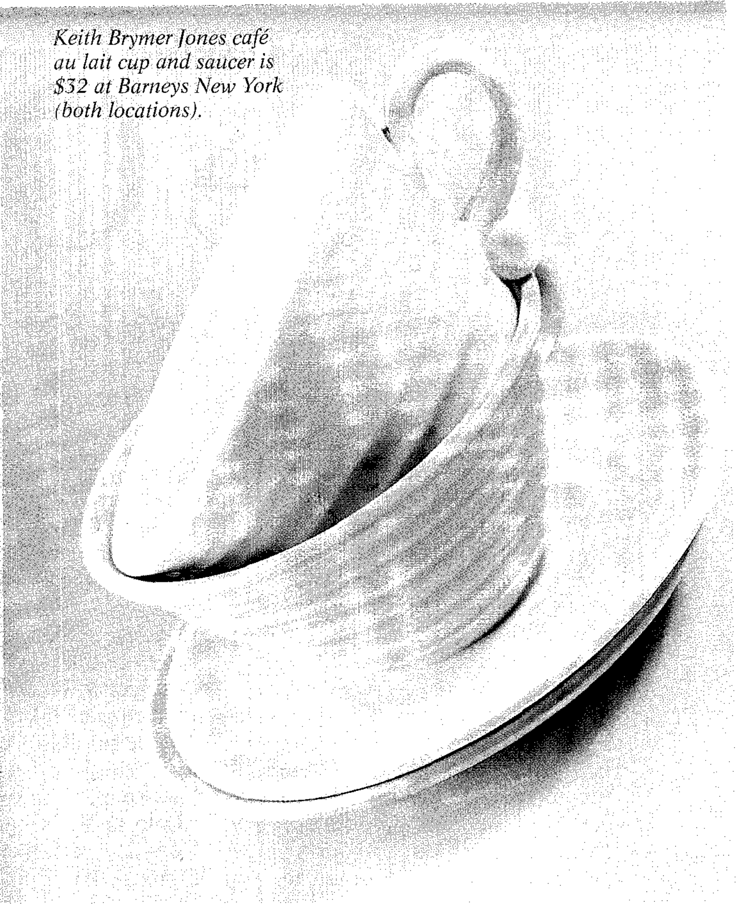


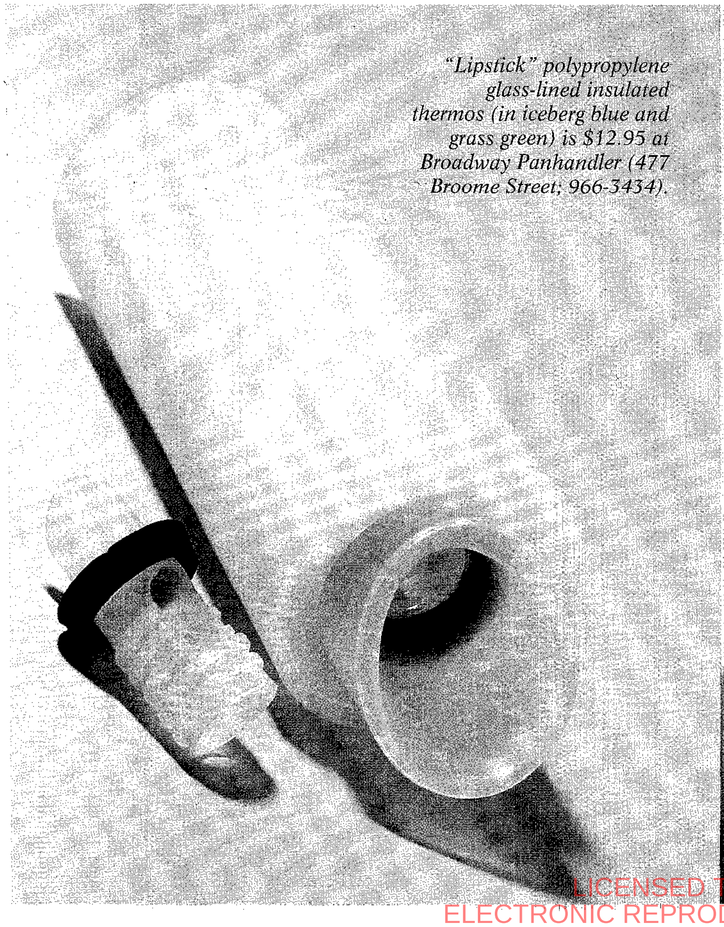
Italian silver-plate cheese set is $45 at Barneys New York (both locations).



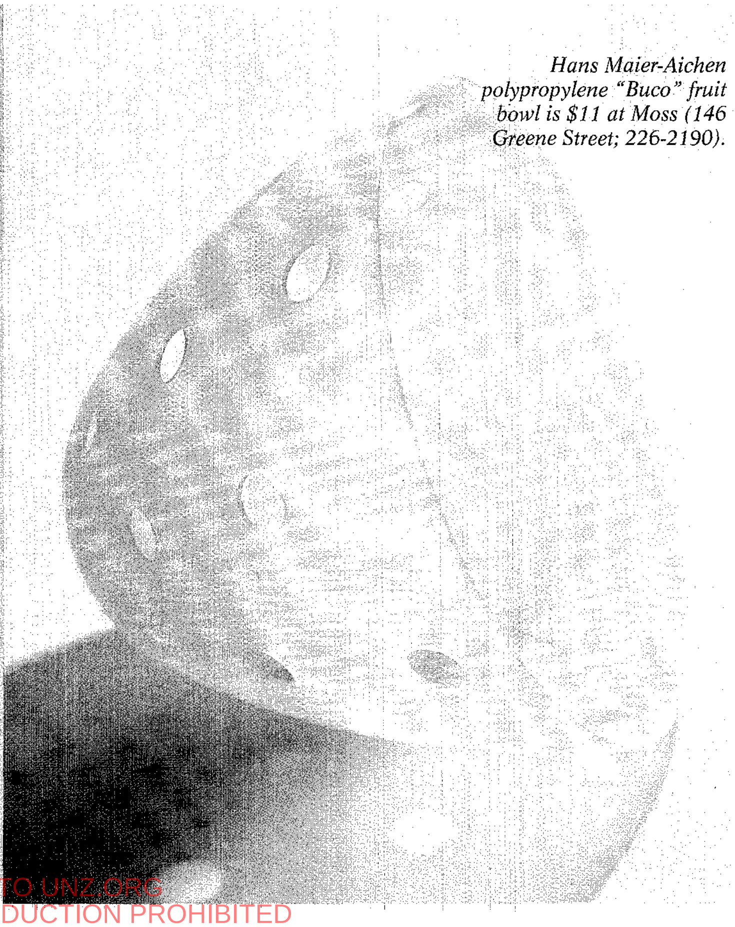
Keith Brymer Jones café au lait cup and saucer is $32 at Barneys New York (both locations).

Here's **help for the gift-giving-impaired:** *smart carry-alongs for your host or hostess that are bound to elicit a return invitation.* **BY CORKY POLLAN**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE WISBAUER



"Lipstick" polypropylene glass-lined insulated thermos (in iceberg blue and grass green) is $12.95 at Broadway Panhandler (477 Broome Street; 966-3434).



Hans Maier-Aichen polypropylene "Buco" fruit bowl is $11 at Moss (146 Greene Street; 226-2190).

THE GOODS **DOUGLAS COOPER**

Bike Origami

Throw away the lock and chain. *You can take these sturdy (folding) two-wheelers with you—on the A train, up to your office, even inside Carnegie Hall.*

IN NEW YORK, YOU DON'T SO MUCH own a bicycle as borrow it for a while from thieves. You may get a month of good use, perhaps a year, but sooner or later it will end up for sale beside some junkie's clothes on Astor Place. My zip code, 10014, is so notorious a target for bike thieves that in 1989, it helped persuade the Kryptonite lock company to withdraw its guarantee program from Manhattan for a time.

The perfect bike must be immune to the kleptocracy we live in. And the only guarantee against theft in this city is never letting the thing out of your sight. A lock in Manhattan is mere ornament; you want to take the bike with you wherever you go. Unfortunately, most bicycles are too large to carry into cafés or onto trains, or to haul up the narrow stair of a six-story tenement.

A number of folding bicycles have found their way onto the market in recent years. The folder used to have an indifferent reputation, but engineers have quietly been refining the notion for decades, and certain designs have their followings among the cycling underground. One model, in particular, recently designed in New York with a frame handcrafted in Eugene, Oregon, may well be the perfect machine to thwart the thieves and potholes of New York City.

Peter Reich, the designer of the Swift Folder ($695), has a small shop in Brooklyn where he carefully assembles this ingenious vehicle. Pull the seat post out, and the Swift collapses in seconds, to a size perhaps half the length of a conventional mountain bike: small enough to fit into a closet. Take off the wheel and the bars—another couple of minutes' work—and the Swift fits into a bag you can sling over your shoulder.

Reich is a gentle, bearded man who only occasionally betrays the fanaticism associated with bicycle guerrillas and mad scientists. While a student of industrial design at Pratt in the late seventies, Reich decided that he was going to improve upon the bicycle, one of the most efficient machines known to man.

Reich and his frame builder, Jan VanderTuin, went through seven prototypes until they got the Swift Folder right. The Swift marks a radical departure from traditional folding-bike design: The seat post holds this hinging frame together. Folding the bike is a matter of opening two quick-releases; no tools are necessary. The assembled frame is particularly rigid, unusual for a folder and a quality prized in performance bikes.

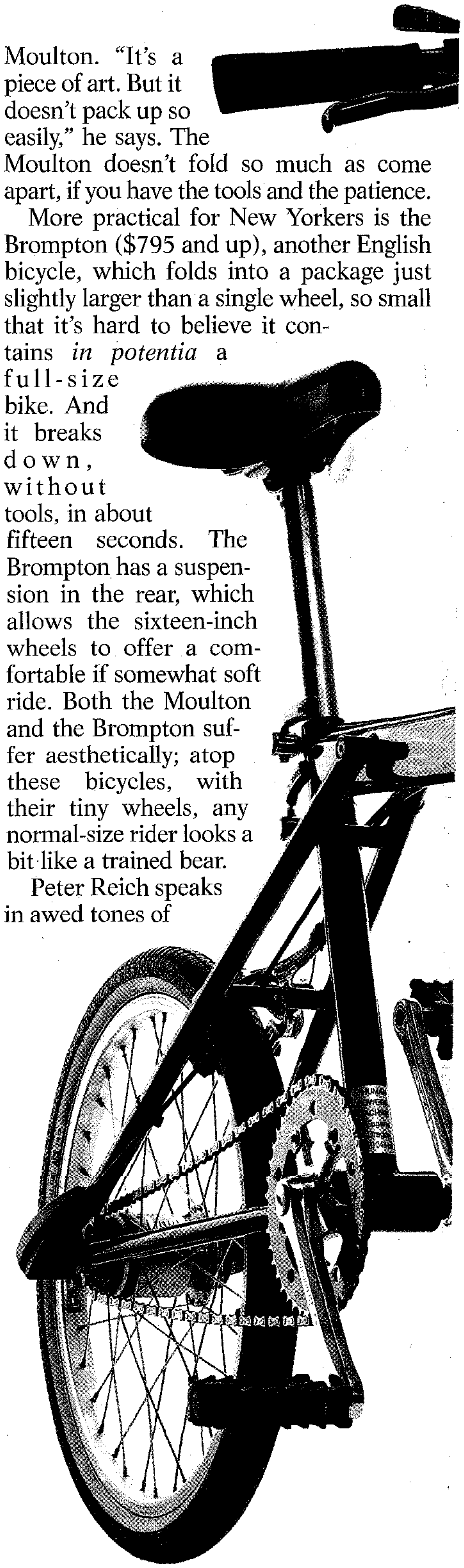
The folding bike has a glorious tradition. The first was designed for English paratroopers in World War II. (Soldiers would attach separate parachutes to the bikes and toss them out first.) The most famous collapsible bike—not a true folder—is the Moulton, also British. Alex Moulton is an engineer who decided to disregard the conventional wisdom behind bicycle design: Wheels, for instance, are supposed to be big to cushion the ride; Moulton made them tiny and added suspension. Worried that nobody would take sixteen-inch wheels seriously, Moulton entered his odd bicycle in races, and it did surprisingly well, claiming significant victories over standard racing bikes, including a still-standing world speed record for upright bikes.

> *"Bicycle enthusiasts are fiercely partisan. I know a woman who speaks of her Brompton* **the way most people recall a first lover."**

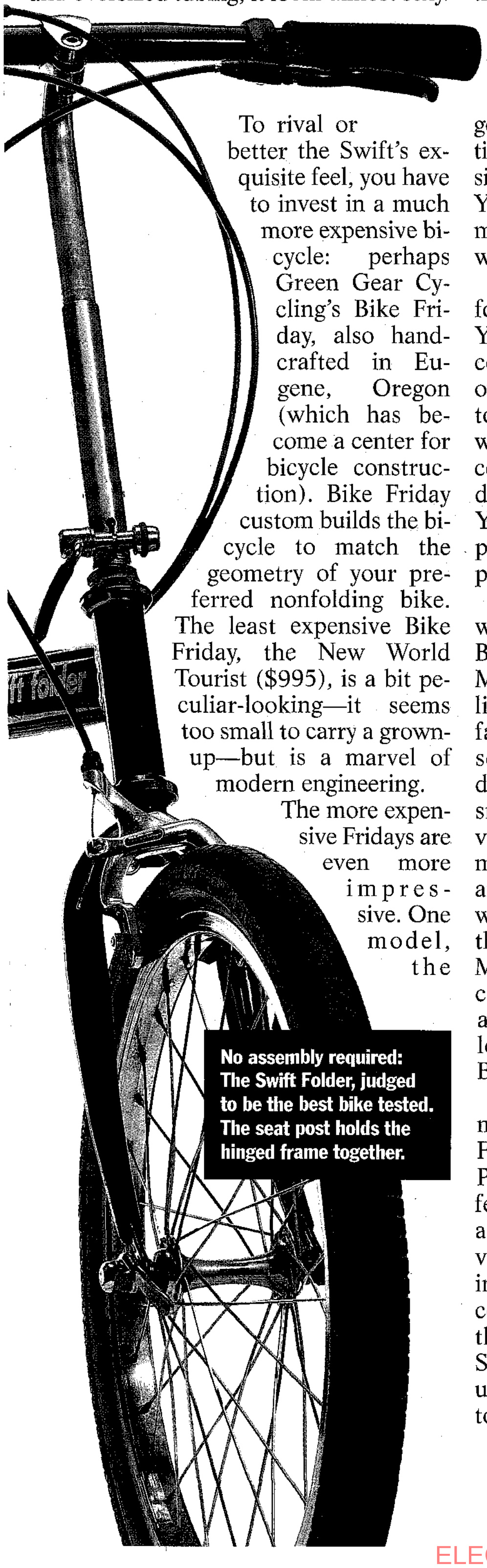
In 1961, Moulton introduced many of the features still incorporated into high-end folders—small wheels, two-part frames, and suspension. His bicycles are still available, if expensive: Count on paying upward of $1,800 for a recent factory-built model, and between $3,000 and $6,000 for one with a handmade frame. Scott Willett, who coaches New York University's triathlon team, used to race a Moulton. "It's a piece of art. But it doesn't pack up so easily," he says. The Moulton doesn't fold so much as come apart, if you have the tools and the patience.

More practical for New Yorkers is the Brompton ($795 and up), another English bicycle, which folds into a package just slightly larger than a single wheel, so small that it's hard to believe it contains *in potentia* a full-size bike. And it breaks down, without tools, in about fifteen seconds. The Brompton has a suspension in the rear, which allows the sixteen-inch wheels to offer a comfortable if somewhat soft ride. Both the Moulton and the Brompton suffer aesthetically; atop these bicycles, with their tiny wheels, any normal-size rider looks a bit like a trained bear.

Peter Reich speaks in awed tones of



PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE WISBAUER FOR *NEW YORK* the Brompton's foldability, but his own design improves considerably on the Brompton's performance. I spent an afternoon riding the Swift and the Brompton around Central Park, and though the Brompton is certainly well-engineered, it feels like a smaller, less substantial machine, whereas the Swift Folder has the shape and stiffness I have learned to expect from a good mountain bike. Also, the Swift has twenty-inch wheels, the standard BMX size, so it doesn't appear ridiculous. With its glossy black finish and oversized tubing, it looks almost sexy.



No assembly required: The Swift Folder, judged to be the best bike tested. The seat post holds the hinged frame together.

To rival or better the Swift's exquisite feel, you have to invest in a much more expensive bicycle: perhaps Green Gear Cycling's Bike Friday, also handcrafted in Eugene, Oregon (which has become a center for bicycle construction). Bike Friday custom builds the bicycle to match the geometry of your preferred nonfolding bike. The least expensive Bike Friday, the New World Tourist ($995), is a bit peculiar-looking—it seems too small to carry a grown-up—but is a marvel of modern engineering.

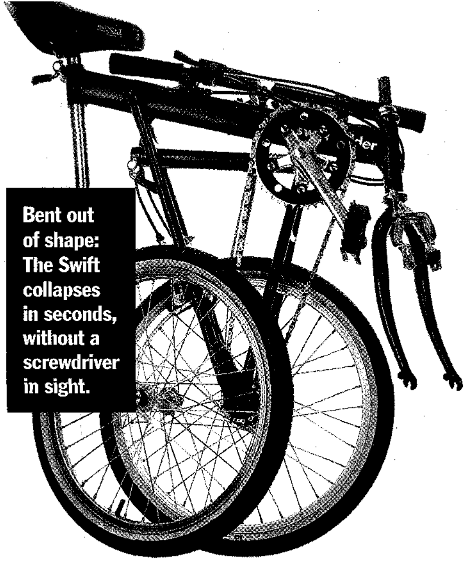
The more expensive Fridays are even more impressive. One model, the pricey AirFriday ($1,898 and up), collapses into a bag small enough to store in an airplane's overhead bin and unfolds into a bike that won't disgrace you in the triathlon. In fact, Scott Willett has put aside his Moulton and made the AirFriday his personal racing bike. Even if you don't travel the world to race, you might still want to own an AirFriday for its fetish value: The saddle is perched at the tip of a cantilevered titanium beam.

Fridays are Thoroughbreds, and they have an odd ride. One shopkeeper, a fan of the product, described them as "squirrely," which is to say they're extremely responsive. But once you've picked up on the hair-trigger handling characteristics, they're lovely. The AirFriday takes some getting used to, as it can feel like you're sitting on a bouncing beam, but Willett insists that it encourages good cycling habits: You tend to use a "spinning" pedaling movement instead of simply pushing down with the ball of the foot.

The Air Friday doesn't fold quite as effortlessly as the Swift or the Brompton. You can accomplish a partial fold in a couple of minutes, but even a seasoned owner must take at least twenty minutes to get the bike into its custom suitcase with a hex key. Bike Friday supplies a complete tool kit and velvet bags for the dismantled bits. It's not the ideal New York commute bike, but it's probably the perfect machine to take to Katmandu or purchase as a wedding gift for royalty.

Lots of car marques are finding their way onto bicycles these days, including BMW. The BMW folders are built by Montague, which also makes its own line of well-regarded folding bicycles. In fact, if you want full-size wheels in a reasonably quick-folding machine, and don't mind that it won't get all that small, you might want to investigate the various Montagues. I tried both BMW models, the road bike ($700 and up) and the mountain bike ($800 and up, with or without suspension), and found them solid, if uninspiring. The patented Montague folding mechanism is a bit clumsy; it requires removing a wheel, and breaking the bike down takes much longer than with the Swift or the Brompton.

The Brompton can be heartily recommended for its ability to get tiny, and the Friday for its custom craftsmanship, but Peter Reich's Swift Folder seems the perfect compromise for this grueling town: a moderately priced bicycle that folds very quickly, gets pretty small, and most important, does all of this without a perceptible sacrifice in performance or aesthetics. Of all the bikes I tested, the Swift Folder feels the most like a premium road machine. I even prefer the Swift to my full-size Specialized Stumpjumper, a respected mountain bike adapted for city use.



Bent out of shape: The Swift collapses in seconds, without a screwdriver in sight.

Bicycle enthusiasts are fiercely partisan: When I studied architecture, I remember, a prominent professor devoted most of a lecture to the design of his Moulton. I know a woman who speaks of her Brompton the way most people recall a first lover. And one man sneered at my suggestion that some guy in Brooklyn was building a bike that rivaled his beloved Friday. Now that I have purchased the Swift demonstrator, I am increasingly intolerant of lesser vehicles—cars, for instance—and find myself boring strangers at stoplights with hyperbolic praise of the machine beneath me. ■

Pedal Pushers

SWIFT FOLDER, $695 (order from Design Mobility, 800-884-5541); 20-inch wheels, 27 lb.; complete fold takes less than two minutes; no tools required, no special case.

ALEX MOULTON'S "SEPARABLE BIKE," $1,800 and up (order from Angle Lake Cyclery, 206-878-7457); 17- or 20-inch wheels; 23 to 30 lb.; dismantling takes 5 to 45 minutes depending on expertise; tools (included in price) required. Pair of soft envelopes for the divided bike, $160; padded traveling case, $369.

BROMPTON, $795 and up (mail order only; 800-783-3447) 16-inch wheels, 25 to 28 lb.; complete fold takes 15 seconds; no tools required. Special bag ($51) or suitcase ($143) available.

GREEN GEAR CYCLING'S BIKE FRIDAY (mail order only; 800-777-0258):

New World Tourist, $995 and up (without saddle and pedals); 20-inch wheels, 24.5 lb.; complete fold takes from ten minutes to an hour, depending on expertise; tools required. Case available ($188; includes tools).

AirFriday, $1,898 and up (without saddle and pedals); 20-inch wheels, 21 lb.; complete fold takes 15 to 20 minutes, depending on expertise; tools required. Case available ($188; includes tools).

BMW folding bikes (made by Montague; available at BMW of Manhattan, 320 Park Avenue; 319-2269):

Cross Bike, $700 and up; 26-inch wheels, 25 lb.; complete fold takes 3 to 5 minutes; one tool required to disassemble. Carrying bag ($82) available.

Mountain Bike, $800 and up; 26-inch wheels, 28 lb.; complete fold takes 3 to 5 minutes; one tool required to disassemble. Carrying bag ($82) available.

DANY LEVY

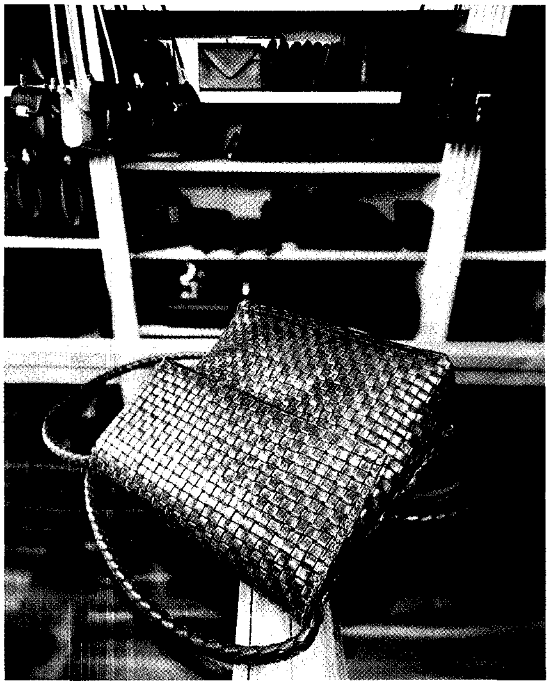
Daily Specials

A **bargain blip** *for every part of the day: sheets to wake up in, coffee to sip, bags for your commute, happy hours to hit, and* **domestic froufrou** *to come home to.*

KEESAL & MATHEWS, A CARNEGIE Hill shop rife with home accessories of serious pedigree—is clearing out summer merchandise, such as: hand-painted goblets, were $27.50, now $19.99; cotton place mats, were $6.95, now $3.99; porcelain dinner plates, were $16.95, now $11.99; pewter cat napkin rings, were $5.95, now $2.99. *Keesal & Mathews, 1244 Madison Ave., between 89th and 90th Sts. (410-1800); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–7; Sat. till 6; Sun. noon–5; 7/21–8/18.*

Top Sheets

PRATESI'S DANGEROUSLY SOFT SHEETS (as if we need one more reason to stay in bed in the morning) are less lethally priced at the summer sale. Egyptian-cotton linens such as "Pizzo Fiandra" pattern (in aqua, lilac, and sage green): king set, was $1,860, now $930; "Carnevale," in black and pink: queen set, was $2,050, now $717.50. *Pratesi, 829 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (288-2315); A.E., M.C., V. and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 7/28, 8/16.*



Must-Have **Peter Hermann—who owns what we consider the plummiest bag shop in SoHo—starts his end-of-season sale this week: large woven Desmo shoulder bag, was $398, now $278; soft Granello tote bag, was $498, now $348.** ***Peter Hermann, 118 Thompson St. (966-9050); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. noon–7; Sun. 1–6; 7/21–8/4.***

Cat Calls

MARA THE CAT, A SHOEBOX-SIZE SHOP ON East 9th Street, sells clothing both new (mostly quasi-upscale young designers) and vintage. A stash of Calvin Klein jeans from the late seventies and early eighties is on sale: were $40 a pair, now $30. *Mara the Cat, 406 E. 9th St. (614-0331); A.E., M.C., V.; daily 2–8; 7/21–8/31.*

Get Smart

THE CHILDREN'S-BOOK CONSULTANTS AT BookSmart feed private-school book fairs, custom-make gift baskets of books, and—to be frank—simply aren't Barnes & Noble. This week, hardcovers are 30 percent off; all other books are 20 percent off. *BookSmart, 27 W. 20th St., suite 506 (675-8677); A.E.; Mon.–Fri. 9–5; 7/21–7/25.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Domestic Arrival

XYZ TOTAL HOME, THE NEWEST ADDITION to the phalanx of domestic edens in the Flatiron district, is having a sale: velvet shower curtain, retail $175, here $120; pillow with brush fringe, retail $56, here $30; queen coverlet, retail $230, here $185; sham, retail $75, here $35. *XYZ Total Home 15 E. 18th St. (388-1942); A.E., M.C., V., daily 11–7; 7/21–7/28.*

Hyde and Sleek

CLOTHING HEAVY ON CHEEKY BRIT-BOY style is the merch at Jekyll & Hyde Menswear, a SoHo shop that sells clothing by P.S. Paul Smith, Antonio Miro, Ted Baker, John Smedley, Reiss, Gallagher, and others. Summer-sale items are 30 to 70 percent off. *Jekyll & Hyde Menswear, 107 Grand St. (966-9535) and 93 Greene St. (966-8503); call for hours; A.E., M.C., V.; 7/21–8/15.*

Half-Time

TWO NEW HAPPY HOURS HAVE HIT town: Match and Granville, both swank downtown spots, are serving up evening deals. Granville pours half-price drinks from 5 to 7 P.M. Monday through Saturday, and Match goes halfsies on its dim sum and sushi menus from 6 to 7 P.M. seven days a week. *Match Downtown, 160 Mercer St. (343-0020); Granville, 40 E. 20th St. (253-9088); A.E., M.C., V.*

Go for the Buzz

SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR, D'AMICO Foods offers the caffeinated set a break on the increasingly steep coffee habit. This time around, it's offering three options: Three pounds of dark roast (Viennese, Colombian Supremo, and French), was $19.73, now $17.75; three pounds of light roast (Costa Rican, Jamaican Blue Mountain Style, and Kenya AA), was $22.67, now $20.40; three pounds of decaf (Colombian light, Copenhagen, and hazelnut), was $27.07, now $24.30. *D'Amico Foods, 309 Court St., Brooklyn (718-875-5403); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 8–7; 7/21–8/4.*

Focus Clearing

FOCUS PARIS, A MIDTOWN SHOP WITH BAGS and accessories that are a testament to the fine art of the knockoff, is having its summer sale: nylon handbags, were $95, now $29; fabric hats, were $39, now $15; leather belts, were $55, now $19; leather handbags, were $150–$200, now $45–$65. *Focus Paris, 17 E. 37th St. (545-1535); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–6, Sat. 10–5; 7/21–8/1.* ■

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

DAVID DENBY

Victoria's Secret

In 'Mrs. Brown,' a cheeky groom perks up the spirits of a dour queen, shocking the royal retinue (not to mention the tabloid press). Sound familiar?

THE LEGENDARY BRITISH ACTRESS JUDI DENCH does a wicked imitation of royal grief in the early passages of **Mrs. Brown,** a surprisingly satisfying movie about Queen Victoria after the death of her beloved Prince Albert. The picture begins in 1864, when Albert has been gone for three years, and the queen, 45 years old, remains in deep mourning, apparently so depressed she can hardly speak. Presiding over ghastly dinners, Dench presents a closed and masklike mien. Yet there's always a suggestion of conscious power and royal prerogative—even mischief—in her bearing. This woman, we realize, has made a deliberate withdrawal from life. She is able to perpetuate her silence because she can get away with it. At dinner, as everyone waits for Her Majesty to say something, the queen eats purposefully, rapidly, silently, and then abruptly stops, which causes everyone else to stop, whether sated or not. Finally she speaks, only to censor one of the younger ladies of the court for not eating *enough*. Anguish and perversity join together in her tyrannical silence.

However dim the current royals, the old kings and queens apparently remain a source of wonder to British playwrights, directors, and actors. *Mrs. Brown* is not as powerful as *The Madness of King George*, but it's fascinating and bleakly funny. The theater and TV director John Madden (who also adapted *Ethan Frome* for the movies) successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At each of the royal residences, a quartet of black-gowned ladies-in-waiting must halt and recover their position behind the queen whenever she stops to gaze out of a window. The graceful but hurried movement of these four—a kind of wafted scurrying—is close to ballet. The ladies sustain their composure, but the court still comes close to despair. How can you show extreme deference to someone who will not live? You can never outdo the queen for discretion and cleanliness, never appease her desire for order and silence. She practices her one-upmanship with excruciating force.

At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a highlands Scot that the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. He treats her as a friend who can be brought out of her funk with affectionate raillery, summoning her to life by treating her as an ordinary person. At the same time, of course, he is a servant; he can't go past a certain point of familiarity. Amused—and perhaps secretly relieved—to be treated as a woman, the queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown."

Billy Connolly, a TV actor and comic, has fiery eyes burning beneath downward-arching brows, a great black beard, and a roaring voice. Without ever saying so, the queen obviously admires this imposing Scottish masculinity of kilts and exposed knees and vigorous, direct speech. Connolly might be a working-class lover out of D. H. Lawrence—hearty and happily dominating—yet this lover possesses no erotic drive that we can see, or, rather, his drive all flows into an ecstasy of service. Brown imagines himself the only one at court truly concerned with the queen's welfare. He lords it over the other servants; insults the aristocratic Ponsonby; even insults the queen's son, the Prince of Wales (and

The most eminent Victorian: Dame Judi Dench as a starchy Queen Victoria in *Mrs. Brown.*

Photograph by Mark Tillie/Miramax.

future Edward VII). In his way, he becomes the craziest of courtiers: He believes he possesses the queen.

Mrs. Brown has its tremulous, precious side—they will touch, but will they kiss?—and the movie could easily have become insufferable. But Madden and the screenwriter, Jeremy Brock, stick to the psychological realities of the situation and don't embarrass us. *Mrs. Brown*, with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the enlivening presence of the actor and author Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Short, with a tuft of beard that he points like a lance, Sher's Disraeli is a dandy delight—calculating, good-humored, a devastating flatterer. For Disraeli lives in a world in which cleverness is as much prized as seriousness is at the court, and Sher, whose every word is dipped in irony, really seems the most intelligent man in England. Disraeli is the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs.

MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD'S VIRTUAL ABANDONMENT OF dancing has been one of the industry's greatest follies of the past twenty years. To our chagrin, it is now up to other countries to put dance into the movies. The Japanese, perhaps, are not ready to make a full-scale dance musical, but in the gravely charming **Shall We Dance?** they have made a shy and tender pass at one. Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. Obsessed, Shohei practices in the rain with an imaginary partner—just enough of a reminder of Gene Kelly to make an American sigh with bitter regret.

Jacobson *continued from page 35*

proportionately small, unmarked head. Ali called it "the Peanuthead," the Greatest's way of reminding Holmes who the Pretty One was. Now you see the utility of the little noggin up there on top of Holmes's 55-gallon-drum-type chest. Hard to reach, not much of a target, built for combat. "Ugggh," Holmes grunts, pushing his way into the workout. It's better than Clark Kent: watching him become Larry Holmes.

Summing himself up at 47, Holmes (who runs maybe four miles a week and eschews most of boxing's traditional dietary lore) says he's "at least as strong as before . . . hand speed fine . . . reflexes not the same but still okay . . . mobility next to none." Still, after skipping rope to the early disco sounds of MFSB's "TSOP" and George McRae's "Rock Your Baby" (if the rap dudes in the gym don't dig it, screw them), Holmes moves fairly easily through eight rounds of semi-strenuous sparring. Even the exceedingly charming Diane Holmes, who is on record saying she's "given up wishing" her husband would retire, admits that Larry looks "good."

A few moments later, back in the dressing room, pouring sweat, Holmes is yelling into his cell phone. The Larry Holmes phone cards are not moving, and he wants to know why. Pumping up the volume, Holmes says he's not happy with his young sparring partners either. "I'm paying them a fortune, and they're scared! Of an old man like me! Shit. How else you think I can keep going? Because these kids won't learn.

"I learned how to fight from Muhammad Ali trying to knock my goddamn head off! Joe Frazier trying to knock my goddamn head off! I know every trick in the book, but they don't want to learn." Then Holmes is on to trainers, specifically Don Turner, currently with Holyfield. "Now, he's such a genius? Let me tell you about Don Turner. He don't know nothing! I come back to the corner and he says, 'How you feel, champ?' I look at him like he got to be crazy. 'How am I supposed to feel, motherfucker—guy's hitting me!' I took Don Turner by the shirt. 'Don't you ever ask a fighter how he feel when he come back to the corner!' "

Holmes keeps going, adding a few pithy comments on his handler of several years, Richie Giachetti, the rotund street denizen most recently seen in Vegas forgetting to shove in Mike Tyson's mouthpiece. "Richie," Holmes says, shaking his head, "you can hang with him, but he ain't what I'd call a strategist . . . Tyson's gonna listen to him, sure."

Likely they've heard it all before, but that doesn't stop the members of Holmes's "entourage" from laughing uproariously. "Trainers, man," scoffs Saoul Mamby, former junior-welterweight champ and author of epic poetry, as he helps Holmes unwrap his hands. This notion is seconded by Leo, the Israeli rubdown man, as he massages Holmes's neck. It's one of those totemic, archaic scenes of fraternal solidarity that boxing fans can't resist, the backstage romance of what the novelist Katherine Dunn calls "men being kind to each other." Therein lies Holmes's sympathy for Mike Tyson, who in 1988 knocked Larry flat, the only time that ever happened.

"I'm not defending what he did," Holmes says, pulling on his jeans. "But I understand it. Holyfield does head-butt. He butted me. He does that Puerto Rican bounce of his, which throws you off, then he butts. Tyson's not that bad a guy. He's confused. After the first fight, he said he didn't know where he was after the third round; he hasn't known where he is his whole life. They wound him up like Frankenstein: Go out and destroy. Except he don't got no Plan B; it was like that was long before Don King . . . Now everyone says he's an animal? . . . People don't understand fighters. I got $63 for my first fight. But $63, or $30 million: Once you're in there, its a different world. Fighters go crazy sometimes."

Holmes has his clothes on and looks like a grandpa again. Back over at Larry Holmes Drive (ask him if it's like Elvis Presley Boulevard and he says, "Yeah, like that"), he wistfully watches some teenagers Rollerblade around the parking lot of the restaurant. Noting that his old pal the former heavyweight Randy "Tex" Cobb is enrolled as a theology major at Temple University, Holmes wonders whether things could have been different. "Maybe I could have been a Ph.D. But I know Ph.D.'s who just sit around their house, jerking off, doing nothing." No, boxing was just fine, he decides, even with its warts.

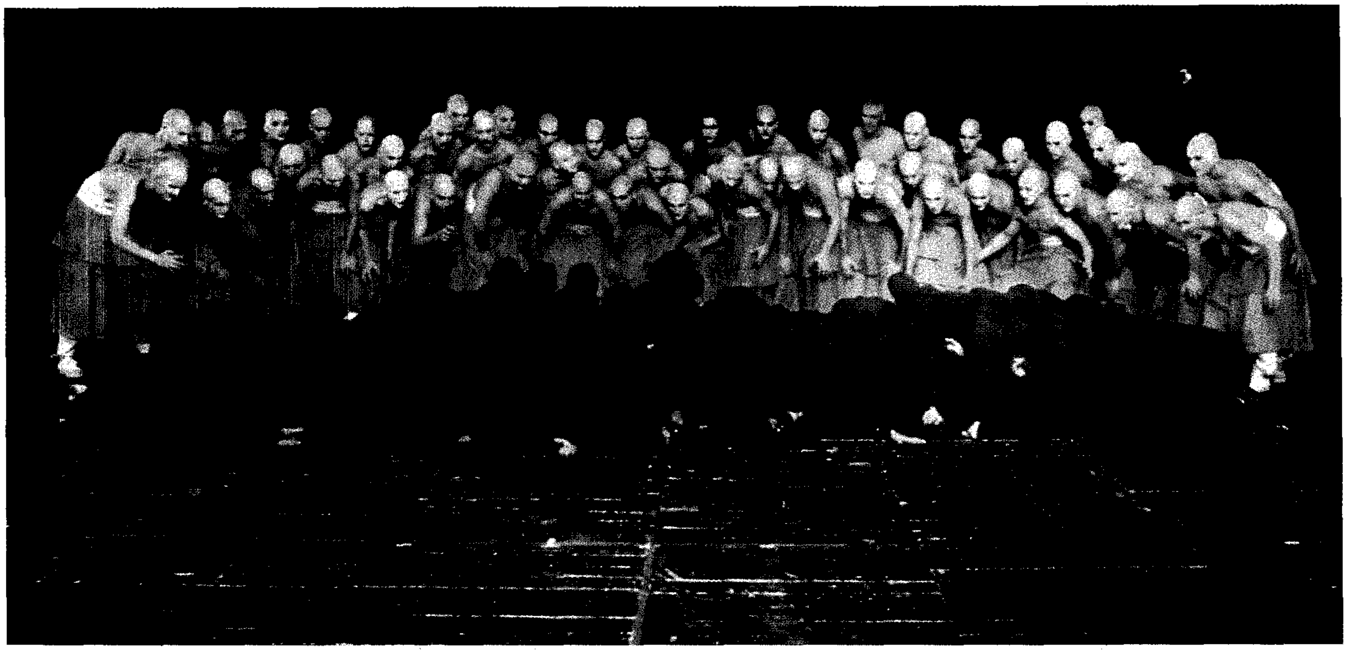
There's hassles to everything, observes Holmes, who is nothing if not fatalistic. "Like this plaza here," he says. "This used to be a dump. Landfill. Right here in a main street of Easton. It made the town look bad. So I built here. Then what do I hear? It's some sacred Indian burial ground, like suddenly, because I sunk my money in, the graves are being disturbed."

Holmes's eyes go once again to the young skaters. "Every day, those kids are here. Skating around. I don't chase them. But as soon as they fall down, I know I'll be hearing from some lawyer." He shakes his head as if reviewing the entire ensuing court case. Then, brightening, he unfurls a large smile. "Well, I'll get through that too."

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Greek Show

Silviu Purcarete's 'Les Danaïdes' is a dumbed-down travesty of Aeschylus that basks in the bizarre; after sixteen years, 'Mass Appeal' still has it.



Fifty brides for 50 brothers: Silviu Purcarete's *Les Danaïdes* disappoints.

Photograph by Sean Hudson.

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 97'S FIRST OFFERING, the Romanian Silviu Purcarete's **Les Danaïdes,** is hardly the "Reconstruction of Aeschylus's Lost Tetralogy" it purports to be. Instead, it is an elaborate commercial for the white suitcases the 50 Danaïds make multiple use of, which I wouldn't be surprised to find purchasable through Mr. Purcarete. These perspicuously unsoilable Purcarriers are compact and lightweight, yet hold the damnedest variety of goods, and are extraordinarily manipulable. They can be quickly piled up in a number of enticing abstract configurations, but they can also become anything from pedestals to barricades, from makeup tables to sacrificial altars. They are sturdy enough to stand or sleep on, and you can even produce a perplexing domino effect with them, valuable as a political allegory. In the larger, trunk size, they can serve as habitat for the bare-breasted but bearded woman, no doubt double-jointed, who for no good reason except packageability portrays Danaos, the father of the Danaïds. You can just hear Purcarete purring with ill-gotten delight.

Purcarete has evolved a perky choreography for the 50 fleeing Danaïds and, to somewhat less pleasing effect, for the 50 sons of Egyptos, their pursuing cousins, who would carry them off. This is often spectacular but has little to do with Aeschylus, reconstructed or unreconstructed. The gods in Aeschylus's *Suppliants* and other plays are stern but ultimately just and conciliatory. In Purcarete, they are perfidious and perverse: cackling, sneering, malicious creeps. And they quote Aristotle, Nietzsche, Corneille, and Schopenhauer, which no self-respecting Greek god, however gifted with foresight, would have deigned to do.

The ceaseless to-and-fro effectively deflects attention from Aeschylus, whose text is insufficient to the director's purpose. Purcarete does, however, exhibit further visual inventiveness, especially in his lighting, which achieves interesting trompe l'oeil effects. Stefania Cenean's costumes for the women are resourcefully self-transforming; for the men, somewhat crude, almost comical. But the pertinacious Purcarete persists in pushing toward tragedy, though there is enough evidence to believe that the trilogy (not really a tetralogy) ended with Aphrodite providing a redemptive outcome.

But Purcarete wants his gods pernicious, and has them playing peculiar games on what seem to be luminescent gaming tables, one with moving sailboats, another with building blocks, prefiguring human suffering. Yet why the hermaphroditic King Danaos, father to the princesses? Not only is Purcarete not pertinent here, but he is also downright impertinent. The actors perform in French, once spoken flawlessly by Romanians but imperfect among Purcarete's younger performers. Worse, though, are some of the English supertitles, hard-to-read and ungrammatical—e.g., "You are looking at he who heard your pleas." And the uncredited translator keeps calling Ares, the god of war, Aries, the ram, with goatish obtuseness. But perhaps such purblindness is emblematic of Purcarete's efforts.

I wish, however, Mr. Purcarete would inform us where those highly practical and mighty purty Purcarriers are to be purchased. I would get the small one for me and the trunk for him, and pack him off in it to perdition.

THE FESTIVAL'S SECOND OFFERING, **Incident at Cobbler's Knob,** is by Amy and David Sedaris, who call themselves the Talent Family. But is talent acquired by self-proclamation?

Incident is an infantile fairy tale for childish adults, fraught with obscenity and scatology. Amy Sedaris delivers the prologue and promptly exudes enough cutesy smugness for people twice her age and of ten times her talent. She warns of sundry things, such as the forthcoming abundant use of "*fuck* as verb, noun, and adjective," and enjoins those offended (by so much talent, I presume) to leave forthwith. Anyone reading the author's note in the program, as ponderously impish as it is unsyntactical, might well wish to do so.

There follow the goings-on in a woodland on which civilization may be encroaching. Three witches—Theresa from Flathurst (Amy Sedaris), Patty from Port Shatwell, and Glen Singlehorn—disport themselves obnoxiously and finally depart. We meet, next, the animals, first of them Worm, who laments his unpopularity and tries to ingratiate himself to the others. Squirrel mainly bemoans her philoproductiveness, making her, among other things, her own second cousin. Beaver, a flagrant queen and animal ACT-UP spokesman, is whiny and uninterested in Worm. Cricket rattles on in a phony voice and is well-nigh incomprehensible. Doe is a self-centered cutie, narcissistically self-absorbed. And Donkey (Amy Sedaris again) is totally foulmouthed in front and poop-covered in back, and spouting nonstop filth.

Worm, ignored by all, helps out a witch who grants him a wish; he wishes for all the other animals to be granted one wish apiece, thus earning their friendship. But when they present their wishes to the witches, their requests are granted with lethal consequences. Thus Beaver, formerly from Mincing Pines and boasting "a practically monogamous alternative lifestyle," wants to have sex with an offstage, loudly roaring grizzly. The bear hug, also offstage, produces an instant unilateral *liebstod*. A typical line runs, "If you're looking for sympathy, you can find it between *slut* and *syphilis* in the dictionary." And so you can, along with *stinker*, which seems more to the point.

NOW FOR THE SADDEST BUMMER, THE FIRST of some South African post-apartheid shows under the collective title *Woza Afrika*. An interesting idea for a mini-festival within the Festival, which opens with, presumably, its strongest suit, aptly entitled **The Suit.** Whoever objects that the piece is based on a story by the late Can Themba, written under apartheid, is a stickler for footling niceties.

The adaptation by Mothobi Mutloatse, which dates from 1995, concerns a seemingly happily married couple in their bed on a typical morning. But first, a narrator treats us to a supererogatory prologue. Then Philemon, the husband, heads for the outdoor facilities, for which he must queue up with a couple of low-comedy neighbors. He is off to work, with the less matutinal Matilda still in the conjugal bed. When he returns unexpectedly, he finds her sharing it with another man, who escapes in his underwear, leaving behind his suit.

Philemon does not shout or strike Matilda; his retaliation is quietly fiendish. From now on, the suit will hang in the conjugal closet and, for all meals, sit at the conjugal table. Matilda will even have to feed it. If you have never seen a suit eat, you won't quite see it here either. But you will see an awkwardly dramatized short story, which never feels like a full-blown play as it lopes toward a not very compelling climax and not very convincing conclusion. Does anyone still die of shame, even in fiction?

Sello Maake ka Ncube and Stella Khumalo in *The Suit.*

More interesting than the play, decently acted as it is by Sello Maake ka Ncube and Stella Khumalo, is a statement from the Festival director in which he describes how he and the dramaturge Anne Cattaneo crisscrossed South Africa "in nine days and saw 22 plays in whole or in part, in public performances and in private stagings and readings, plus countless videos and scripts." Unless all that crisscrossing and cultural glut addled their brains, as it well may have, the pair, we must assume, chose wisely, and *The Suit,* with its pat construction and conventional patter, is the best the new South Africa has to offer. In which case the mini-festival was a poor idea.

I suspect that the only way for a festival to make sense is to offer scores of attractions, so that all sorts of viewers can find something, and so that, amid such a supermarket of offerings, the possibility of pearls is substantially augmented. That is easier to pull off in Europe than in America, which is bordered by cost-increasing oceans and has yet to achieve the prestige of a Salzburg or Edinburgh. But will this ever be achieved by such few and paltry steps? Or will this Festival drown in deserved public apathy?

BILL C. DAVIS'S **Mass Appeal** WAS A NICE LITtle play at its premiere in 1981, and a nice little play it remains. It concerns the efforts of a not very good—and not very bad—priest, Father Farley, to prevent a young seminarian with a troubled past and trouble-making present, Mark Dolson, from getting thrown out of the neighboring seminary. Mark has a genuine vocation for the priesthood, even if he lacks the no-less-needed lesser graces. An aggressively dedicated young man, bristling with hatred of compromise, he loves the idea of a flock but has little use for live and lax parishioners. He crosses blades with the complacent and epicurean parish priest, who has long since lost his true calling and wallows in bibulous bonhomie that keeps his congregation spiritually sated.

The play smacks strongly of autobiography (Mark has even been played by the author) and seems to be that one personal experience fledgling playwrights can score with. Certainly nothing of note has come from Davis since, but that does not mean that *Mass Appeal* (a specific appeal made by a priest during mass) cannot have mass appeal in our theater, where religious issues are seldom raised but elicit a lively response when they are.

The present revival by the Irish Repertory Theatre uses two genuine imported Irish actors, who, however, are not new to these shores. Tony Coleman is a decent but unexciting Father Farley—one misses that puckish twinkle with which Milo O'Shea originally enriched the part. Paul Mc Grane is better as Mark (one admires his perfect American accent) but does not quite convey the insecurity and drivenness Eric Roberts brought to the tormented youth. Charlotte Moore has directed with a little more emphasis on theatrical thunder than on delving into inner conflicts. Even so, this is a substantial offering.

Do not consider having seen the unfortunate movie version as an excuse for forgoing the much better play. And, above all, don't think you have to be Catholic, or even religious, to enjoy the mutually beneficial sparring between two worthy, and very human, antagonists. ■

Photograph by Ruphin Coudyzer.

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Grill Crazy

Passé décor, a middle-of-the-road menu—no matter. Larry Forgione fires up the classics at the Grill Room; Chez Es Saada imports a Moroccan vibe.

IT’S EIGHT O’CLOCK, AND THE SUN DESCENDING BEHIND Hoboken is as brashly gold as the earrings all those B-movie chippies like Barbara Nichols used to wear. “I know the glare is murder, so I’ll just lower the shades,” says the alto-throated manager of the **Grill Room.** And with three deft pulls, the room darkens to early twilight. So does the mood. “Miss, I was enjoying that sunset, if you don’t mind,” squawks one patron. “What are you doing? Who complained?” whines another. “Raise it halfway, at least,” commands a stiff-backed matron, as if her view of Ascot had been obscured by a stable boy. “Now, please. I’m missing it.” With SHOOT ME now branded on her forehead, the manager undoes her time banditry.

Poor woman. She was just trying to help. But you can’t blame the Grill Room’s customers, either. Given the choice, which would you rather look at: (1) a rare panorama of an active expanse of New York Harbor or (2) a grand-café version of a railroad apartment, appointed with Sharper Image–catalogue lighting, art-for-smart’s-sake framed prints, and colorful yet colorless upholstered banquettes? Neo-yuppies who covet similarly designed mini-lofts would fit right in here, although most of them seem to be downstairs at the World Financial Center plaza, chugging Molson Ices.

Nevertheless, the current tenant can’t quite be blamed for the space’s banality. In fact, the Grill Room should be credited with a save. Larry Forgione (An American Place) is hoping to make this ungainly, blank-check-propagated gastrotorium (it opened in 1990 as the easily forgettable Le Pactole) into the dining destination it never was.

So try doing what the sundowners do: Watch the water until the food comes. Forgione’s menu is a lot cannier than his décor. He’s figured out how to placate a native clientele that, after all these years of buying wine racks and Zero King refrigerators, still exhibits little maturity (to say nothing of manners) when it comes to ordering fine food and wine. For this crowd, the menu offers unchallenging classics: shrimp cocktail, chilled lobster in green-goddess dressing, Caesar salad, oysters on the half shell, shrimp Louie, grilled chicken breast, veal chop. When they work—like the hearty Caesar, the bracing oysters, the gotta-have-’em Ipswich fried clams, the juicy chicken and chop, the vibrant gold beefsteak tomatoes with mozzarella and country sausage—it’s because the ingredients themselves are impeccable. Forgione is a chef who knows more than how to mine the kitchen of memory. He appreciates great raw material. Even his missteps—the gooey Louie, the drenched goddess, the one-note asparagus salad—aren’t so much bad as just inferior to his other choices.

The Grill Room blazes like the toxic New Jersey sunset (chemical waste has its moments) when familiar dishes get finessed rather than wrenched into innovation. Peekytoe crab cakes become the unexpected stuffing for dazzlingly light spring rolls accompanied by a plate-stealing vegetable slaw. Beautiful, buoyant sea scallops get wrapped in bacon cured like pastrami and then tickled by plum glaze. The density in a corn chowder is due not to a thick, starchy broth but rather to the hefty chunks of salmon and other seafood bathed in a liquid almost as light and tangy as lemonade. Tuna tartare gets spiked with chili-infused caviar. And a napoleon of potato crisps and lemon cream is layered with an almost weightless and delicate smoked salmon.

Eat and drink freely; the decorator was not involved with the menu: The bar at the sun-soaked Grill Room.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

SAN MARTIN
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The shock of the not-so-new continues even more convincingly with the entrées. Cowboy prime-rib steak is an enormous hunk of Black Angus knockout. The shell steak is slightly less smoky, a little bit more juicy, and almost as butch. Next to these two, the Colorado lamb mignon is fragrant and tender but almost too delicate (a leg would have been more in keeping), and the short ribs score just higher than good stew meat. Yellowfin-tuna steak, however, is as big as Arnold's fist, and spared the citrus glaze or fruity salsa that the fish is usually subjected to. Instead, an olive-and-wild-leek fondue tames the strong-flavored tuna. The crispiness of soft-shell crabs suffers under a complicated she-crab sauce, while the opposite occurs when a shelled lobster wonderfully brightens in a bath of Newburg sauce and morels. By far the most delightful seafood, though, is the roasted day-boat cod. Starting with a lovely piece of fish—usually thought of as mundane but possessed of a great nutty flavor for those who can seduce it—Forgione transforms it into a gorgeous, succulent offering, framed by gold beets and savory.

Desserts are so American—and we like that. Because frankly, who has a bigger sweet tooth than us? Damn, we're good at this. Or at least Mr. Forgione is. The chocolate-hazelnut torte could use more nuts, but a chocoholic will smile really wide. The double-chocolate pudding is lacking only because it comes with no skin. Shortcake, which often tastes like pound cake left on a radiator, is as gutsy as white flour ever gets. The peanut-butter-ice-cream sandwich is so unwieldy and messy, it should be eaten outdoors. The cookie is too much, the ice cream not enough. But the peach-and-blackberry pie, with a cookie-dough-like crust, is worthy of Ebenezerian selfishness.

You can have quite a meal. Oh, it'll cost you. It helps to have finished payments on the Breitling. But that little frustration aside (surely you have a friend who works at Bear Stearns), there's no reason why you can't end the evening lit up as brightly as that lady in the harbor. Not from too many Molson Ices, either. If enough people can find their way down here, the sun won't be setting anytime soon on the Grill Room. Keep the shades up, ma'am.

The Grill Room, 2 World Financial Center, 225 Liberty Street (945-9400). Lunch, 11:30 a.m.–4 p.m., dinner, 5:30–8:30 p.m., Monday through Friday. A.E., M.C., V., D.C. Appetizers are $8.50–$12.50; entrées, $19.50–$32.

NOT EVERYONE HEADING DOWNTOWN IS looking to clutch a brewski in one hand and the keys to a 740iL in the other. What a treat not to find a single monogrammed cuff reaching for an Isis (dry sherry and red Lillet with a dash of bitters), a Hemingway (Pernod and champagne), or any of the other exotic libations available at **Chez Es Saada.**

How do you know Chez is cooler than wherever you're hanging out now? Because you're going to walk by it twice before you're sure it's what it is. Because it looks just like the Tangiers branch of Pravda. Because the lighting suddenly makes your date look hotter. Because the ladies who languorously dominate the sultry subterranean lounge all appear as if they play in one of the bands on the Lilith Fair tour. Because the staff seems to know more people than you do. Because you keep trying to figure out whether Chez Es Saada is a lounge or a restaurant, even though no one else seems bothered a smidge.

So stop it. Even a junior arbitrageur loosening his contrasting white collar could tell that if you want to have a good time at Chez Es Saada, you'd better get with the program. Order something already. It doesn't matter if you're actually in the dining room, which is the sparest of three Casbahsian spaces; or the D.J.-doused lounge, where the tables are so low the only way to eat over them is in a stomach crunch; or the breezily overlooked, tranquil street-level café—the menu is the same. Nothing is huge; nothing costs a fortune. It's all passable, shareable, pickable. Chez is not a place for plate hoarding.

Why would you want to hog a chicken-liver pâté smooth as a Moroccan rug salesman's pitch when your friends are scarfing down airy, crunchy vegetable-stuffed phyllo pockets and sweet and fun crushed phyllo-wrapped shrimp? The trio of vegetable salads is too pallid, as if they're not ordered often, and the snails passed by me twice before they were set down unfinished, but the grilled lamb makes a great, sensual finger food (I said relax, dammit!), the roast chicken gets a welcome carpet ride from the potato-fennel purée, the phyllo-wrapped seafood pie offers more variety than the chicken, and the striped bass in lemon butter and the steak-frites may actually make you feel as though you're *dining* out.

It's weird to order dessert at Chez Es Saada (though the chocolate pot au crème is the best), because that makes it seem as if you committed yourself to a meal instead of a good time. Who wants—or can handle—a culinary epiphany every night? It's nice here. It's different here. It's one of those places that remind you why you live in the city. When you leave, maybe you should take a ride on the ferry and watch the sun come up over Manhattan. It's worth the squint.

Chez Es Saada, 42 East 1st Street (777-5617). Monday through Thursday, 5 p.m.–2 a.m., Friday and Saturday till 4 a.m. Reopens on Sunday after Labor Day. A.E., M.C., V., D.C. Appetizers are $6–$7.50; entrées, $15.50–$19:50. ■

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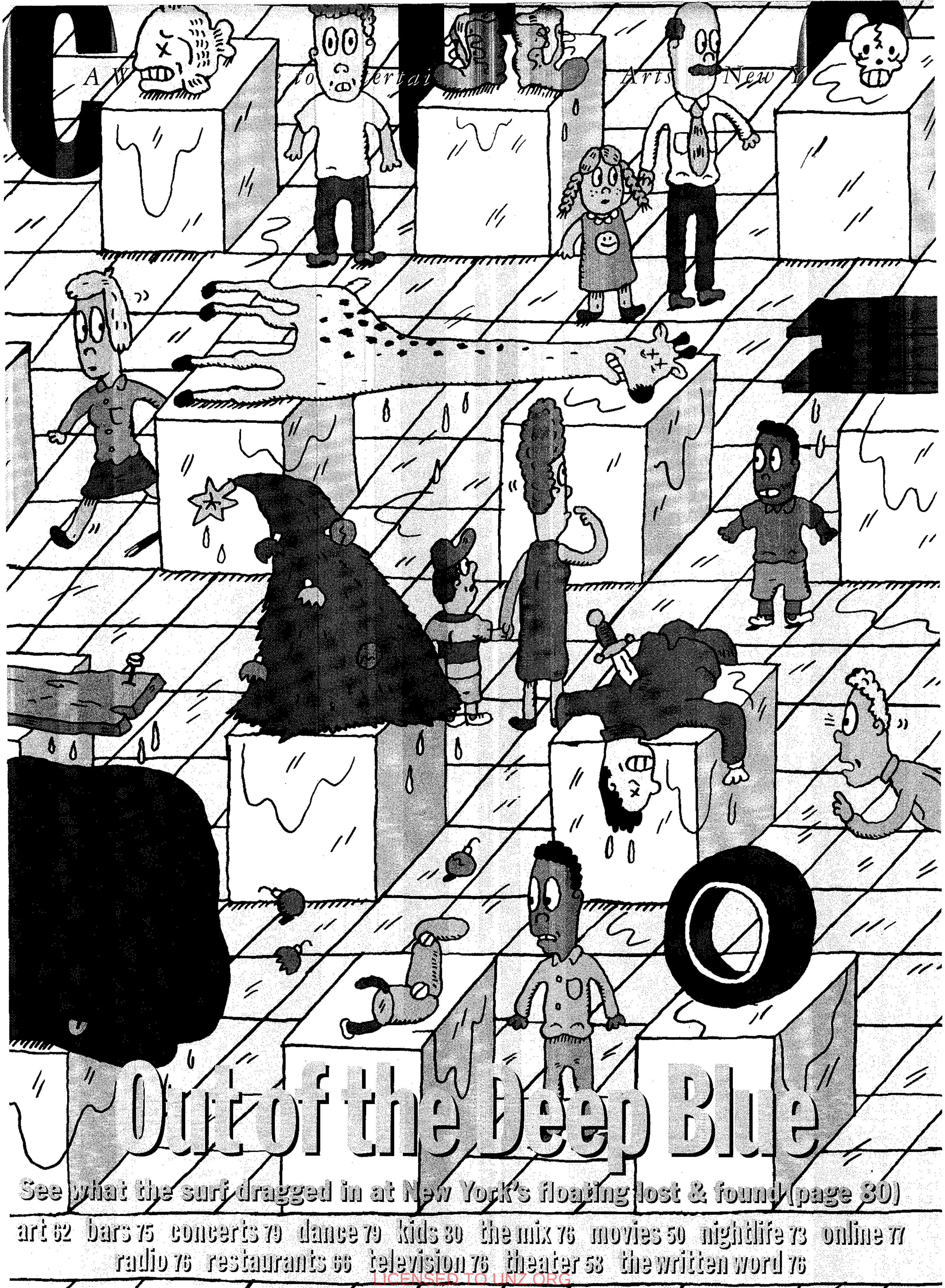

Out of the Deep Blue

See what the surf dragged in at New York's floating lost & found (page 80)

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movies

Day for Night...Love's Debris...Air Force One

New Films

Air Force One—As the President of the United States, Harrison Ford does battle with a band of crazed terrorists who have hijacked his plane. Directed by Wolfgang Petersen. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

Batman & Robin—This is the most ugly-looking, slovenly, incoherent, and redundant big movie since *Batman Forever,* which was also directed by Joel Schumacher. The movie's only redeeming feature is Uma Thurman as Poison Ivy, who vamps her way amusingly through naughty-girl clichés, puckering her lips into a satirical pout. Arnold Schwarzenegger shows up as Mr. Freeze, menacing Gotham with blasts of chilling air, and Schwarzenegger, bald, purplish, fanatical, and snarling in his peculiar accent, is frightening enough. But Schwarzenegger does the same thing over and over (there are innumerable shots of him holding a gun and covering people in what is meant to be ice but looks like clear plastic), and after a while, he begins to resemble some goony old wrestler freaking out on a late-night cable show. Chris O'Donnell regresses into teenage nowheresville as a combative Robin, envious of Batman and longing for independence, and he's been given an unappealing mate—Alicia Silverstone, who wants to join the same crime-fighting team. Is this really the actress who seemed so promising in *Clueless?* Some way has to be found of photographing Silverstone so it doesn't appear that a pad is stuck under her upper lip. She seems plagued by baby fat, and her threadbare gung ho enthusiasm turns the picture into a cloying TV teen show. George Clooney, wagging his head as he speaks, and then setting and pointing his chin like a hunting dog, makes a sententious Batman. Give this man a role he can play! Schumacher has gone past bad taste and ineptitude. As a director he's achieved an eerie kind of boredom in the midst of frenzy, a void of meaning in the middle of violent sequences composed of shots thrown together from nowhere to nowhere without the slightest relation in space. When you have seen Schumacher's two *Batman* movies, you have seen The End. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea West; Gemini; Metro Cinema; Plaza Twin.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Beekman.*

Brilliant Lies—A drama about a man who is accused of sexual harassment by a former employee. Directed by Richard Franklin. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *62nd and Broadway.*

★**Con Air**—Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex–U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a barroom brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday (he holds a stuffed bunny as a present), he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Up in the air, Grissom (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, brutalizing the guards and setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. marshal (John Cusack). Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. Cage has gone from the Everyman reluctant hero in *The Rock* to a superman style that can only be called neo-Clint. His Poe is primed to explode, and when he does, lean yet bursting out of his undershirt, with ropy trapezius muscles leading up to his neck, he becomes a spectacularly violent man—a superhero who speaks, like Clint, in sardonic little sentences. *Con Air* is a cartoon that combines extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. Through all the carnage, Poe supposedly wants only to save his diabetic buddy; save the woman guard, who is chained up and menaced by a rapist; and get back to his wife and daughter. He drags that bunny right through the movie and finally presents it to his flaxen-haired little girl. Directed by Simon West. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema.*

★**Contact**—Robert Zemeckis's metaphysical sci-fi movie, from a novel by the late Carl Sagan, explicitly asks the big-bowwow questions: Are we alone in the universe? Does scientific reasoning threaten religious faith? The movie deals in wonders and miracles; it may be the biggest miracle of all that Zemeckis and his screenwriters (James V. Hart and Michael Goldenberg) were able to provide answers to these riddles that aren't completely ludicrous or banal. At the heart of *Contact* there are patches of rapt silence and a lonely young woman, Dr. Ellie Arroway (Jodie Foster), an orphan, madly intense, asexual, an astronomer with spiritual longings, or at least hungers. Ellie has been obsessed since girlhood with hearing messages from outer space. There she sits in the New Mexico desert, a modern anchorite, listening through headphones to whatever is picked up by an array of powerful radio telescopes. Finally, she hears something—a steady metallic pulse that is clearly a message from a major brain. When Ellie makes the discovery public, the White House becomes alarmed, the media go into a frenzy, and religious groups sense blasphemy or the end of the world. The government sets about building a space vehicle, designed according to specifications provided by the aliens. Only 34, Foster already looks like one of those Lauren Bacall ladies on Madison Avenue who have had three nip-and-tucks—the skin is pulled tightly over her face, and she gives off a glint of hu-

One-Shot

God and Country

'A Life Apart: Hasidism in America' chronicles the arduous postwar founding of Hasidic enclaves in the U.S.—and the resultant strife within the larger Jewish community, which has never been able to decide whether to disdain or admire that most insular of Jewish factions. Oren Rudavsky and Menachem Daum's riveting documentary runs July 25-31 at the Walter Reade.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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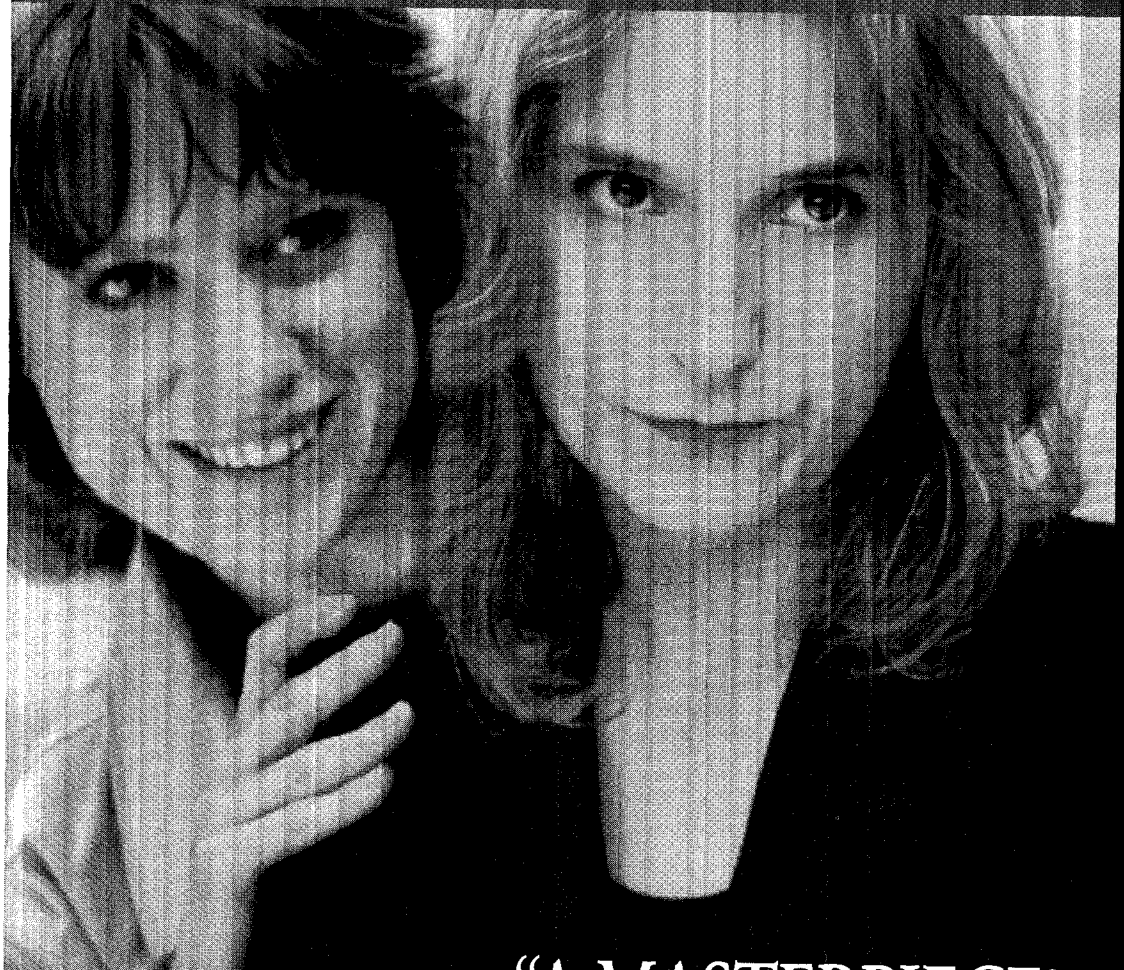
FOR NEW YORK



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Opening
The Greatest American Hero

As President Jim Marshall—highly decorated war veteran, unswerving moralist, and faithful family man—Harrison Ford plays America's most demanding role better than Bill Clinton. And *Air Force One's* undeniably thrilling premise—the president's 747 is hijacked by a band of terrorists (led by Gary Oldman, left)—provides that most satisfying of moviegoing experiences: watching the U.S. armed forces *kick ass*! Opens July 25.

Photograph by Claudette Barius/Columbia/Tristar.

mor, but no more than a glint. We know, of course, what Foster is up to. She wants to suggest how an obsessed woman—and a woman intellectual at that—would make herself half-crazy from isolation and ambition. The material, following Sagan's bent, has been given a feminist tilt: The big-shot White House science adviser (Tom Skerritt) who is Ellie's former mentor keeps taking the credit for her discoveries and pushing her out of the way, and Ellie has to suffer and fight. We are constantly asked to worry about Ellie's career moves and whether she's getting proper credit for her genius, all of which seems a little odd if not trivial in a movie offering to solve the eternal questions of the universe. Foster is effective but not much fun to watch; her performance is almost grindingly sincere, and often on the tremulous side. Ellie's been given a lover, a defrocked clergyman named Palmer Joss who shows up every once in a while to argue with her about God. In the person of Matthew McConaughey, he looks like a moist-eyed sex hustler that people are unaccountably taking seriously (Palmer even sits in on White House cabinet meetings). Someone has to turn this man into an actor. As he did with *Forrest Gump,* Zemeckis puts everything into the movie: the pageant and frenzy of national media life, the president and his advisers, a megalomaniacal billionaire in the Howard Hughes mold (John Hurt), religious figures of various sorts, and so on. There's too much going on in *Contact,* and not all of it is of the highest quality (the scenes with the billionaire are downright trashy). The movie is best in its moments of Spielbergian awe—for instance, when Foster sits among the radio telescopes in the New Mexico dusk and her eyes, closed in sleep, electrifyingly pop open at the first sounds of life. At the end of the movie, when Ellie journeys (perhaps) into a new dimension, Zemeckis gives us a son et lumière show that tops Stanley Kubrick's famous trip at the end of *2001: A Space Odyssey.* Arriving at a distant galaxy, Ellie reaches out and touches the atmosphere on a beautiful beach as if it were a veil of translucent plastic. Does she really go someplace, or does she only imagine contact with extraterrestrials out of an unappeasable human desire for company? In its finest moments, *Contact* merges spectacle, science, and a genuine religious impulse. (Denby; 7/21/97) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**Contempt**—Jean-Luc Godard's masterwork about a malleable screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) whose marriage collapses as he simultaneously battles with a high-minded director (Fritz Lang) and a salacious producer (Jack Palance). Also starring Brigitte Bardot. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Dream With the Fishes—A suicidal young man encounters a dying stranger, who offers to murder him in exchange for friendship. Written and directed by Finn Taylor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Face/Off**—In this surprisingly daring and extremely odd John Woo action thriller, John Travolta is an agonized FBI agent and family man, and Nicolas Cage is the terrorist and assassin Travolta is obsessed with catching. Some years earlier, Cage's Castor Troy tried to eliminate Archer with a high-powered rifle and wound up killing Archer's little boy; Archer has been paralyzed by thoughts of vengeance ever since. The Castor Troy he hates is not only a killer but a jaunty nihilist with a brazenly disruptive sense of humor. Arming a bomb that could release biological agents into the air of Los Angeles—a "biblical plague," in terrorist-speak—Castor dances and swings his arms in mock reverence, a celebrant of his own dastardly transgressions. Early in *Face/Off,* the virtuous Archer captures Castor Troy and his genius-lunatic brother Pollux (Alessandro Nivola), who designed the biological bomb, which is still ticking. But where is the bomb? Archer doesn't know; Castor, injured in the arrest, lies in a coma and can't tell him. Only the imprisoned Pollux knows, so Archer agrees to take part in a bizarre medical procedure. Lasers remove his face (eyes, nose, chin, everything) and Castor's face too. Archer then gets the killer's face sewn on, and after some liposuctional work is done on his body (there are amused references to Travolta's love handles), he looks exactly like Castor Troy. Archer enters the prison to cosy up to brother Pollux. Troy, meanwhile, awakens from his coma and takes Archer's face, which has been floating like a mask in a saline solution. Have you understood the situation? The actor John Travolta is now playing Castor Troy but in his own face and body; and Cage is playing Sean Archer but in his face and body. John Woo is a ballet-master action director, the veteran of countless Hong Kong productions featuring people floating through the air in slow-motion. There's plenty of Wooian high jinks in *Face/Off:* Bodies whirl, tumble, fall through glass windows; gunmen shoot while flying through the air. In all of this mayhem, there's death but no pain—the heroes keep jumping up to shoot again. The new aesthetic of weightless action is producing a new morality of weightless death—that is, death that has only a formal meaning as a compositional element in Woo's air ballet. But that's why the movie is so odd: because some of it is rather touching, even anguished, as when Castor Troy, now in the body of Sean Archer, makes love to his wife (Joan Allen), and she's puzzled by his new attentions; or when Sean Archer, now in the body of Castor Troy, lies abandoned in prison, the authorities convinced he's a terrorist. A director raised in a humanist tradition would realize that violent air ballet and tender character observation don't really go together, but Woo pushes the extremes as far as he can; the movie is exciting, unstable, flimsy, and profound at the same time, a gimmick that hurts. What most people are likely to remember is the two stars playing each other. Travolta, taking over Cage's body language, is liberated into swinishness. He smiles, intrudes on everyone's privacy; he's suddenly a free-and-easy egotist, dancing his way into rooms, insinuating, vicious. He freaks out Dominique Swain, who plays Archer's rebellious teen daughter. Brazenly coming on to the girl, he suddenly gets tough with her—monster that he is, he sees that she's going wrong, and acts like her father. Cage, by contrast, taking Archer's anguish into himself, is now frozen, stricken, his eyes suffused with pain. But in another way, he's liberated. He has the appearance of a cruel and anarchic man; he can do what he wants. The gimmick becomes unsettling when the two personalities merge. A man, we realize, may have no essence at all; the suppressed side of him will be released the minute he can get away with it. We are not a single unchanging personality. We are evil and goodness, cynicism and faith. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

4 Little Girls —Spike Lee's documentary about a 1963 Birmingham church bombing that claimed the lives of four Sunday school students. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Gabbeh—Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's epic love story about a young woman kept from her ardent suitor by her intractable father. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Chelsea West; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

Good Burger—Kel Mitchell and Kenan Thompson star as two fast-food employees who help elevate their lowly establishment into a hot spot. Directed by Brian Robbins. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

★**Hercules**—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. As far as the Greek myths are concerned, Hercules is pretty much a hash, an amalgam of Ovid and everything else, not to mention all of contemporary media culture (this Hercules becomes a T-shirt). In this version, Hercules is born to Zeus and Hera. A powerhouse even in swaddling clothes, he grows up to be the most awkward teenager of all—a dopey blond bimbo, as brutal and innocent as Wagner's Siegfried. Hades (spoken

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Shall we Dance?

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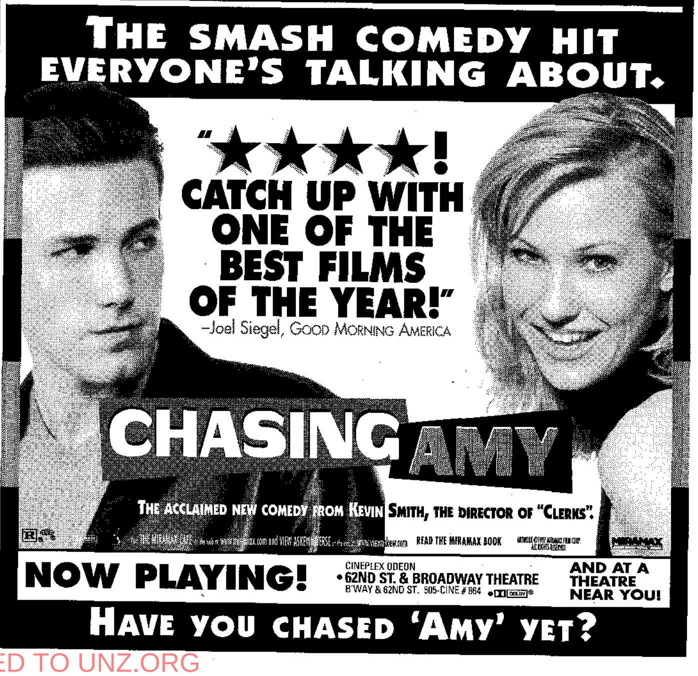

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AND AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU!

Have you chased 'Amy' yet?

by James Woods), lord of the underworld, tries to rob him of his godhead, for Hercules is the only one who can stop Hades from overthrowing the resident deities on Mount Olympus. Woods, the best thing in the movie, plays Hades as a chiseling con man, a Hollywood agent desperate for a deal and therefore both propitiatory and bullying. Hades uses the ripe Megara to trap the young champion, and Susan Egan does a slightly hyped version of a good-bad girl, tough, sexy, and self-sufficient, like Stanwyck or Bacall. The team of Jon Musker and Ron Clements, which was also responsible for *Aladdin,* does best with the evil characters. Zeus (spoken by Rip Torn) is all hearty bluster and swelling beard and chest, but Hades, flaming at the top, is wickedly entertaining, and such monsters as Hydra and the Titans billow up and loom over us in classic Disney style. Greek myth and Greek art are a fertile source of the instant heroic: Decorative figures on plates and pots come to life, friezes unfreeze and dance. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza .*

Late Bloomers—Two women in a tiny Southern town fall in love. Written by Gretchen Dyer and directed by Julia Dyer. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Lost World—Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Jurassic Park* is rather dispiriting. Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park,* journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the secret island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough), now elderly and ill, sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm, who knows how terrifying the dinosaurs are, agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs; the movie becomes a simple chase and hunt, with characters we don't care about moving through the night and getting lost and then picked off in jungles or fields. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs. ; PG-13) *Chelsea; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Men in Black**—Barry Sonnenfeld, the former cinematographer who directed the *Addams Family* movies and *Get Shorty,* has gone big-budget without losing his wits. In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States. Aliens? The Mexicans who cross the Rio Grande? No, people like that Jones lets into the country with a few welcoming words of Spanish. The aliens he monitors are extraterrestrials who have been landing here since the sixties and who have often taken slightly strange-looking human forms—fitting right into New York, say. But unlike the killers in *Independence Day* and the pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers,* they aren't taking over. In truth, they're a manageable problem most of the time. The humor of *Men in Black* comes right out of Tommy Lee Jones's everything-is-normal personality: The extraordinary is treated as routine business. He says outrageous things in his rapid, matter-of-fact manner, his tone implying that he alone is in touch with reality. Yet the reality that Jones is in touch with is so strange that he seems to us like the greatest hipster who ever lived. He recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent and leaves him to handle the human wife of an alien, who is giving birth in the back of a car somewhere in Jersey. Sonnenfeld poses Tommy Lee in the foreground of the shot and lets him rattle on, while deep in the background, maybe 30 feet away, Smith, wrapped in giant tentacles, gets flipped around like a toy by the creature that has just emerged from the womb. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. As we learned in *The Addams Family,* Sonnenfeld likes to mix the human and the creaturely together; he turns the macabre into farce. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. When Jones wants to find out what's really going on in the world, he reads the supermarket tabloids. All those UFO spottings, those freakish occurrences, the two-headed babies, the mysterious disappearances and miraculous returns . . . Right, you guessed it: The tabs have been telling the truth all along. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin.*

Mrs. Brown—See David Denby, p. 43. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman. In Jules's head, Michael has always belonged to her. She has, however, never realized how much she loves him until she's threatened with losing him forever. Determined to break up the wedding, she rushes to Chicago (which looks dazzling here), and for four days, she plays one low, stupid trick after another. The audience is with her from the beginning, and that is why the picture's strategy is so perverse. For when Jules gets to Chicago she discovers that her rival, young Kimmy (Cameron Diaz), a junior at the University of Chicago, is a very nice girl and quite selflessly in love with Michael—so selflessly that she is willing (despite misgivings) to give up her prospective career for him. It's hard to tell what the filmmakers want us to think of Kimmy. Cameron Diaz is nervous and giggly, and wails piteously whenever things go wrong with Michael. But how can we root for Jules to send Kimmy packing? We can't. It's hard as well to know what to make of Michael. Here's a young sports reporter who gets all huffy about his integrity, yet he's marrying the daughter of the owner of the Chicago White Sox. Is he merely deluded? Stupid? What causes two beautiful women to knock themselves out for him? Dermot Mulroney is a handsome young man, but he's been made quite inarticulate, and his temperament is sludgy. He seems self-centered and dim, and he hardly notices a thing (that Jules loves him deeply, for instance). The movie has the structure of a romantic comedy, but its characters don't fit into that structure. Julia Roberts keeps struggling and striving and expending endless energy and emotion, yet she's working for something—marriage to Dermot Mulroney—that doesn't make sense for her. The movie has nowhere to go; all it can do is spin around, though some of the spinning is highly entertaining. Rupert Everett, who has played highborn louts in his English movies, makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. George makes wise and witty remarks, like someone's perceptive aunt. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P.J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Nothing to Lose—Martin Lawrence plays a would-be carjacker who makes the mistake of targeting disenfranchised white guy Tim Robbins. Written and directed by Steve Oedekerk. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Operation Condor—The latest in action from Jackie Chan, in which our hero kicks ass all over the world. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Village East; Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; UA East; 84th Street; Plaza .*

Out to Sea—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon reteam for high jinks aboard a cruise ship. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *34th Street East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; National Theatre; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman (Vivian Wu) with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**La Promesse**—In this extraordinary Belgian film, two brothers with a background in documentary filmmaking—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne—dig

I'M ED
adidas

Opening After-School Special

In *Good Burger,* Kel Mitchell and Kenan Thompson (pictured, left to right) are Ed and Dexter, two industrious high-school kids who help turn a struggling fast-food joint into a raging scene. The children's comedy—based on a sketch from Nickelodeon's wildly popular series *All That*—also stars Abe Vigoda, thereby laying to rest those pesky "Fish is dead" rumors. Opens Friday.

Photograph by Mark Fellman/Paramount.

so deeply into a specific scene that one sees its very bones and arteries. Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jérémie Renier), whom he desperately loves and furiously dominates. Rushing about madly, the two men bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can, and then, when things get too hot, turn some of the workers over to the police. When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help—she's off in her own world of magic and ritual, seeking answers from the entrails of chickens in the middle of this gray-souled Belgian industrial wasteland. The movie chronicles the beginnings of moral feelings in a boy whose instincts are almost always larcenous—a transformation that forces a break with the father who loves him. (Denby; 5/19/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shall We Dance?—See Denby, p. 43. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shooting Porn—A documentary about the gay-porn industry, by Ronnie Larsen. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

A Simple Wish—Mara Wilson plays a little girl who inadvertently conjures up two fairy godparents—one sweet but ineffectual (Martin Short) and the other a destructive force (Kathleen Turner). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; National Theatre; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Temptress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Tetsuo II: Body Hammer—A sci-fi, live-action sequel to Shinya Tsukamoto's cult hit *Tetsuo: The Iron Man.* (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

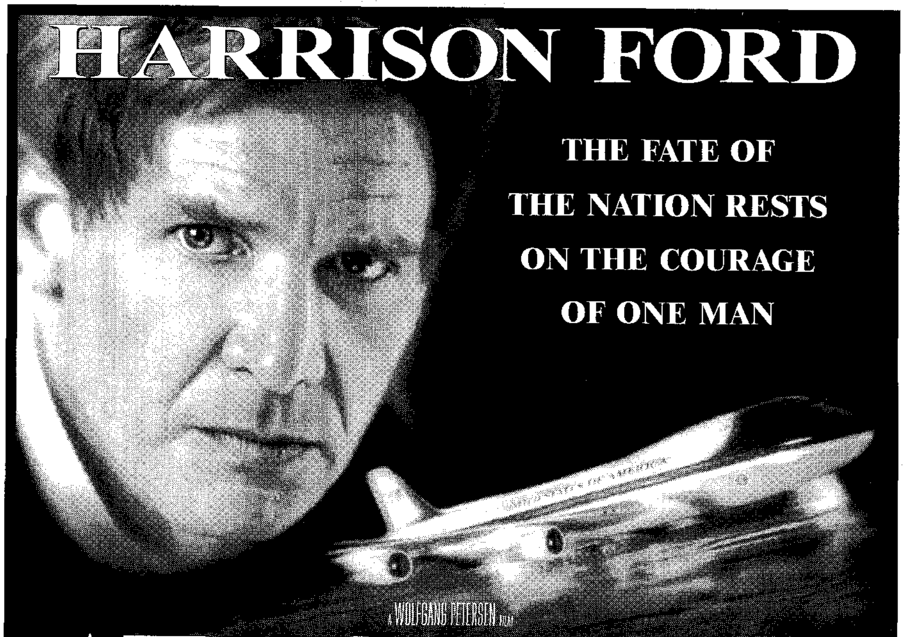
This World, Then the Fireworks—Billy Zane and Gina Gershon star as two siblings who are accomplished grifters and the most ardent of lovers. Adapted from the Jim Thompson novel by Larry Gross. Directed by Michael Oblowitz. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggy mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. The theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. Directed by Victor Nunez. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; 86th Street; Regency.*

When the Cat's Away—A lonely, heartsick Parisian girl (Garance Clavel) is aided in the search for her lost cat by an entire network of people she never knew existed. Written and directed by Cédric Klapisch. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Wild America—A fact-based drama about the young Stouffer brothers, who, in the sixties, documented wildlife in its natural environs. With Devon Sawa, Scott Bairstow, and Jonathan Taylor Thomas. Directed by William Dear. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

HARRISON FORD



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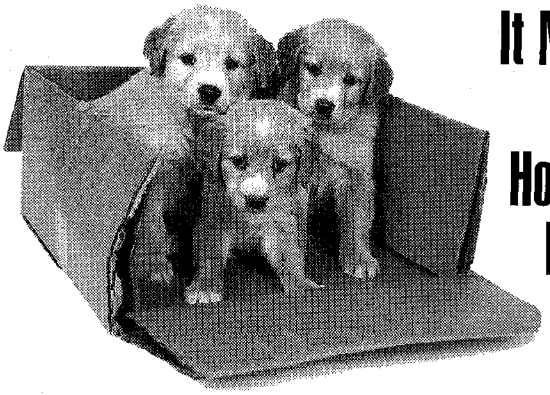

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Opening

The Sound and the Fury

In Werner Schroeter's stately, ambitious documentary *Love's Debris,* the German director posits Roland Barthes's famous question: How, and why, do singers find emotions in their voices? Schroeter's philosophical deconstruction of opera—featuring divas and thespians like Isabelle Huppert, Martha Mödl, and Elisabeth Cooper, above—gets a two-week run at Film Forum beginning July 23.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Brassed Off; Dream With the Fishes; Mrs. Brown; The Pillow Book; Shall We Dance?; Ulee's Gold.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Con Air; A Simple Wish; Temptress Moon.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Shooting Porn; Tetsuo II: Body Hammer; Waco: The Rules of Engagement.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Contempt; 4 Little Girls* .(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Brilliant Lies; Gabbeh; Late Bloomers; This World, Then the Fireworks; When the Cat's Away.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Café Society.*(See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Contact; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; The Swan Princess 2.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Face/Off; Men in Black; Operation Condor.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Face/Off.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Out to Sea.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Face/Off; Men in Black; Operation Condor.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Lost World; Men in Black; Operation Condor; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *George of the Jungle; Batman & Robin.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Contact; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Kama Sutra; Follow Me Home.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Contact.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Brassed Off; This World, Then the Fireworks.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hercules; Out to Sea; Temptress Moon.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Contact.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Wild America.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *George of the Jungle.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Ulee's Gold.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Nothing to Lose.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Con Air; The English Patient; George of the Jungle.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Hercules.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Operation Condor.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Day for Night.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Operation Condor.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Nothing to Lose.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Anaconda; The Daytrippers; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; Scream; The Devil's Own.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Kolya.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Ulee's Gold; A Simple Wish.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *George of the Jungle; Hercules.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Brassed Off.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Addicted to Love; Con Air; The Lost World; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Men in Black; Batman & Robin.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Face/Off.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Operation Condor.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Chasing Amy.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Gabbeh; The Pillow Book; La Promesse; Shall We Dance?; Temptress Moon; When the Cat's Away.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Face/Off.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *George of the Jungle; Hercules; Nothing to Lose.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Hercules; Men in Black.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Ulee's Gold.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Face/Off; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; A Simple Wish.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Batman & Robin; Contact; George of the Jungle; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Face/Off; Out to Sea.* Opening 7/16: *George of the Jungle.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Operation Condor.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Contact; Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Ulee's Gold.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Face/Off; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Face/Off; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Face/Off; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Batman & Robin; Con Air;*

Photograph by Astrid Wirth/In Pictures.

Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; A Simple Wish.

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; Operation Condor.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Batman & Robin; Men in Black.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; A Simple Wish.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Hercules; Men in Black; Wild America.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Contact; Hercules; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Out to Sea.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Operation Condor; Out to Sea; Ulee's Gold.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Face/Off; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Batman & Robin; Contact; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Hercules; Face/Off.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Contact; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Batman & Robin; The Lost World; Men in Black; A Simple Wish.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Hercules; Operation Condor.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Con Air; Face/Off; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Con Air.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Nouveau Noir." 7/26: *Blood Simple* (1984), *Red Rock West* (1993), and *Fallen Angels: Tomorrow I Die* (1993). 7/27: *Homicide* (1991) and *Tough Guys Don't Dance* (1987). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—7/21–7/24: *Underground* (1995). "VI Italian Summer Festival Part 1." 7/21–7/24: *Two Women* (1960) and *General Della Rovere* (1959). 7/23 and 7/24: *Umberto D.* (1952) and *The Roof* (1957). 7/25–7/27: *The Bicycle Thief* (1948) and *Shoeshine* (1946). 7/23–7/27: Shorts by Ed Emshwiller. 7/26: *The Electric Urn* (1997). 7/26 and 7/27: *The Distant Journey* (1948). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"New Films from Brazil." 7/26 and 7/27: *Carlota Joaquina, Princenza do Brasil.* 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $4.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/21: *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1962). 7/28: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Casa La Femme—7/27: *The Man in the White Suit* (1951). 6/29: *Bread and Chocolate* (1973). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Different Light—7/27: *The Mirror Crack'd* (1980). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Mary Pickford, Superstar." 7/21: *The Poor Little Rich Girl* (1917) and *Daddy Long Legs* (1919). 7/28: *Little Annie Rooney* (1925) and *The Little Princess* (1917). "Killer B's." 7/22: Johnny Legend presents *Teenage Gang Debs* (1966) and *Girl Gang* (1954). 7/23: *The Tall 'T'* (1957) and *Buchanan Rides Alone* (1958). 7/24 and 7/25: *Reign of Terror* (1949) and *The Tall Target* (1951). 7/26 and 7/27: *Murder by Contract* (1958) and *Five Against the House* (1955). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)— "The Sixth New York Video Festival." 7/21: *Long Way Home: Identity and Displacement* and *Experimental Dispatches: Worlds at War.* 7/21 and 7/23: *I Made It Myself: Portraits of Artistic Autonomy.* 7/22: *The Far Side of Abjection: The Disturbing World of Donigan Cumming* and *Dreamworlds TV: Musicvideo Round-up.* 7/22 and 7/24: *In Confidence: Tales of the Lovelorn.* 7/23 and 7/24: *Hi-Tech Lo-Fi* and *Finders Keepers: Resurrected Images.* From 7/25–7/31: *A Life Apart: Hasidim in America* (1996) and *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (1958). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—7/22: *Les Mariés de l'An II* (1971). 7/29: *Danton* (1983). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Written and Directed by . . ." 7/21 and 7/25: *Fargo* (1996) and *Lone Star* (1996). 7/22: *Stranger Than Paradise, Part One: The New World* (1983) and *Breathless* (1959). 7/22 and 7/26: *Through a Glass Darkly* (1961). 7/24 and 7/25: *The Fireman's Ball* (1967). 7/24 and 7/27: *Love and Death* (1976). 7/26: *Cries and Whispers* (1972) and *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1955). 7/27: *Late Spring* (1949) and *Wild Strawberries* (1957). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Corpse Disposal." 7/17–7/27: *Back for Christmas* (1956), *Mr. Blanchard's Secret* (1956), and *The Perfect Crime* (1957). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Screening Room—"Spike and Mike's Festival of Animation." Call for program info. Also, Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Revival

Cinema Paradiso

To all those would-be 'Contempt' viewers vexed by the rather smug sellout crowds at Film Forum: Head on uptown to the newly refurbished Paris Theater, which announces its return as a cinephile's asylum with a revival of that other luminous French movie about filmmaking, François Truffaut's 'Day for Night,' with Jacqueline Bisset (shown with Truffaut) as the star of the film-within-a-film. The movie, and the theater, open Friday.

theater

Behind Barrymore...Anthony Minghella

Broadway

Previews and Openings

1776—At a time when Broadway is finding musical potential in prostitutes and sinking ships, a show about the Declaration of Independence hardly seems a stretch. It did in 1969, when the production made its debut, but the improbable subject matter hardly stopped critics from embracing it—or industry veterans from bestowing it with both Tony and Drama Desk awards for Best Musical. Book by Peter Stone; music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. $65; kids 17 and younger pay half-price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 6/16 for an 8/14 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. $20–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/29/97. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/31. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

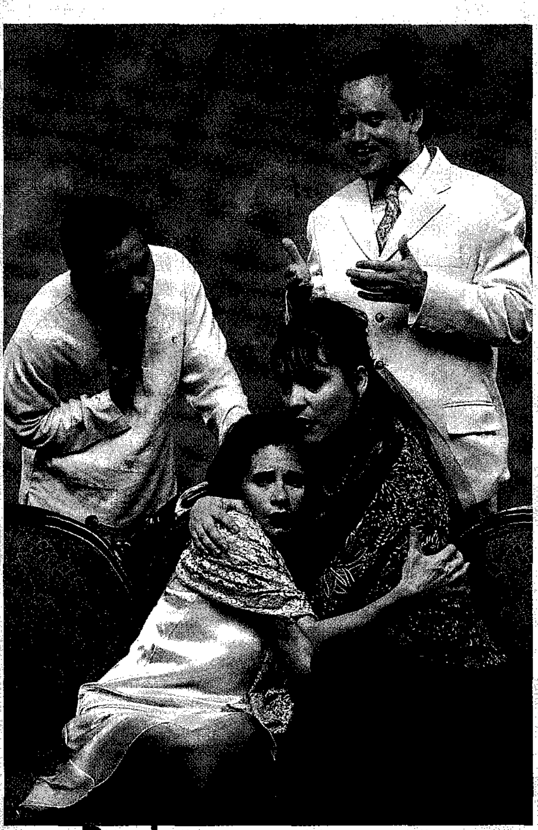
Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Gin Game—D. L. Coburn's play, about two people in a retirement home, shows off the talents of two older actors. It is the thing the theater needs if its aging stars are not themselves to end up in like fashion. So we must be grateful to Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. The Pulitzer Prize–winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. Weller fancies himself a wizard at cards, and entices the seemingly frail Fonsia, new to gin rummy, to provide him with an easy mark. But Fonsia has both a canny and a lucky streak, and goes on, over a week or so, to win every single hand. This makes Weller angrier and angrier, and Fonsia sweeter and sweeter, enraging her partner until the otherwise uneventful play ends in a tragicomic climax. (Simon: 5/5/97). $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3.



Previews
Downtown Manila

Much to the chagrin of Jorge Z. Ortoll, executive director of the Ma-Yi Theater Ensemble, tri-state Filipinos don't make it to the theater very often. ("They mostly live in Queens and New Jersey," he explains.) Nonetheless, the company's production of 'Portrait of the Artist As Filipino' should lure more than a few of them in: Set on the eve of the Japanese occupation, the 1952 drama is the most-produced play in the Philippines and speaks, in Ortoll's view, "directly to the Filipino soul." For more information, call 353-3874. Opens July 29.

Photograph by Nigel Teare.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.(307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five; in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Victor/Victoria—Raquel Welch, whose va-va-voom figure has tormented men for three decades, challenges the limits of costume design in the gender-bending role first created by Julie Andrews. Written and directed by Blake Edwards; musical adaptation by (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse. Also starring Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

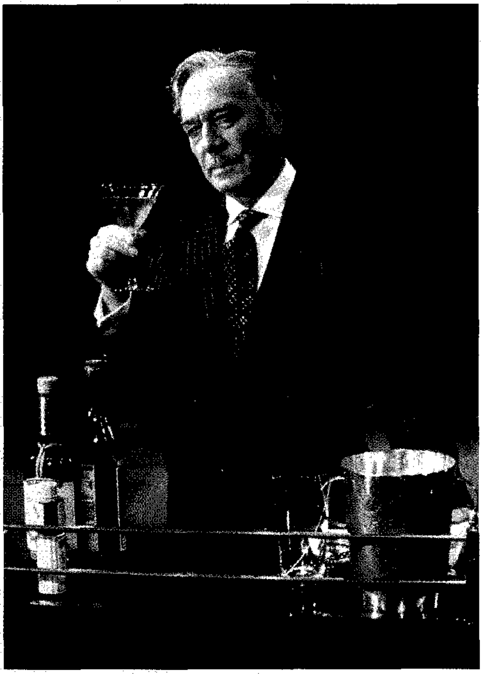
As Bees in Honey Drown—Now on an open-ended run, after a spectacularly successful four-week engagement at the Greenwich House Theatre. Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/24 opening at 6:30. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Misalliance—George Bernard Shaw's cheery discussion play, starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. Previews begin 7/18 for an 8/7 opening. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Notions in Motion—In this modern adaptation of Pirandello's *Each in His Own Way,* no theatrical conceit is sacred: An actor bathed in the spit of an overenunciating colleague mops his face in disgust; a television screen reveals an actress offstage, reapplying her makeup. The mirthful, frame-smashing technique well serves the script's basic premise—that truth and illusion are tough to separate. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/9. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (560-7387).*

Sugar Down Billie Hoak—In a subway station near the meatpacking district, two homeless teenagers grapple with their fates. Presented by the New American Stage Company; written by Brian Silberman. Contains strong, adult language. $25. Mon. at 8:30, Thurs.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/28 opening. *The-*

Onstage Offstage



Michael Mastro has released the need for your approval. Really: He has. There was a time, not long ago, when the actor was in a negative place. We're talking freaksville—a mind-set polluted by traditional notions of stardom. Sure, for two performances, as an understudy in *Love! Valour! Compassion!*, he'd replaced a guy who'd seared his gums on a burrito. But when Mastro, 35, realized he was making the most money of his career by waiting in the wings, he fell into a funk. "It can be self-destructive, this business," he says, lighting a candle. "You have to let go." Mastro is backstage, dressing for another performance no one will see. But this one's a growth opportunity: He'll at least be heard. The play? As the *Playbill* and poster remind him, "Christopher Plummer in *Barrymore.*" Mastro has accepted that he is not Christopher Plummer—and that that's okay. "But I do think I play an important part in the show," he announces. In a few minutes, Mastro will begin the emotional affirmations that permit him to "become" Frank, Jack Barrymore's gay, heart-of-gold-lamé prompter. The one-man show depicts Barrymore's last attempt to rejuvenate his career. Drunken, staggering, and—yes—descending into madness, Barrymore rehearses *Richard III.* He can't remember his lines, so Frank shouts them from—yes—the wings. "I read my lines from a podium," Mastro says, "and I have the whole script with me, in case Christopher needs a real prompter. He never does." Mastro dresses as he believes Frank would—starched shirt, dainty tie. Plummer looks offstage, directly at Mastro, when addressing Frank; Mastro responds with raised fists, disappointed-in-you frowns. "Even though no one sees that, it keeps me in touch with my craft," he reports. Plummer admired Mastro's work so much, he insisted he be given a curtain call. As the audience, lost in exaltation, leaps to its feet for Plummer, Mastro stumbles out, in character, and giggles. Then he returns to his dressing room and stares at a gift from a friend. It's a poster, in the same colors and typeface as *Barrymore*'s, that says MICHAEL MASTRO IN *FRANK.*

BOB ICKES

Photograph by Cylla Von Tiedemann.

atre at Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-5820).

Woza Afrika: After Apartheid—As a tenth-anniversary follow-up to "Woza Afrika!"—Lincoln Center's 1987 celebration of South African township plays—Festival 97 now offers this series of plays, written since the collapse of institutionalized white rule. $45. Begins 7/8. Program C: Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Program D: Tues–Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 7. *LaGuardia Theater, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. (721-6500).*

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, *Dallas* bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/24. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St.(239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Collected Stories—The conflict between the established artist and the adulatory fan who becomes a protégé, disciple, colleague, and friend—and finally threatening rival—is one of those great topics that have fascinated us at least since Paul Bourget's *The Disciple* (1889) through Joe Mankiewicz's movie *All About Eve* (1950) to our time. It resurfaces in Donald Margulies's provocative new play, which confronts the prominent short-story writer Ruth Steiner with her student turned confidante turned competitor Lisa Morrison. As always, Margulies is literate, intellectually stimulating, and able to create characters of both dramatic and human interest. A good play. (Simon: 6/2/97). Awarded by the Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle for best new play; stars Debra Messing and Maria Tucci. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 8/2. *The Manhattan Theater Club/Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

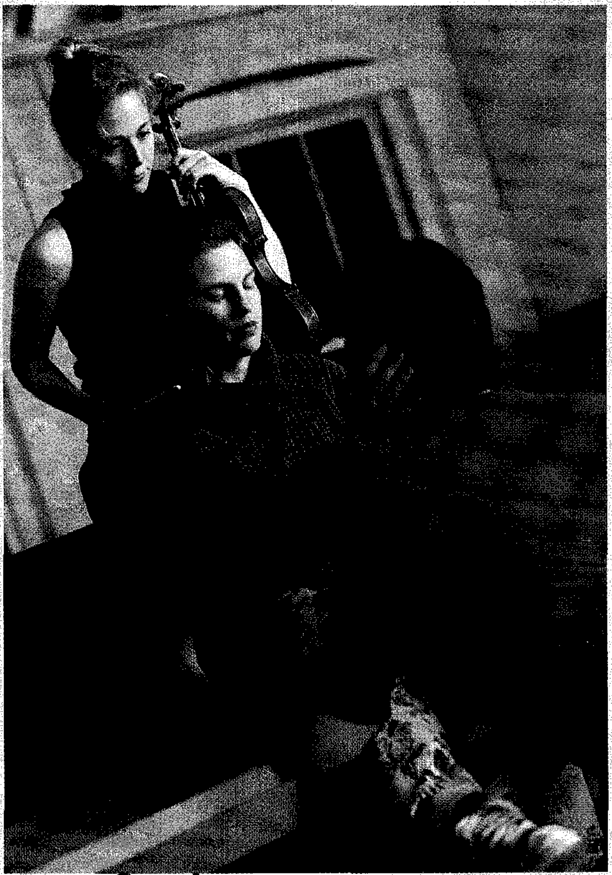
Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Miss Vogel uses the topography and chronology of her own life for L.B.'s story; is this done merely to anchor fiction more firmly in reality, or are we nudged into speculating about her self-proclaimed lesbianism, even if we accept her asseveration that this is not autobiography? Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. David Morse is an utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pedophile and self-deluded good ol' boy in warm-hearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist. (Simon: 3/31/97). $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*



Opening
Speechless

Anthony Minghella's original version of 'Cigarettes and Chocolate' didn't include any music—why would it, when the theme of the drama is silence, and the protagonist refuses even to speak? But when American Opera Projects proposed adding a dollop of Bach, the British writer-director ('Truly, Madly, Deeply,' 'The English Patient') happily embraced the idea. Catch the production, which opens July 29 and runs for two weeks only, at the historic Angel Orensanz Center in the East Village. Call 431-8102.

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Mass Appeal—The Irish Repertory Theatre revives this Bill C. Davis play about a rebellious young priest with a secret. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 7/9. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogiorgio. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

My Night With Reg—The New Group concludes its third season with yet another British import, which the organization's executive producer, Claudia Catania, has suggested should be renamed *A Housewarming Party and Two Wakes.* The dark comedy, which won the 1995 Olivier Award and other assorted accolades, follows six gay men as they contemplate their relationships with the never-seen title character. $20–25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4 and 7:30. Through 7/26. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Queens Blvd.—A comedy about the turmoil wrought by an attractive new roommate. Written by Paul Corrigan, Shubert Award winner for playwriting. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Those Left Behind—While a female stranger is checking his forehead for a fever, a man slams face-forward onto the countertop of a Hoboken diner, pulverizing his glasses and spraying the customers with blood. The attempt to determine whether this was her doing or his, and what possible circumstances could lead up to this untidy moment, makes up the rest of this Ben Bettenbender play, presented by The Directors Company. $12. Mon.–Fri. at 8. Opened 7/15. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (246-5877).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Cheever *continued from page 23*

But if you do get there, then you can do exactly what you want. You've already broken one rule, and so the rest don't matter.

And if there are traditions in Westchester, one of those most dearly beloved is that estates are public. The rich landowners are generous, or absent, or both. The trespassers are fearless. The famed swimming pool with its lucent marble was well within the tall brick Vanderlip walls. Yet young men and women used to scale that barrier. Waking in the middle of an August night, one heard the sounds of laughter over water.

OF COURSE, I'M NOT TO BE TRUSTED. THE landscape is different for me, because my father died. When a parent dies, everything changes. There was a giant sugar maple outside the house I lived in when my father had his first heart attack. Before he got sick, I regarded it as permanent, like a rock or a mountain range. After he got sick, I expected the tree to die any minute.

And in my case, as doubtless in many others, the death brought up a trunkful of secrets. Which also helped turn my world on its head.

We've all read books by the sensitive homosexual children of doltish heterosexual fathers. It was my lot to be the doltish heterosexual son of a sensitive homosexual father. This experience has not been as thoroughly mapped.

He lost his temper sometimes. Certainly he deceived me. And yet the world I miss seems oddly paradisiacal. Is this because he made it up?

Attempts to place Cheever Country on the map in books or movies not from his hand are bound to fail.

I forced my two sons to watch an hour of the film made of his story "The Swimmer" one Saturday afternoon recently. I kept wishing Burt Lancaster would put on his shirt.

After we saw the movie, I felt the need to read to them from the actual story. I started with the third paragraph:

> *His life was not confining and the delight he took in this observation could not be explained by its suggestion of escape. He seemed to see, with a cartographer's eye, that string of swimming pools, that quasi-subterranean stream that curved across the county. He had made a discovery, a contribution to modern geography; he would name the stream Lucinda after his wife. He was not a practical joker nor was he a fool but he was determinedly original and had a vague and modest idea of himself as a legendary figure.*

A legendary figure he has become. The world he lived in is gone. The world he wrote of never quite was. "I write fiction," he used to say sourly when pressed, "not crypto-autobiography."

We weren't Wapshots. We never lived in Bullet Park. Fiction is more dramatic than life, the women more gorgeous and promiscuous, the men more elegant.

In January, there was a piece on the front page of the New York *Times* that described a conflict between an "Orthodox Jewish community and its more Cheeveresque suburban neighbors in Rockland County."

My Jewish wife pointed it out to me.

"What does it mean in this context?" she asked.

"Not Jewish," I said.

"I married a man whose name means Not Jewish," she said.

"And also well-to-do." But then my grandfather on my father's side sold shoes. My grandfather on my mother's side was Jewish.

My actual father was a poor boy from Quincy, Massachusetts, kicked out of high school. He made a living as a freelance writer, a brilliant living, but anybody who considers freelance writing the road to riches is anybody's fool.

Sometimes, when working on his journals, and reading, for contrast, his fiction, I've found myself a little fed up with all these upper-class affectations. We were not that poor, but neither were we anything like that rich. Now, I'm being too literal. He wrote once himself that his desire to associate with wealth, culture, and substance should not be mistaken for hypocrisy. He called it "a guise and mode of hope."

Hope is not the same as real estate. If you want Cheever Country, go to the library, find a book of his stories, sit very still, and read. You'll be there, as much in Cheever Country as I have ever been. I get there the same way.

YET INTELLIGENT PEOPLE ARE APT THESE days to confuse life and art. I have a friend who told me once, when in his cups, that my life must be a bitter disappointment to me. "Why?" I asked him, shocked.

He shrugged uncomfortably. "How can you match what's already happened?"

But the truth is, while my adult life may seem humdrum when compared with the glories of my father's fictions, so did his adult life seem humdrum when compared with the glories of his fiction.

I was really quite unhappy in the universe I miss so much, and that I seem to approve of so strongly. I'm actually much happier in the (continued on page 72)

art

Marianne Courville...Portraits of O'Keeffe

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Emanuele de Reggi—Small figurative sculptures; through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).
Maria Izquierdo—A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist (1902–1955) known for her circus themes, portraiture, mythical allegories, and melancholy landscapes; through 7/27. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).
Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

57th Street Area

Abraham J. Bogdanov—Paintings of views of Monhegan Island, Maine, where the Russian-born artist (1886–1946) spent his summers; 7/28–9/27. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).
Walter Boyer—Paintings of abstracted images from nature; through 7/31. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).
Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts. Through 9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).
Morris Graves—Recent paintings of images from nature; through 7/31. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).
Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).
Joaquín Torres-Garcia—A selection of paintings and drawings executed between 1899 and 1949 from the collection of the artist's grandchildren; through 7/30. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).
Leonard Stokes—Recent collages and Iris prints; through 7/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).
Victor Vasarely—A survey of paintings from the thirties through the seventies by the founder of Op-Art (1908–1997); through 8/1. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Hans Accola/Douglas Kolk—New sculpture/Drawings that depict the adventures of a character the artist calls Suicide Girl. Through 8/1. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).
Keith Haring—Paintings, drawings, and sculpture by the late artist whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 7/31. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).
Herzog & de Meuron—Drawings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).
Alun Leach-Jones—Recent charcoal and pastel drawings shown with tribal art from New Guinea; through 7/25. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Ground Rules:
In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Talent Blowups

Making home movies has always seemed an intrinsically American—and unapologetically wholesome—pastime. But if you photograph particular stills, as Marianne Courville has done, and then enlarge them as prints, the tenor of the narrative changes. Mixing her own re-photographed stills with prints of stills from her father's and grandfather's home movies—images that were never intended to be seen as individual moments—Courville discovers little mysteries and peculiarities within familiar childhood scenes. At Bonni Benrubi Gallery, 52 East 76th Street; through August 15.

Kim MacConnel/Jeff Perrone—A project inspired by the nineteenth-century Japanese woodblock prints known as "100 Views of Mt. Fuji From the Fujiwara Prefecture," in which large-scale groupings of photographs are arranged to mimic tourist viewpoint plaques and panoramas from several locations surrounding Mt. Fuji; through 8/23/New works that incorporate the artist's ceramic tiles as well as African and Indian textiles; through 8/8. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).
J. Abbott Miller—An installation of 525 books that are the size and shape of bricks and arranged in a series of masonry constructions; through 8/22. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).
Valery Yershov—Paintings that romanticize the material world by depicting flamboyant interiors of houses belonging to the very rich; through 7/31. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Chelsea

Kim Abeles—An installation titled *Some South American Women Artists: Evita Peron and Carmen Miranda*; through 8/3. Art Resources Transfer, Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).
Stefan Altenburger—A site-specific video installation that incorporates objects scavenged from the streets of New York and documents a performance given by the artist using those objects; through 8/9. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).
Thomas Baldwin—An installation of paintings, photographs, and sculpture; through 7/31. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).
Lynda Grimm—Recent sculpture; through 9/20. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).
Frank Lloyd Wright—Drawings by the architect spanning the years 1905 to 1957; through 7/31. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Other

Bertrand Ivanoff—A site-specific installation of a light cascade of water on the floors of an empty warehouse adjacent to the Staten Island Ferry, hosted by the Snug Harbor Cultural Center's Newhouse Center of Contemporary Art; through 9/7. 1 Bay St., Lot #175, Staten Island (718-448-2500), Fri.–Sun. 3–7.
Ellen Kozak—Recent paintings; through 9/16. Pratt Institute, President's Gallery, 200 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-3517), Mon.–Fri. 9–4

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by 30 artists, including Blosser, Borocz, Gillespie, Kruger, Merz; through 8/7.
Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). New sculptures by Apfelbaum, Ashkin, Baron, Feher, Greco, Levine, Paine, Soriano, others; through 8/29.
Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Happily Married: American Frames (and Their Paintings) 1725–1950," with picture frames by the Foster Brothers and Herman Dudley of Boston, and Newcomb-Macklin and Albert Milch of New York, and paintings by Hassam, Marin, Maurer, Prendergast, others; through 9/19.
Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Freak Show: Side Show Banner Paintings," with works from the forties and fifties by P. Barnett, Fred Johnson, Johnny Meah, Al Renton, and Snap Wyatt; through 8/15.

Photograph courtesy of Bonni Benrubi Gallery.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant, Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; through 8/22.

Malca—580 Broadway (966-8854). Paintings by Basquiat, Haring, and Scharf; through 8/30.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "One-Line Drawing," for which 40 artists have created works based on a directive from the gallery limiting the finished work to one interrupted action in the medium of the artist's choice; through 7/31.

Werner—21 E. 67th St. (988-1623). Paintings by Baselitz, Kirkeby, Leroy, Lüpertz; through 9/6.

57th Street Area

Adams—41 W. 57th St. (644-5665). Works by Arneson, Arnold, Barsness, Bedia, Dill, Neshat, Saul, Winters, others; through 8/6.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Homage to R. Mutt," an exhibit honoring Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, the ready-made urinal he submitted to the Society of Independent Artists in 1917, with works by Arneson, Baron, Bidlo, Cecula, Dickey, R. Mutt, Oldenburg; through 8/8.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Selected works by Chong, Fleishner, Frank, Judd, Phelan, Truitt, Tsao, Wesley, Wood, Zucker; early Chinese pottery of the Warring States and Han Dynasty; through 8/30.

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Paintings from the collection of Roland Pease—many of them purchased from this gallery during the fifties—by Blaine, Freilicher, Gorchov, Hartigan, Rivers, others; through 9/13.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub, Nick, Sullivan, others; through 8/16.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545). Figurative works by Avery, Burchfield, Dove, Gross, Shinn, Soyer, Weber, others; through 8/1.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). Ceramic works by Lord, Price, and Woodman; through 8/15.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Summer show of works by Artschwager, Baumgarten, Casebere, Muñoz, Penone, Richter, others; through 8/29.

Kraushaar—724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730). Works in black and white by Callahan, Degner, Gechtoff, Lechay, Schrag, Sperry, others; through 7/31.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Works by Chillida, Förg, Jaar, Kounellis, Lee, LeWitt, Mendieta, Newman, Scully; through 7/31.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Summer group show of works by Bakker, Karella, Lewis, Marden, Nauman; through 9/6 (August by appointment).

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "Affinities With the East," with paintings by Fishman, Marden, Martin, McLaughlin, Steir; through 8/1.

Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings and photographs of aerial perspectives by Bordo, Inerst, Jacquette, Wegman, Wilson, Yarber; through 8/15.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson; biomorphic drawings from 1944–1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Works by Beckmann, Dix, Grosz, Grundig, Hirshfield, Kollwitz, Nolde, others; through 9/5.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpe, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Life drawings by fourteen artists, among them Bartlett, Doyle, Hull, Massad; through 7/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Algus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). Works by Krushenick, Stanley, Stevenson, Twardowicz, Redinger; through 8/30.

Art et Industrie—52 Thompson St. (966-6800). Recent sculpture by Avedisian, Clark, Henderson, Nicolai, Parker, Ryan, Snyder, Sunnarborg; through 8/16.

Donahue/Sosinski—560 Broadway (226-1111). "Pools of Light," with works by Bradley, Haney, Hilson, Moore, Priore, others; through 7/31.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Collective Action," with works by Alexeev, Elagina, Monastyrsky, Panitkov, others; through 8/16.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Works by Blair, Fecteau, Hawkins, Wurtz; through 8/15.

Fotouhi Cramer—560 Broadway (431-1304). "Summer of Love," with works by Anuszkiewicz, Finley, Hirst, Kilimnik, Lennon, Ono, Vasarely, Warhol, others; through 8/2.

Grand Salon—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Girls! Girls! Girls!" with works by Basora, Dikeou, Granet, Kaplowitz, Volkert, others; films and videos by Cerijido, Hackenberg, Mantell, Reiner, others; through 8/2.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings of Manhattan by David, Firmin, Haas, Munro, Sera, others; through 8/30.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). "Magnetic," with works on paper by Dorner, Inness, Leonilsen, Prendergast, Sarmento, Ruscha; through 9/5.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works that suggest the symbols or vestiges of systems, by Ayon, Lukacs, Mora; through 7/31.

Luhring Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). Paintings and sculpture by Hammond, Kessler, Kippenberger, Mayerson, Pierson, Rae, Wool, others; through 8/1.

Martz—580 Broadway (334-3348), Wed.–Sat. 12–6. Invitational show of works by Borzotta, Cortes, Egbert, Liz 'n Val, Watson, others; through 7/31.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Summer show, with works by Ferren, Grillo, Naujokas, Pace, Von Betzen, others; through 8/15.

Printed Matter, Inc.—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "Summer Reading," with artists' books by Ess, Guzman, Hahif, Kupferberg, Schor, Sheehan, the Tinklers, others; through 8/30.

Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). New prints by Burton, Kelly, Kendrick, Spence; through 8/15.

Tilton—49 Greene St. (941-1775). Recent works in various media by young artists from China; through 7/31.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). "Uncomfortable," with works by Bruns, Grabner, Jacobs, Kass, Morris, Ruttan, others; through 8/2.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Summer of works by Artschwager, Feher, Halley, Herrera, Kawara, Kopstiansky, Rosen, Walker, others; through 8/8.

Chelsea

Baldacci—521 W. 21st St. (463-0919). "Ut Scientia Pictura," with works that suggest a scientific bent, by Cemin, Hyde, Long, Lucas, Moylan, Muniz, Raskin; through 7/31.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Works by Benglis, Fuss, Salle, Spitzer; through 7/31.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (243-5937). Works by nine artists that explore the connection between time and memory in response to specific spaces; through 8/16.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). Works by Heilmann, Jonas, Koether, Prieto; through 7/31.

Metro Pictures—519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). Works by Dunham, Kippenberger, Shaw, Sherman, Simmons; through 7/31.

Other

Art in the Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251), Thurs.–Sun. 1–6. Digital and media installations by Bookchin, Cooke, Johnson, Joo, Kurgan, Lanier, Wortzel, others; through 8/3.

Storefront for Art and Architecture—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Testing 1..2..3," an installation of

Photography
Artist as Art

Of all the portraits made by artists of their lovers, none has the continuing fascination of Alfred Stieglitz's photographs of Georgia O'Keeffe. Even now, 60 years after Stieglitz completed *Portrait*, his images of O'Keeffe are unrivaled for how much they reveal. It is not just that O'Keeffe is occasionally portrayed nude or partially disrobed but that every picture—even those of O'Keeffe's hands—is an intensely intimate record of the relationship between photographer and artist. From the day he began photographing her, in 1917, when O'Keeffe was 30, until 1937, when his health began to fail (he died nine years later), it was also apparent that Stieglitz was searching for a way to communicate the essence of O'Keeffe's abstractions, whether by incorporating her paintings as backdrops or by capturing her hands in a gesture evoking one of her own organic forms. Stieglitz showed his first O'Keeffe portraits at the Anderson Galleries in 1921, but *Portrait*, which eventually comprised more than 300 images, was not given a major exhibition until 1978, when the Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibited 51 photographs loaned to the museum by O'Keeffe. Now, eleven years after O'Keeffe's death, the Metropolitan is expanding on its earlier exhibition with an additional 30 prints (73 of the 81 photographs on view are a recent gift to the museum from the Georgia O'Keeffe Foundation and Jennifer and Joseph Duke). The most complete survey of *Portrait* to date, "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz," opening on July 25, offers an opportunity both to appreciate the scope of Stieglitz's achievement and to see, more clearly than ever before, his rendering of O'Keeffe and her art as one. **EDITH NEWHALL**

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

speculative architectural projects by David Lewis, Paul Lewis, and Marc Tsurumaki; through 8/2.

Photography

Alex Harsley—Photographs that concentrate on the often overlooked details of urban life; through 8/1. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Arsenal—The Arsenal Building, in Central Park at 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (360-3410), Mon.–Fri. 9–5. "Horsing Around: A Frisky History of Equines in Parks," featuring over 50 photographs of horses taken between 1860 and 1994 from the Parks Photo Archive; through 9/4.

Lillian Bassman—Vintage prints by this photographer whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Fashion Institute of Technology; through 8/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Marilyn Bridges—A survey of the artist's aerial photographs of the United States; through 7/31. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Marianne Courville—Lifochrome prints of the artist's film stills and of stills from home movies made by her father and grandfather; through 8/15. Ben-rubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

George Daniell—Photographs of New York in the thirties and forties; through 8/1. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Cameron, Cunningham, Leibovitz, Weston, others; photographs of nudes by Larry Colwell made between 1943 and 1959; through 7/31.

Erich Hartmann—Photographs of Nazi concentration camps; through 8/9. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Larry Fink/Katherine Turczan—Images that reveal the various manifestations of power—in sports, on Wall Street, and in fashion—by this photographer whose work is currently on exhibit at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 8/29/A wall installation of portraits of young women; through 8/1. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of his friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14. . . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14.

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); $4, $2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7.

George Platt Lynes—Photographs of the nude male figure taken between 1935–1955; through 8/15. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Mann—12 E. 76th St. (570-1223). Photographs of the backyard in all its incarnations by various photographers; through 8/15.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Recent photographs by Barth, Dijkstra, Moffatt, van Lamsweerde; through 8/29.

Fred McDarrah—Vintage prints from the sixties, including images of the Beatles, Bob Dylan, Jack Kerouac, Robert F. Kennedy, Andy Warhol, and others; through 8/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "New Narratives," with works by Cox, Kokkinias, Lewis, Marder, Moriarty, Steinmetz, Thayer, Weeks; through 8/20.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "About Painting," with photographs that explore photography as a painterly medium by Eggleston, Gerber, Gursky, Kalpakjian, Polidori, Welling; through 8/1.

Lisette Model—Works from the Permanent Collection of the International Center of Photography spanning the entire career of the Austrian-born, New York–based photographer (1901–1983); through 9/19. PaineWebber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6; free.

Newseum/NY—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596), Mon.–Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. 10–5. "Replay! Great Photo Moments from *Sports Illustrated*," with more than 100 pictures from the fifties to the present; through 10/25.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs on the theme of water by Adams, Callahan, Cumming, Frank, Mann, Wegman, others; through 8/29.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by gallery artists, including Barber, Cody, Epstein, Gentl, McLaughlin, Phelps, Prozzo, others; through 9/7.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Portraits of adolescents by Arbus, Bartos, Dijkstra, Disfarmer, Ross, Syrop, Sander; through 9/6.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs on the theme of summer pleasures, by Cartier-Bresson, La Chapelle, Miller, Ritts, von Unwerth, others; through 9/6.

Throckmorton—153 E. 61st St. (223-1059). "L'Homme at Home: Photographs of Male Nudes From the Nineteenth Century to the Present"; through 9/6.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Oh Boy!", with photographs illustrating the expression by Alvarez Bravo, Hanke, Roth, Weston, others; through 8/8.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 9/7. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

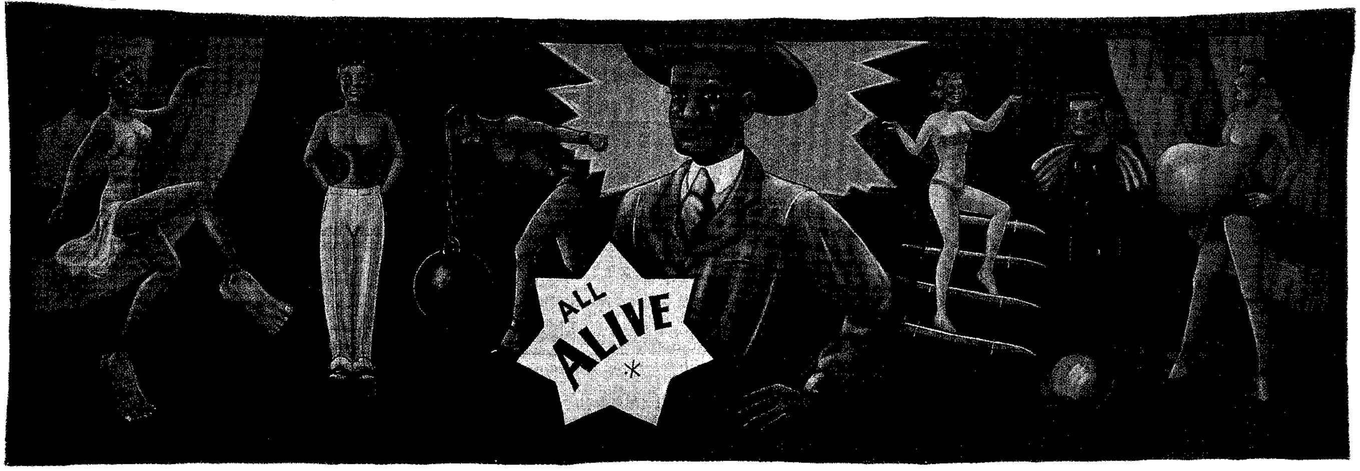
American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. . . . "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855–1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. . . . "Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; through 7/27. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960–1970." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part III"; through 9/14. . . . "XVII Artists in the Marketplace Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists who live in the New York metro-

On View **Too bad the world's become so politically correct—who wouldn't relish a chance to see Knotty, World's Ugliest Man, Cyclops Pig With Elephant Trunk, Priscilla the Monkey Girl, or the Devil Child? Sadly, most circus sideshows bit the dust in the early eighties, but their attractions live on in the hair-raising promotional banners painted by such giants of the genre as Snap Wyatt (below, *All Alive*, circa 1950), Johnny Meah, and Al Renton. The art can be gawked at in *Freak Show: Sideshow Banner Art* (Chronicle Books; $14.95) and at Hirschl & Adler Modern (21 East 70th Street; through August 15).**



Photograph courtesy of Hirschl & Adler Gallery.

politan area; through 9/14. . . . "Chinese Women Against the Tide." Works by five women artists from China living in the People's Republic of China or in New York City; through 9/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; 7/25–1/25/98. . . . "The Hands of Rodin: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), produced over a period of four decades; through 9/28. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. . . . "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. . . . "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/24. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon." An exhibition that recreates the nineteenth-century "petit-salon"; through 9/6. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . . "Project: Print." Works by high school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. . . . "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." A selection of seventh-century Dutch medals; through 7/27. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Cristina Iglesias." A survey of recent sculpture by the Basque artist; through 9/7. . . . "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; through 9/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa and Madeline Gins; through 8/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800–1500." An exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. . . . "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sephoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently-excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. . . . "Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Fri. 11–3, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; 7/25–10/5. . . . "Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897–1983); through 9/7. . . . "Cartier: 1900–1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910–1950"; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Untitled Film Stills: Cindy Sherman." The landmark series of photographs created between 1977 and 1980 that depict the photographer in female roles derived from movies; through 9/2. . . . "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . . "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . . "More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. . . . "Paris/The 1890s." Prints, illustrated books, posters, and ephemera by Pierre Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, and others; through 9/2. . . . "Projects: John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, Luc Tuymans"; through 9/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990) made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. . . . "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley;" through 9/13. . . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"; through 9/14. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde"; through 9/28. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996–1997." Works by June Clark, Gregory Coates, and Vladimir Sybil; through 9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958–90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . . "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922–1932." Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; through 9/14. . . . "The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. . . . "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 7/29 at 10:15 and 2: "Coins." On view from 7/24.

restaurants

In the Name of the Son...Sweet Stuff

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sanzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noodles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. *180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

South Street Seaport

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

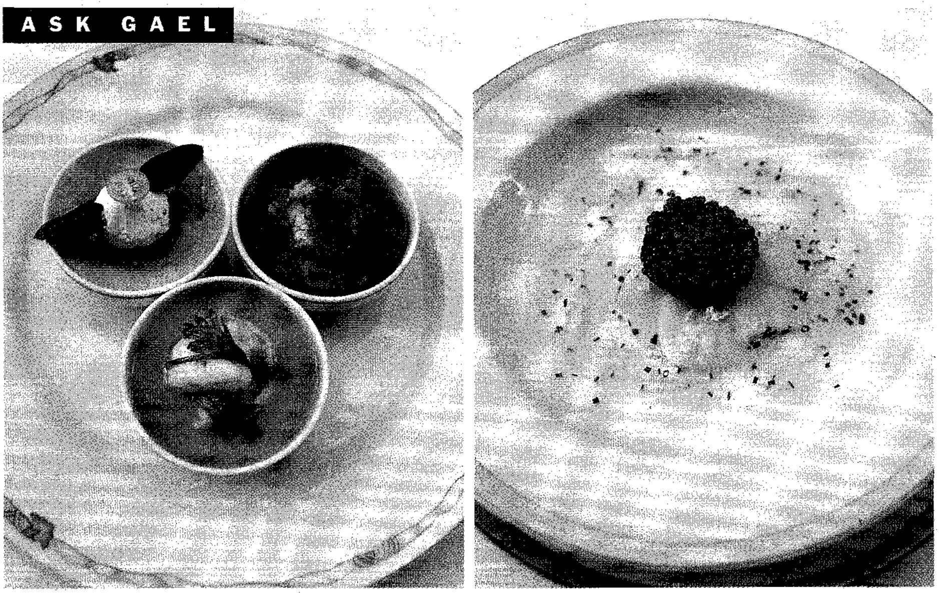
Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform

ASK GAEL



I want to wow a crew of gourmand snobs.

Try special-ordering the baby lamb at Daniel—a dish that will dazzle even jaded senses. Heirloom-tomato jewels in four acts signal bravura to follow: seviche of oyster and raw scallops with caviar and a horseradish zing. Crisp sweetbread bits atop thin-sliced tuna "à la vitello tonnato," in an aura of hazelnut oil. Line-caught trout, roasted and boned, arrives bacon-wrapped, stuffed with Swiss chard and oven-dried tomatoes. Then a platter of lamb in five preparations—grilled chops, stuffed saddle, shoulder braised with a marjoram jus, rosemary-garlic roasted leg, artichoke-stuffed neck. Plus crusty vegetable ragout and dessert in two acts, first an homage to summer fruits, then *tout chocolat.* Be four; order ahead; $75 at lunch; $95 at dinner. (20 East 76th Street.)

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio*, a dramatic processional of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. *417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept—Brick-walled, softly-lit Parisian-style bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sûr. 181 W. 10th St. (645-8023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

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Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Salute!—This spacious midtown Tuscan Grill is the lighthearted outcome of a collaboration between the sceney Bice restaurant and the Sbarro fast-food chain. Go for huge portions of steak, seafood, veal, poultry, and especially pasta. Those lucky few with room for dessert should try the gelati assortment, ample enough to feed a small children's birthday party. *270 Madison Ave., at 39th St. (213-3440). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with corn, pea greens, and hash browns. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Justin's
BAR & RESTAURANT

Preview

Family Man

The first thing that mega-successful rap producer and impresario Sean "Puffy" Combs wants you to know about his new restaurant, **Justin's**, opening next month at 31 West 21st Street, is that it has nothing to do with rap. So eager is Combs to dispel lingering community-board anxiety about gangsta rappers infiltrating the neighborhood that he keeps conspicuously alluding to Justin's G-rated nature, as in, "I'm just trying to open a family restaurant, a restaurant you can bring your family to, and hopefully people from the neighborhood will . . . bring their families." Point taken. In fact, people hungrier for an earful (and eyeful) of the acts Combs has produced on his Bad Boy label than for an authentic southern or Caribbean meal will doubtless be disappointed. "I'm not going to be promoting Bad Boy records," he says. "That's what they would expect me to do." They who? Everyone, according to the man who elevated Mary J. Blige, Craig Mack, and especially the late Biggie Smalls to superstardom, "who pigeonholes me as I'm this rap producer and everything around me is rap or hip-hop." It's true that up to this point, Combs has immersed himself in music; he's just released his first album, the much-anticipated *No Way Out.* But it's not enough. "My mind has too many dreams and my intelligence is too vast for that," says the 27-year-old CEO, who's just created a film-and-television division in Hollywood and plans to launch a clothing line next year. "I consider myself an entrepreneur and a visionary." And apparently, something of a soul-food connoisseur. Combs has never tasted anything that measured up to his grandmother's South Carolinian cooking and admits, in a rare display of modesty, "I don't even think Justin's will." But by hiring Marvin James, late of Chez Josephine and Gage & Tollner, as executive chef, Combs is out to prove himself wrong. James, so unfamiliar with rap he'd researched his new boss by "watching BET for a weekend," says Combs knows exactly what he wants. "He drives it home by saying 'Negro church-dinner food.' He wants the green juice comin' out of your mouth. He wants to bring it. He wants it to be real." And really successful. Named for Combs' 3-year-old son, Justin's is a concept he aims to clone, with the next one slated for Atlanta. "It's not just a hobby or a hangout for me," he says. "It's actually in my son's name. It's his trust fund and his future." And all in the family. **Robin Raisfeld**

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Town Crier—The American fare here runs the gamut from soy burgers to open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven—count 'em—television sets. *303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place to kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office work-

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Photograph by Bernd Auers.

ers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

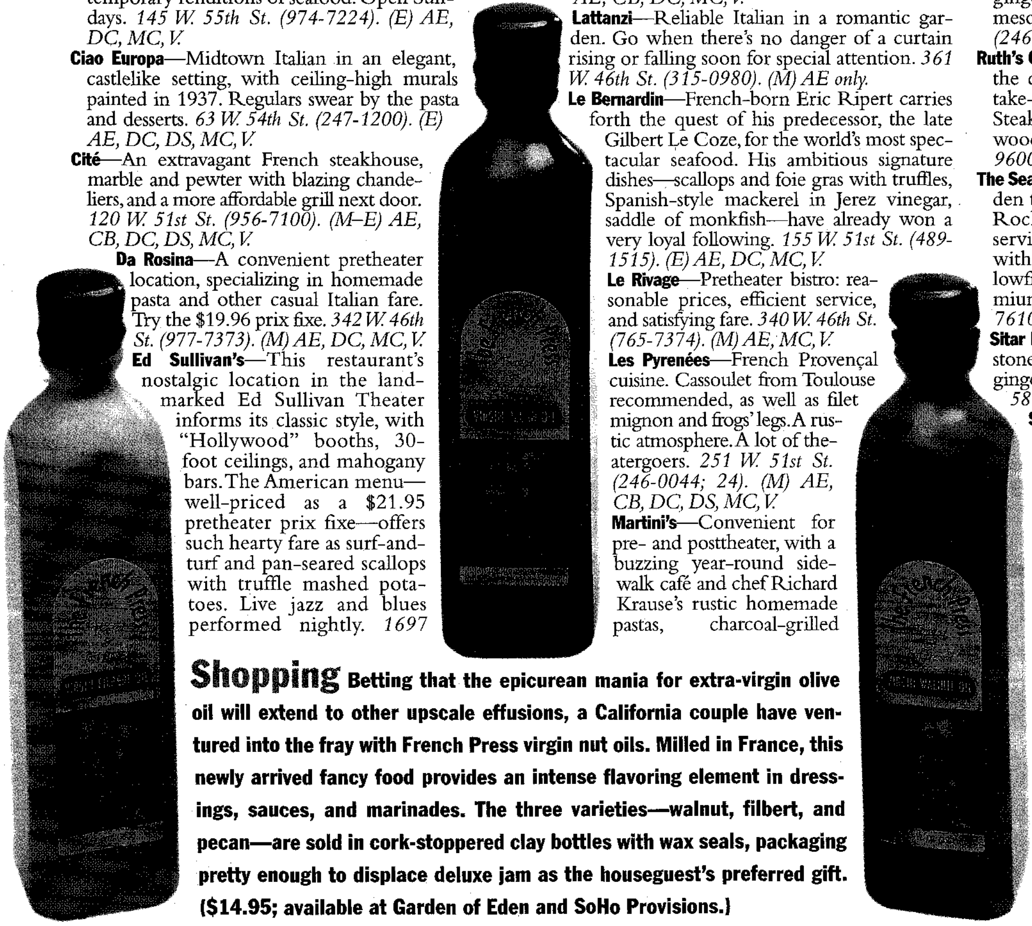
Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant, a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall, offers classics like ginger chicken, chutney poori, and lamb shashlik. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

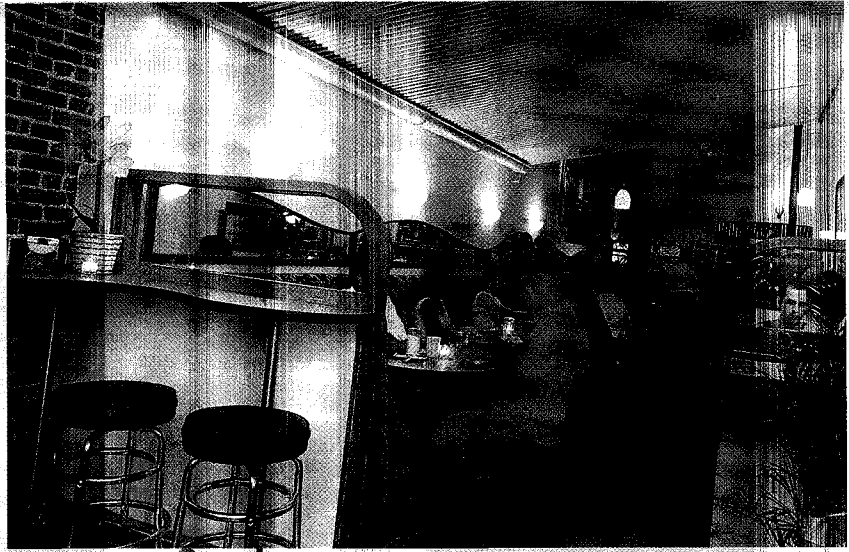
Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Shopping **Betting that the epicurean mania for extra-virgin olive oil will extend to other upscale effusions, a California couple have ventured into the fray with French Press virgin nut oils. Milled in France, this newly arrived fancy food provides an intense flavoring element in dressings, sauces, and marinades. The three varieties—walnut, filbert, and pecan—are sold in cork-stoppered clay bottles with wax seals, packaging pretty enough to displace deluxe jam as the houseguest's preferred gift. ($14.95; available at Garden of Eden and SoHo Provisions.)**

Photograph by Steven Freeman.



Opening

Make That a Double

Café con Leche, the Upper West Side's prettiest little Latin American lunch counter, has reproduced its menu and pastel-hued cheer at a second, larger location. Brightening a particularly drab stretch of Amsterdam Avenue (near 95th Street), the restaurant offers hefty, inexpensive portions of mofongo, yuca patties, plantains, and variations on the arroz-con-pollo theme, making for a welcome addition to a restaurant-deprived neighborhood.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic bar and restaurant, featuring a global menu and a Colonial African décor. Typical (so to speak) dishes include spicy shrimp Mozambique, South African porcini-crusted salmon, and Vietnamese-spiced quail. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Bella Donna—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first dates, and neighborhood regulars. *307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I–M) ($).*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Piccolo Pomodoro—An Upper East Side trattoria decorated with Italian movie posters. Dine outdoors on grilled vegetables, agnolotti stuffed with porcini mushrooms, and angel hair with lobster and Manila clams. *1742 Second Ave., nr. 90th St. (831-8167). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*,

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

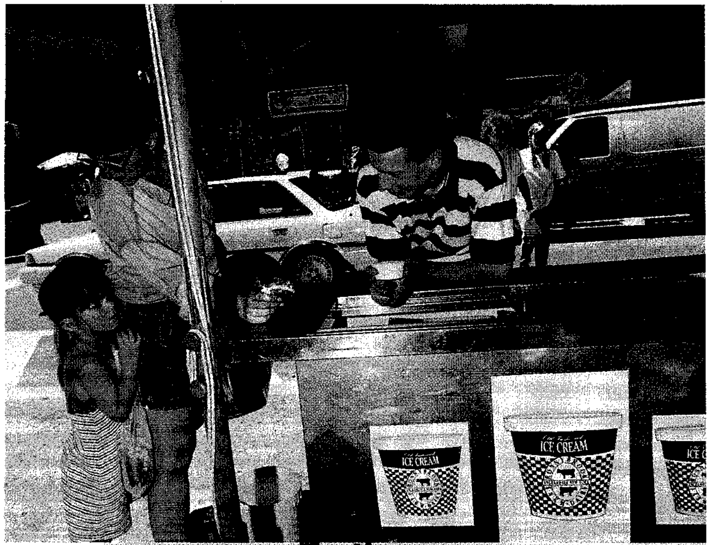
Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on hand-picked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Tasting

Milking It

From the people who've made milk in bottles popular again—not to mention, at $3 a quart (including deposit), a luxury item—comes farm-fresh Ronnybrook ice cream, now available by the scoop at Union Square Greenmarket. Flavors change daily; hazelnut and mint chip are standouts.

Cheever *continued from page 61*

universe of which I so strongly disapprove.

The melting pot kills cooties. I don't need to play baseball anymore. I don't pine for membership in the Sleepy Hollow Country Club. I went to private school because I was considered dumb. My boys go to private school because they are considered smart.

So why have I sought to re-create as an adult my melancholy childhood? I don't know, but certainly I have done so. My father lived on the estate of Frank A. Vanderlip, a man who banked for the Rockefellers. We live on what was the estate of James Stillman, a man who also banked for the Rockefellers. The plumbing was bad in the stone house I grew up in; the plumbing is bad in the stone house I live in now.

The roads in the part of Scarborough where I grew up were lined with sycamore trees. The roads of Pocantico Hills are lined with sycamore trees. I went to France this spring. The roads in Provence are lined with sycamore. Somebody must have seen those trees while on a European tour. Word got back: The aristocrats are all lining their roads with sycamore.

The Vanderlip main house was said to have mantelpieces ripped from European palaces. The building I live in now was designed to look like a cottage in the Cotswolds—a cottage after somebody inflated it with a bicycle pump. "The house's only pretension," my mother said, "is that it's much larger than it means to be."

My father had friends who were writers, and friends who lived nearby. Fishing friends, skating friends. Church friends. I have friends who are writers and friends who live nearby. Running friends. Walking friends. Church friends.

I remember vividly the excitement of my mother's dinner parties. I'd come down in my foot pajamas for a kiss. I loved the wildness, the honking of adult voices, the rattle of ice cubes, the clouds of cigarette smoke. We don't drink the way their generation drank. And maybe we'll live longer for it. And maybe we won't. We did once have a dinner that went on until 4 A.M. Then we all dove into the pool. The adults and the children. Swimming there in the dark waters, an hour before dawn, my son asked me, "Is this heaven?" So probably he'll want to live in an old house too. A stone house, with bad plumbing.

The moguls who threw up these houses were pretending to be something they were not. Powerful and unconventional men, they humbled themselves to the forms of another, an older regime. Having conquered the new world, they sought to echo the old one. Which makes me what? An echo of an echo. A plangent sound, but also a familiar one. ■

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

nightlife

Jacquet...Lilith Fair...World Party

Concerts

"Blues Cruise"—Every Wednesday, it's blue music on the East River's somewhat blue water. 7/23: Geno Delafose. Cruises at 7 and 9:30 P.M. *Seaport Liberty Cruise Lines, Pier 16, South Street Seaport. (888-DA-BLUES). $20–$25.*

Celebrate Brooklyn Performing Arts Festival—Three months of free jazz, soul, world music, and readings. Shows nightly at 7:30 P.M. 7/25: Whirl a Gig and Seán Curran play traditional Irish music. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn. (718-855-7882). Free.*

Joe Louis Walker—Layering his raw-edged riffing with brainy elements of gospel, soul, and funk, Walker is one of the undisputed titans of modern blues guitar. For his 7/26 concert, the San Franciscan is joined by two equally imposing figures: Original Elvis Presley guitarist Scotty Moore and Ike Turner—whose spotty domestic track record should give audience members pause, but whose fretwork is so burningly funky that one might be tempted to set scruples aside momentarily. 7/27: Fearsome Scottish-Canadian fiddler Ashley MacIsaac; Celtic traditionalists Solas. Weekend shows at 3 P.M.; most weeknights at 8 P.M. *Central Park Summerstage, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS).*

"Expressiones Latinas"—Lincoln Center Festival '97 closes out with seven nights of forward-thinking Latin music. 7/21: Warmly brilliant Brazilian singer Gal Costa. 7/22: Cuban salsa giants NG La-Banda, in their U.S. debut. With fellow Cubans Baboleo. 7/23: Improvisatory Salsa singers Gilberto Santa Rosa and Andy Montañez. 7/24: Franco De Vita, the Venezuelan Bob Dylan. 7/25: Real-life Mambo King and Afro-Cuban-jazz godfather Cachao. With Senegalese-Latin big band Africando. 7/26: Electrifyingly sexy Brazilian singer Daniela Mercury. With Cuban chanteuse du jour Albita. 7/27: Puerto Rico's biggest pop star, Ednita Nazario. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. (721-6500). $20–$55.*

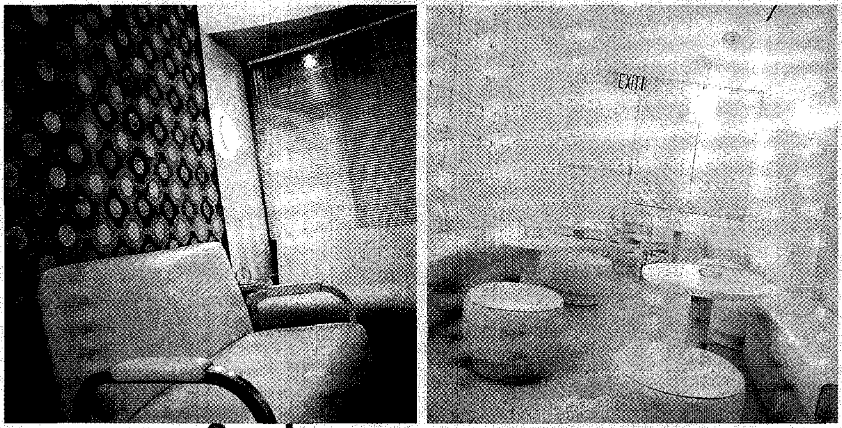
Jones Beach Concert Series—A breezy seaside venue for the old (Boston, Supertramp) and the old at heart (Jewel, Wilco, Live). 7/23: Concerts by the Artist (formerly known as the Artist Formerly Known As Prince) are rare occasions, and he tends to announce them on an extremely last-minute basis. 7/25: "Lilith Fair," with Sarah McLachlan, Tracy Chapman, Joan Osborne, Fiona Apple, and the Cardigans (see essay, page 75). 7/26: Santana; Rusted Root. 7/30: Queensryche. *Wantaugh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $22–$35.*

Los Fabulosos Cadillacs—The aptly named Fabulosos Cadillacs—whose "Matador" is one of the great rock songs of the nineties, in any language—spearhead "Rockinvasion," a bill of some of Argentina's heppest bands. 7/30 at 7 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35.*

John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers—The melting-pot spirit of Ellis Island lives on, in an unanticipated way: A legendary British band sets up shop on the edge of New York Harbor, to play music with origins in the muddy waters of the Mississippi delta. 7/24 at 6:30 P.M. *Castle Clinton, Battery Park. (835-2789). Free.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.



Opening
Land-O-Liquor

"We were going to call it something like Dreamland," says interior designer and newly minted pub proprietrix Sally Bennett. But just before opening for business, she says, she "decided to tell it like it is." Thus, Bennett and three partners have given Alphabet City its most fetching—and most aptly named—new watering hole, Drinkland (339 East 10th St.; 228-2435).

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Dance instruction and big-band music under the stars. What could be better? 7/22: New York–Buenos Aires Connection. 7/23: Kilfenora Ceili Band, direct from County Clare, Ireland. 7/24: Hilarious western-swingers BR5-49. 7/25: The Machito Orchestra. 7/26: The great Illinois Jacquet celebrates his 75th birthday and closes out the series. *Lincoln Center's Fountain Plaza. (875-5766). $9.*

"Moonlight Dancing in the Park"—Alex Donner's fourteen-piece orchestra transforms Wollman Rink into a glamorous little swing- and Latin-dance boîte to rival Lincoln Center's outdoor venue. Thur.–Sun., 6 P.M.–11 P.M. *Wollman Rink, Central Park near 60th St. (396-1010, ext. 5). $12, or $20 per couple.*

"Nuyorican Soul"—George Benson, Eddie Palmieri, India, and ex–Fresh Prince collaborator Jazzy Jeff do the honors. 7/25 at 9 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $30–$35.*

The Orb—7/25 at 10 P.M. *Carbon, 610 W. 56th St. (307-7171). $20.*

Portishead—The duo sets its haunting trip-hop to full-on orchestral arrangements. 7/24 at 8 P.M. *Roseland. Sold out.*

Tina Turner—With Cyndi Lauper. 7/22–7/30 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Avenue of the Americas, at 50th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Veruca Salt—Having titled their first album, *American Thighs*, for a line in an AC/DC song the co-ed Chicago quartet's graduated to Beatles references for album No. 2, *Eight Arms to Hold You*. 7/29 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom. $16.50.*

"Warped Tour"—Social Distortion, the Descendents, Pennywise, Sick of It All, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, plus a bunch of other muscular-type punkers, and—fittingly—a lot of pro skateboarders. 7/25 at 1 P.M. *Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. (307-7171). $20.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—The club formerly known as Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New York City's classiest small rock venue. 7/24: Coolidge. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-ish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 7/26: Matt Keating; George Usher. 7/28: Jennifer Jackson. 7/29: First came the questionably named Vineland; now some literate kids have taken a further dip into Thomas Pynchon–referencing—naming themselves Lot 49. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/23: Lucy Kaplansky; Jennifer Kimball; Andy Statman; Tony Trischka; Matt Glaser; John McGann; Jim Whitney; Bruce Barth. 7/24: Former Springsteen ax-man Nils Lofgren; Pat Dinizio. 7/25: Buster Poindexter & His Banshees of Blue. 7/26: Jazz Mandolin Project. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 7/23: Grand Mal. 7/24: Lauren Hoffman; the Spinatras. 7/29: Shiner. 7/30: Lincoln. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, fly-

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

er-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 7/25: The Slackers; Skinner Box; Metro Stylee. 7/26: Bailterspace; Third Eye Foundation. 7/28: Jim Pugliese; Soultronix. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring veterans of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 7/22: Natalie Gamsu. 7/25: Richard Julian; Deanna Kirk; Katie Clements. 7/26: Voodoo Martini; Everlounge. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—World Party may be best known for their mediocre 1986 hit "Ship of Fools," and that's a crying shame. Karl Wallinger, who writes and plays all the band's songs, crafts some of the finest Beatles-esque pop this side of *Revolver*. Wallinger's newest effort, *Egyptology*, bristles with the kind of pop hooks most songwriters would kill to come up with, and trippily witty lyrics to match. Of particular note is the brilliant, catchy, and beautifully titled "Curse of the Mummy's Tomb." The Party returns to New York for the first time in four years, 7/22. 7/24: Brian Setzer Orchestra. 7/29: Suicidal Tendencies. 7/30: The Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/25: John Zorn's forward-thinking Tzadik records label celebrates its second anniversary, with Death Ambient; Anthony Coleman's Self-Haters; Eyvind Kang Trio. 7/26: Tzadik's birthday bash, part 2. David Krakauer's Klezmer Madness; Ken Butler Trio with John Zorn. 7/27: Borah Bergman with Oliver Lake and Reggie Nicholson. 7/28: Dirty Dozen. 7/29: Eugene Chadbourne's Insect and Western Party. 7/30: Aquarium Rescue Unit. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/21: Calliope, the band that played the music on those Coke ads. 7/22: Big Sandy & the Fly Rite Boys; the Derailers. 7/24: John S. Hall; Betty. 7/25–7/26: Tindersticks. 7/28: Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 7/24: Five Chinese Brothers. 7/30: The Disciples of Agriculture. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Every Sunday, get a free dance lesson from 7 to 8 and tango the night away. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/23: Mahlathini & the Mahotella Queens. 7/24: "La Bomba Internacional." 7/25: Alternative Soul Kollective, with ex–Living Colour singer Corey Glover. 7/26: Juliana Aquino. 7/28: Pete El Conde & His Orchestra. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear. 7/22: Icelandic disco-trip-hop fusionists Gus Gus. 7/29: Supergrass. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Talent
Jacquet Ball

On the final night of Lincoln Center's Midsummer Night Swing (July 26), catch Lindy-hop fever from one of the big-band era's most towering and melodious figures: tenorman, legendary "Flying Home" soloist, and Lionel Hampton collaborator Illinois Jacquet.

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/24: Lucky Dube; Majek Fashek & the Prisoners of Conscience. 7/25: Robin Trower. 7/26: The Muffs. 7/29: Dion. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Webster Hall—Four floors of dancing, debauchery, and the occasional live band. 7/27: Rollins Band; Skeleton Key. *125 E. 11th St. (307-7171).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," and jungle-techno-hip-hop-"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 7/22–7/23: John Abercrombie, Dan Wall, and Adam Nussbaum. 7/24–7/26: Louis Armstrong Legacy Band. 7/27: Charlie Parker drummer Charli Persip. 7/29–7/30: Pete Selvaggio & Ernie Krivda. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/22–7/27: Regina Belle. 7/28: Greg Hatza Band. 7/29–8/3: Peabo Bryson. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Harlem Meer Festival—Every Sunday afternoon at 2, Central Park's northerly body of water hosts a variety of jazz performances—some of them by truly legendary performers. 7/27: Kansas City jazz giant Claude "Fiddler" Williams leads his Swing String Trio. *Harlem Meer, Central Park, near 110th St. (860-1370). Free.*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 7/22–7/27: Donald Harrison Quartet. 7/29–8/3: Mose Allison. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 7/23–7/26: John Bunch and Phil Flanagan. 7/30–8/3: Renee Rosnes and Christian McBride. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 7/25–7/26: Jim Snidero Quintet. 7/29: Alex Norris Quintet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 7/24: Mike Hashim Quintet. 7/25–7/26: Stuff! With Gordon Edwards. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/22–7/27: Pianist Kenny Barron, fresh from a triumphal gig at Avery Fisher Hall with Ornette Coleman, leads a trio. 7/29–8/3: Brad Mehldau Trio. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. 7/22: Mac Gollehon and the *Mac's Smokin' Section* Band. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 7/21–7/26: Pete Malinverni, Neal Miner, and Leroy Williams. 7/28–7/31: Junior Mance, Joe Temperley, and Calvin Hill. Every Sunday in June, Stephanie Nakasian and Hod O'Brian. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/24–7/27: *SNL* Clinton impersonator Darrell Hammond. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as a N.Y.C. apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 7/21–7/27: Colin Quinn; Mitch Fatel; Kevin Brennan. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/21–7/27: Ben Creed; Jerry Diner; Lenny Varnedoe. 7/28–8/3: Greg Rogell; Nancy Redman; Brian McFadden. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

f-Stop—Every Thursday night, the cutting-edge "Comedy Brothel" presents improv from such stand-ups of the moment as Dave Chappelle, Kevin Brennan, and *Mad-TV*'s Brian Callem. No cover; no minimum. *28 W. 20th St. (582-7589).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. 7/25–7/26: Sue Costello; Paul Mercurio; Coury Kahaney; Rich Voss. Every Saturday, Chris Rush's "Don't Pee In My Stream of Consciousness." *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "Eating It," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 7/25–7/26: Sunda Croonquist; Rick Crom; Kevin Brennan. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun plays Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M., through 5/4. Michael Devine plays 5:30–8 P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—An West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. 7/25 and 7/27: Warren Lyons, son of legendary *Post* columnist Leonard Lyons, presents "My Life in the Lyons Den." Thursdays in July, *Victor/Victoria* understudy Anne Runolfsson. 7/22 and 7/29: Steven Kowalczyk. $12, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 7/22–8/9: *Phantom of the Opera* star Davis Gaines. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays: The Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. 7/26: Deanna Kirk. 7/30: Herman Foster Trio. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village—fresh from its second anniversary, and perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Cheetah—The self-proclaimed "fastest club in the world" offers an impressive selection of drinks, smokes, and food at even more impressive prices. $25 glasses of Scotch? Check. Macanudos? Check. Chocolate soufflés served till 4 A.M.? You get the idea. But one thing *we* don't get is why all the chairs are covered with leopard-print fabric. *12 W. 21st St. (206-7770).*

Drinkland—The East Village's newest lounge eschews thrift-store scruffiness in favor of a clean-lined retro-futurism reminiscent of recent Beck album art. Look for more young professionals than the place's stone's-throw-from-Avenue B location would lead you to believe. *339 E. 10th St. (228-2435).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere lounge is novel without crossing the fine line into irksome-novelty territory. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Avoid the khaki-wearing yuppies who descend Saturday nights. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

Subway Inn—Twenty minutes here and you're practically waiting for the latest update on the Cuban Missile Crisis. The Subway is 64 years old and looks it: Communist-red walls studded with Americana and photos of Marilyn Monroe; a beautifully maintained old oak bar (and a beautifully maintained old bartender); an unstudied mix of blue- and white-collar patrons. If someone lit up a cigar in here, it would be an old bald guy reading the *Post*, not some yuppie talking Dow after the final bell. *143 E. 60th St. (223-8929).*

Vain—Right next door to 2A (a bar so genuinely East Village that Dictators singer Handsome Dick Manitoba tends bar four nights a week), Avenue A now has its first velvet-ropes-and-all fashion-crowd hang. Faced with the prospect of navigating between the Scylla of an evening with the neighborhood's plentiful supply of multiply pierced *Singled Out* rejects and the Charybdis of sipping Cosmopolitans among the coltish aspiring Kates and Naomis, we might turn around and go home. Then again, we might not. *9 Ave. A (253-1462).*

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest (in a good way). *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Performance

Where the Boys Aren't

For the past two summers, the nineties' biggest innovation in live rock and roll, the Lollapaloozoid roving rockfest, looked to be on its last legs. There were too many bands playing too many such tours, many of which were becoming indistinguishable. Metallica headlined an alt-rock fest; pop *noir*-ists Morphine played the jam-happy H.O.R.D.E. tour; fans got turned off. Enter Lilith Fair. The brainchild of Canadian singer-guitarist Sarah McLachlan (pictured), this new rock-and-roll odyssey forgoes genre distinctions, featuring instead a rotating cast of female performers of nearly every stripe imaginable—from optimistic folkie Jewel to smoky jazz crooner Cassandra Wilson to Eagles worshiper Sheryl Crow. Perhaps as a result of Lilith's brazen refusal to bill itself as just one neatly packaged brand of pop, it's been the most consistently successful of this summer's tours, both commercially and artistically. The July 25 stop at Jones Beach features one of the tour's most appealing lineups, with heavy doses of pop fluff balancing some guitar-strumming seriousness: McLachlan (who, as the headliner for every date, is the tour's one constant), the Cardigans, Tracy Chapman, and New Yorkers Fiona Apple and Joan Osborne. Further proof that all's fair in love, war—and rock. Ethan Smith

the mix

The Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show...Joe Connolly

John Leonard's Television Notes

Girls Like Us (7/22; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), the 1997 Sundance Grand Jury prize winner from Jane C. Wagner and Tina DiFeliciantonio, listens carefully over a four-year period to four teenage working-class girls from South Philadelphia—African-American, Italian-American, Vietnamese-American, and European-and-Native American—as they deal with immigrant parents, Catholic schools, negligent boyfriends, drug abuse, pregnancy, and motherhood, not even to mention "P.O.V." cameras.

Investigative Reports: Blood Money—Switzerland's Nazi Gold (7/26; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E) looks at the cuckoo laundering, for Hitler during World War II, of maybe a billion dollars worth of looted Jewish resources and reserves, the people who covered it up for decades, and what Edgar Bronfman and Al D'Amato are pretending in the newspapers to do about it.

Hostile Waters (7/26; 9 to 11 P.M.; HBO) relies on Rutger Hauer, as the captain of a Soviet nuclear submarine in the western Atlantic in 1986, and Martin Sheen, as the mirror-image skipper of a hunter-killer American nuclear sub with which Rutger collides, to save the Eastern Seaboard from devastation and the Reykjavik Summit from terminal embarrassment, in spite of Cold War politics all the way up the chain of command to Max von Sydow. We already know that it didn't quite happen, but the watery stuff is absorbent.

Big Guns Talk: The Story of the Western (7/27; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) encourages James Garner to be mildly skeptical about the deeper cultural meanings of cowboy movies while we look at and listen to Clint Eastwood, Charlton Heston, Ed Harris, Tom Selleck, Jimmy Smits, Bruce Dern, Jane Seymour, and Amy Madigan, from *Cimarron* (1931) to *Unforgiven* (1992).

Prohibition: Thirteen Years That Changed America (7/27; 8 to 11 P.M.; A&E), with Ed Asner enjoying himself telling us about it, stars Al Capone, the alcoholic Eliot Ness, the witless Warren G. Harding, and the bootlegger extraordinaire Joseph Kennedy, the father of Camelot.

Stargate SG-1 (7/27; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) launches a twenty-hour series with a two-hour pilot based on the Hollywood movie, with Richard Dean Anderson in the Kurt Russell role. Preview cassettes of the first TV visit through the "ancient portal" to the planet of Abydos were not available at press time. Hour-long episodes will follow every Friday from August 1.

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If you're one of those people infuriated by the idea of rushing to the airport just to wait around for **three hours, consider registering at the Travelocity site for Flight Paging. Provided you have an alphanumeric pager (one that can convey text messages as well as plain old telephone numbers), this service will notify you automatically of late-breaking flight information such as updated arrival and departure times, delays, and gate changes (http://www.travelocity.com).**

Radio Highlights

The Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra—7/28 at 9:05: A live performance of works by Ravel and Tchaikovsky. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Cadillac Sunday Night Opera House—7/27 at 8: Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—7/26 at 1: Handel's "Ariodante". WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/21: Dick Hyman talks about the 92nd St. Y's jazz series; Stephen S. Hall discusses *A Commotion in the Blood: Life, Death, and the Immune System*; Robert Marion on *Rotations: The Twelve Months of Intern Life*. 7/22: A panel discussion on the (sorry) state of publishing today; Harriet Wasserman on her memoir of Saul Bellow, *Handsome Is;* actor Hurd Hatfield on his role in *The Picture of Dorian Gray;* Erica Jong on *Inventing Memory*. 7/23: Dan Fagin on *Toxic Deception* (the story of how the chemical industry manipulates science, bends the law, and endangers your health); Caryl Phillips *The Nature of Blood* (a novel). 7/24: Mark Kurlansky on *Cod*, a bio of the fish that changed the world; Mark Abrahamson on *The Grand Central Oyster Bar and Restaurant;* actress Janet McTeer on her role in *A Doll's House*. Lorenzo Carcaterra on his novel *Apaches*. 7/25: Open phones. 7/29: Alain DeBotton on *How Proust Can Change Your Life;* Billy Connolly on his role in the film *Mrs. Brown*. Noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

The Written Word

Erica Jong—7/29 at 6:30: The author will read from and sign copies of her new book, *Inventing Memory*. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3324); free.

Mary Morris and Kate Wheeler—7/23 at 7: Reading from *The Lifeguard* and *Not Where I Started From*, respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Dan Barden, David Means, and Steven Rinehart—7/30 at 7: Reading from their recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Eileen Myles and Ed Sanders—7/23 at 6:30: Reading from their recent work. The Poetry Project, Union Square Park at 16th St., between Broadway and Park Ave. (674-0910); free.

Alain de Botton—7/29 at 7: Reading from *How Proust Can Change Your Life.* Lenox Hill Books, 1018 Lexington Ave., bet. 72nd and 73rd Sts. (572-2687); free.

Kevin Coogan—7/25 at 6: Leading the Fiction and Literature Reading Group in a discussion of Albert Camus's *The Stranger.* At Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0819); free.

Joshua Henkin—7/23 at 7:30: Reading from *Swimming Across the Hudson,* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 85th St. (362-8835); free.

Lectures and Panels

Frederick Ashton and His Ballets—7/23 at 6: As part of Lincoln Center Festival '97, David Vaughan, archivist of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, presents an illustrated lecture on Ashton. The Kaplan Penthouse, the Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (875-5000); free.

Palestrina—7/25 at 6: Another Lincoln Center Festival '97 event. Festival director John Rockwell speaks on Hans Pfitzner and the social, moral, and political issues surrounding his opera *Palestrina.* The Kaplan Penthouse, the Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (875-5000); free.

Sir Kenneth MacMillan—7/22 at 5: Lady MacMillan in conversation with John Rockwell about her late husband. The Kaplan Penthouse, the Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (875-5000); free.

Events

Frank McCourt and Dael Orlandersmith—7/24 at 8:30: A spoken-word performance at SummerStage, Central Park. Tickets available at all Ticketmaster outlets, including HMV Record Stores; through Ticketmaster Charge By Phone (307-7171); and at SummerStage Shop during concerts.

Benefits

Thirteenth Annual Manhattan Society Party—7/24 at 7: A bash aboard the U.S.S. *Intrepid* with live music, dancing, dining, and drinking. To benefit the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. At Pier 86, W. 46th St. at Twelfth Ave. (463-7787); $60 until 7/18, $75 thereafter.

Tours

Central Park History Walks—7/25–7/27 at 2: Learn the story of how the park came to be built, and of the African-American and Irish community known as Seneca Village that was razed to make room for it. Meet at the New York Historical Society at 77th St. and Central Park West (873-3400); $8 includes museum admission.

The Dreams and Terrors of Ellis Island—7/27 at 9:30: A tour of the historic site with a talk on the history of American immigration. Meet at the flagpole at Minuit Plaza at State and Water Sts. in front of the Staten Island Ferry Terminal (242-5762); $18 includes ferry ride.

"The Age of Innocence"—7/26 at 4: A chance to experience the past of Greenwich Village. Meet at the Washington Square arch (255-6397); $10.

On View
Rock Garden

With its waterfalls, its clusters of seasonal blooms along the promenade, and its suggestion of a breeze where none may actually exist, Rockefeller Center is always something of a midtown respite from summer. But through August 3, it is practically a jungle: The Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show brings together the work of almost two dozen of the area's most imaginative landscape and horticultural designers. (See listings.)

Photograph by Bo Parker.

Exhibitions

Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show—Through 8/3: A show of the best and brightest work in horticultural and landscape design. With exhibits by Brooklyn Botanic Garden, *Garden Design* magazine, Nabel's Nursery, Waterford Gardens, Horticultural Society of New York, and many others. Between 49th and 51st Sts. and Fifth and Sixth Aves. (332-6500); free.

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American and Irish community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect the Colonial period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Lillian Bassman—Through 8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fashion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

"A Long Look at Fifth Avenue"—Through 9/8: The result of the Municipal Art Society's "Fifth Avenue Design Competition," in which ten architectural firms and individuals were asked to submit comprehensive design schemes for Fifth Avenue in the next millennium. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Sports

Mountain Biking in N.Y.C.—7/27 at 9 A.M.: Here's a chance to fulfill fat-tire fantasies and use that mountain bike for more than jumping curbs. The Five Borough Bike Club promises "real singletrack" on Staten Island and even a few streams for fording. Beginner and intermediate riders welcome. *Meet at South Ferry. Ride is canceled if rain or drizzle is evident. Call 932-2300, extension 350, for information.*

Reservoir Run 5K—7/26 at 9 A.M.: This popular race does not, in fact, circle the much-loved dirt path around the reservoir. Rather, runners cover the hilly asphalt in the northern half of the park. Proceeds go toward maintaining the reservoir path. *Race starts at East Drive and 97th St. Entry fee is $10 for members, $15 for nonmembers. Limited race-day entries are $13 for members, $20 for nonmembers. Call 860-4455 for information.*

Baseball—7/22–7/24: Yankees vs. Anaheim Angels at 7:35 P.M., 1:05 P.M., and 7:35 P.M.; 7/25–7/27: Yankees vs. Seattle Mariners at 7:35 P.M., 1:35 P.M., and 1:35 P.M.; 7/28–7/30: Yankees vs. Oakland Athletics at 7:35 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 1:05 P.M.

Women's Basketball—7/22: Liberty vs. Utah Starzz at 7:30 P.M.; 7/26: Liberty vs. Charlotte Sting at 4 P.M.; 7/30: Liberty vs. Sacramento Monarchs at 7:30 P.M. (MSGN).

Online

Never Again—This site, sponsored by the Bronx High School of Science, is dedicated to Holocaust awareness. It is incredibly well produced (by the students themselves) and contains an amazing array of exhibits and artifacts. In particular, the displays of Nazi propaganda posters from the late thirties is both fascinating and chilling. *http://www.bxscience.edu/orgs/holocaust/index.html*

Boom Times—If you consider yourself a baby-boomer, this site is good for a laugh or two. It flatters the generation born between 1946 and 1964 by describing them as "the largest, most powerful, most knowledgeable group of people in American history" but neglects to mention anything about their being the most fatuously self-obsessed collection of whiners ever. The Boomer Quiz will help answer such questions as whether the Domino Theory refers to a takeout-dinner option or the politics of Southeast Asian nations. *http://www.boomernet.com/boom/boomquiz.htm*

Multiculturalism—This conversion calculator will translate any standard of measure currently in use (metric, U.S. liquid, U.S. dry, etc.) into any other. But what's really spooky is that it will also convert standards of measurement that have been out of use for hundreds of years (British Imperial, Old Russian, etc.) into one another or

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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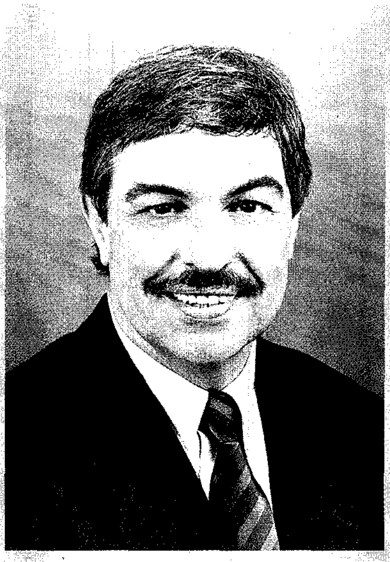

Talent **WCBS Newsradio 88 is undoubtedly very pleased to know that Alan Greenspan admits listening to Joe Connolly's business reports (broadcast twice an hour weekday mornings). Connolly's real triumph, however, is not with the deliberative man at the Fed but with the plurality of people who never dreamed that the release of corporate quarterly earnings could give them a frisson. Resembling not a snide guru but a patient bartender with unexpected powers of discernment, Connolly takes business stories both routine and recondite and creates instructive vignettes that fit seamlessly into the morning's breaking news. By dramatizing rather than crunching the numbers, he's advanced the notion that business activity—as opposed to, say, *Seinfeld* or the novel—is the purest expression of the way we (or some of us) live now.**

into any current standard. Save this URL for the next time you need to convert a peck into a vedro: *http://www.mplik.ru/~sg/transl/capacity.html*

They've Got an Awful Lot of Coffee in Brazil—If you know only one or two words from the title of a song or album that you want, this site's nifty search engine will find the rest of the information you need. Sinatra's wonderful but obscure "Coffee Song," for example, took about three nanoseconds to locate. A search for the Pogues' hard-rocking album *Rum, Sodomy, and the Lash* identified all of the albums with the word *sodomy* in the title—as it happens, just the one. The sponsors of this site will also be glad to sell you whatever CD they find for you, but the service is free regardless of whether you buy anything. *http://www.tunes.com*

Checkers on the Internet—Not the game, the dog. This site contains audio files of many noteworthy historical speeches, including Nixon's rambling, self-pitying, brilliant slush-fund *mea culpa,* the Checkers Speech. Browse here to download banter between Hitler and Chamberlain, Martin Luther King Jr. speaking the night before he was assassinated, and Joseph McCarthy's insistent pleas for "a point of order, Mr. Chairman." *http://webcorp.com/sounds*

Photograph courtesy of WCBS Newsradio 88.

in concert

Masur's 70th...Palestrina's Last Works

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 22

New York Philharmonic in the Park—Performs Glinka, Tchaikovsky, and Bach; Markan Thakar, conductor. *North Meadow, Central Park (875-5709), at 8; free, with fireworks following the performance.*

Umabatha—The story of Macbeth and his lady told by a 66-person Zulu troupe. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$60.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Orff's *Carmina Burana* and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony;* Judith Clurman, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Wednesday, July 23

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Performs Beethoven and Mendelssohn with Wolfram Koessel, cellist; Julius Grossman, conductor. *Seaside Park, Seabreeze Ave. and W. 5th St., Brooklyn (718-776-5914), at 8; free.*

The Intimate Pfitzner—Works by the German romantic, performed by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, and the New York Philharmonic; David Shifrin, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Umabatha: The Zulu Macbeth—See 7/22.

Thursday, July 24

Bargemusic—Works by Franck, Schubert, Chopin, and Prokofiev. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Gospel Jubilee—The last night of this revue, arranged by Bishop Nathaniel Townsley. *American Theater of Actors, Chernuchin Theater, 314 W. 54th St. (765-5130), at 8; $25.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Mozart's *Requiem;* Robert de Cormier, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Battery Park Young Musicians—The Four Seasons String Quartet and Deborah Greitzer, bassoon, perform Vivaldi's *Concerti for Bassoon. On the lawn in Battery Park (566-6700), at 12:30; free.*

Umabatha: The Zulu Macbeth—See 7/22.

Friday, July 25

New York Philharmonic—Performs Pfitzner and Bizet, in celebration of Kurt Masur's 70th birthday, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin, and the Royal Opera Concert; Masur conducts. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$55.*

Summergarden—Stephen Gosling and Eric Huebner, pianos, perform Grainger and Davidovsky. *Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Janáček, Schumann, Bartók, and Respighi. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Saturday, July 26

Summergarden—See 7/25.

Sunday, July 27

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Performs Bach, Byrd, Faure, and Tallis. *St. Bartholomew's Church, 105 E. 50th St., at 11 a.m.; free.*

Pomerium—The a cappella ensemble performs works by Palestrina and his contemporaries Lassus, Victoria, and Byrd. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Bargemusic—See 7/25, at 4.

Monday, July 28

New York Philharmonic—Performs Copland, Bernstein, Gershwin, and Dvorák. *North Meadow, Central Park (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Opera

The Royal Opera—Performs Pfitzner's *Palestrina;* Christian Thielemann, conductor, 7/24 and 7/26 at 7. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7; $20–$120.*

Dicapo Opera—Performs excerpts from Lehar's *The Merry Widow* and Sondheim's *A Little Night Music,* 7/27 at 3. *Pier 62, at 23rd St. and the Hudson River (533-PARK); free.*

New York Grand Opera—The company continues its journey through all 28 Verdi operas; this week, *Il Corsaro,* 7/23 at 7:30. Summerstage, Central Park at 72nd St. (245-8837); free.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Dance

Royal Ballet—Performs *Cinderella,* 7/23–24 and 7/26 at 1:30, *Prince of the Pagodas,* 7/27 at 1:30 and 8, and McMillan, Ashton, and Wheeldon works with music by Ravel, 7/22–7/23 and 7/25 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $25–$65.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *The Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Wendy Perron Project—Performs *Downtown Underground,* 7/15 and 7/16 at 8. *La Guardia High School of Music & Art, 108 Amsterdam Ave., at 64th St. (875-5000); $35.*

Sean Curran—Performs *Whirligig,* 7/25 at 7:30. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West (718-855-7882); $3.*

Parsons Dance—7/26 at 8. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West (718-855-7882); $3.*

Dances for Wave Hill—Wen Hui, Nami Yamamoto, and others, 7/23 at 6:30 and 7/27 at 5. *Wave Hill, 675 W. 252nd St., Bronx (718-549-3200); performances free with $4 admission.*

Previews

Shaka Zulu, the Musical

Eye of newt, toe of frog, and other charms come to the aid of Umabatha, a Shaka Zulu–meets -Macbeth who—along with his bloodthirsty spouse, Kamadonsela—has a hard time controlling his penchant for mass destruction. First performed more than 25 years ago in South Africa, this operatic version of Shakespeare's tragedy arrives at Lincoln Center this Monday. (Call 721-6500 for tickets.)

Photograph by Ruphin Coudyzer/FPPSA.

kids

Scoop...Tollbooth...Cinderella

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Time Travel—Go back in time at the "20th Annual New York Renaissance Faire." Well, sort of. Modernity is mixed in liberally with the armored-jousting and birds-of-prey demonstrations. Look out for Myst and King's Quest on CD-ROMs, Mattel's medieval Barbie and Playmobil and Lego gone historic. The fair draws medieval freaks who go to enormous lengths to wear chain mail and tights of two colors. Ogling them, along with consuming Renaissance-inspired junk food and shouting sixteenth-century encouragement at the Mud Pit Show is part of the fun. From 7/26–9/14, **STERLING FOREST,** Tuxedo, N.Y. (914-351-5171). Tickets cost $15 for adults, $13 for seniors, $6 for children 3–12.

Lincoln Center Festival—A family festival per se it most decidedly isn't. But consider taking children along to either *Le Cercle Invisible* or to *Cinderella.* In the former, live rabbits and geese are incorporated into a witty French vaudeville spectacle, 7/23 through 7/25 at 7, and 7/26 at 2. **JOHN JAY COLLEGE THEATER,** Tenth Ave. bet. 58th and 59th Sts.; $45. *Cinderella,* a revival of Sir Frederick Ashton's production, set to Prokofiev's celebrated score, is performed by the Royal Ballet, 7/23, 7/24, and 7/26 at 1:30; $25 to $65. For tickets to all Festival events, call 721-6500; for information, call 875-5928.

Rabbit Sense—An original jazzy song-and-dance musical, recommended for ages 3 to adult, mixes "Brer Rabbit" characters with sibling-rivalry issues. The show, with a book by Davidson Lloyd, music by John Kroner, and lyrics by Gary Gardner, is performed by 25 kids from all sorts of backgrounds and corners of New York City who have worked extraordinarily hard to produce a polished show. Showing through 8/17 on Tues., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2; Sat. at 1 and 3; 8/17 at 1 and 3; and 7/29 at 7:30. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); tickets $12, $6 kids under 17.

Under Construction—Make a small version of Pippi Longstocking's fabled Villa Villekulla—the house where she lived with her horse, her monkey, and no grown-ups to boss her around—to take home. Through 7/28, Tues.–Fri. 10–4, Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5. **THE HUDSON VALLEY CHILDREN'S MUSEUM,** Nyack Seaport, 21C Burd St. (914-358-2191). Recycled materials are $1 in addition to the regular $4 admission.●

The Jungle Book—Theatreworks' musical version of Kipling's classic, in which Mowgli is raised entirely by animals, is recommended for children 5 and up. Performances are free, a summer tradition the professional theater, bless it, has kept up through nine consecutive Julys. Tickets are available at the box office on the day of the performance, beginning at 10 A.M., on a first-come, first-served basis. Through 7/31 at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (642-6754).●

Frog Kissing—David Mamet's take on *The Frog Prince*—the classic story of arrogance getting its comeuppance—Sundays at 1 through 8/3. (Recommended for ages 8 and up.) **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB,** 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050); $8, $5 for children.

Have Carpet, Will Fly—Carved wooden marionettes perform the most famous of Scheherazade's *1,001 Tales of the Arabian Nights* in a show recommended for children ages 3 and up. *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,* set to the music of Aram Khachaturian's *Gayane Ballet Suite,* includes all manner of special effects, among them a flying carpet and a vanishing castle. Sundays, 7/27, 8/3, and 8/10, at 1 and 3. **GREENWICH VILLAGE CENTER THEATER,** 219 Sullivan St. (718-965-3391). Admission $7, $5 for children.

Going Native—The "Thunderbird Midsummer Powwow" welcomes Native American dancers and drummers from all over the country. Children are welcome to watch and listen and even join in certain dances; or peruse the nifty cowhide vests and beaded ephemera. 7/26 from 2 to 5 and 7 to 10; 7/27 from 1 to 4. **QUEENS COUNTY FARM MUSEUM,** 73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park, Queens (718-347-3276). $6, $3 for children under 12. ●

Natural Movement—"Dances for Wave Hill," a series of outdoor dance pieces commissioned to be performed in the glorious setting of the public garden, culminates this week with a program that includes children from the Riverdale Neighborhood House accompanied by live accordion and brass music. 7/23 at 6:30, 7/27 at 5. **WAVE HILL,** Independence Ave. at W. 249th St., the Bronx (718-549-3200). Admission $4, $2 for seniors and students; children under 6 are free.●

Monkey Do—The idea behind Zoo Keeper Month is that the people who know the animals offstage have a lot of interesting nitty-gritty to share. On this final weekend, kids get to find out about the secret foibles of Brooklyn-dwelling primates with presentations by keepers, crafts projects that relate to animals, and activities where kids learn to perform some of the tasks that zookeepers do. 7/26–7/27; activities are from 2 to 4. **PROSPECT PARK WILDLIFE CENTER,** 450 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-399-7339). Admission $2.50, $1.25 for seniors, $.50 for children 3-12; children under 3 admitted free.●

The Phantom Tollbooth—Norman Juster's wonderful yarn, an *Alice in Wonderland*-like journey through absurdity, is the inspiration behind San Francisco dance company ODC's family production of OutaWak—part dance, part theater, part musical. 7/29–8/2, at 8, with a matinee on 8/2 at 2. **THE JOYCE THEATER,** 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800). Tickets for adults are $28; for kids, 20 percent off.

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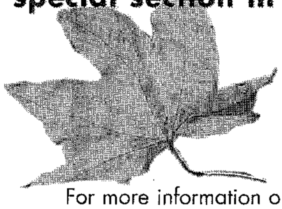

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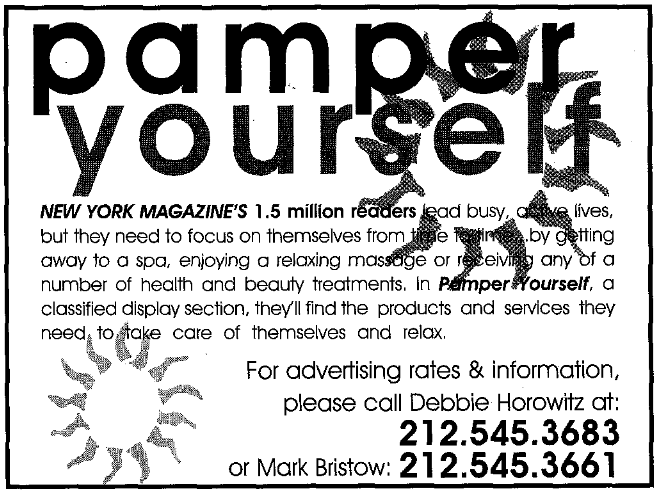

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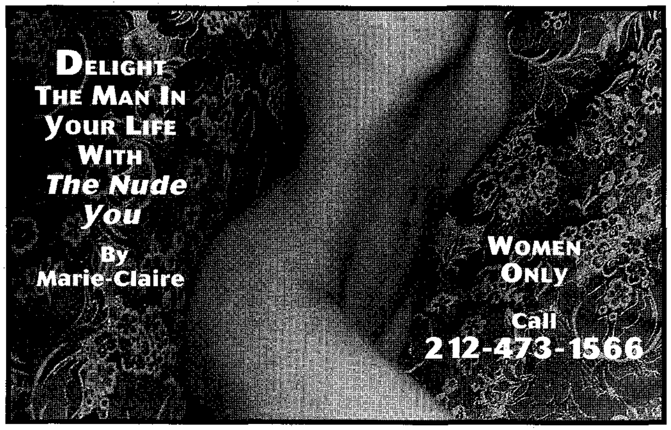
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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Think Leggy Alfre Woodward—Beautiful friend seeks no one, so I seek for her. She: 5'10", 40, black, looks like works out daily but barely gets off couch. Public health exec, amicably divorced, adorable son, 6. Obsessed with bad movies and good food. A little shy. Makes me laugh 'til soda comes out of my nose. You: mensch, any race, 35-50. Kind, trustworthy, funny, sexy, financially stable, well-read. Photo appreciated. 7581 ✉

Gay White Male—Latin looks, 42, don't do drugs, HIV-negative, affectionate and discreet. Seeks a kind, romantic white man of any age over 45. Chubby or homebody is welcomed. 7596 ✉

Head-Turning—Blond, blue-eyed, 5'4", 27, Jewish glamour girl seeks extremely successful, generous, wonderful Jewish man, 29-39, for a relationship that will captivate and keep me. Photo appreciated. 7616 ✉

Funny Woman—Great wit, good looks, tall, slim, Manhattan/FL/Hamptons, looking for compatriot, white, 58-65. 7571 ✉

Young At Heart?—Still passionate for a sexy woman's hugs/kisses? Educated, cultured man with solid values, 70 plus. Note/picture. Westchester. 7584 ✉

Beautiful, Exotic MD—Foreign-born, Jewish, petite - at 50 looks 40. Enjoys home, music, Wall Street, NYC culture. Is seeking Mr. Right. 7622 ✉

Distinguished Manhattan Man—Jewish (nonreligious), 37. I have the maturity, passion, desire and sense of humor to make a relationship work in the 90's. Do you? Seeking an all around superwoman. Must love power boating. When we meet history will be made. 7626 ✉ ☎

Westchester County Widow—Good-looking, slim but curvy, Ivy-educated, large house and grounds, a second vacation house; excellent cook, great gardener, loves animals, music, art... Would like to be with and take care of a man again (I'm good at it), preferably from the world of medicine, law or finance, 55-65. 7607 ✉

Nice Guy—With great sense of humor, dynamic, caring CEO, handsome, cultured, 43, fun, muscular, seeks intellectual woman, tall, solid values, for best friend, lover - for life. For reply, please: note/photo. 7613 ✉ ☎

Substance And Style—Beautiful blond woman, writer, slim, 5'8", very fit (yoga), residing in Manhattan (lived in Europe), financially independent, highly educated, with an insatiable curiosity and quest for knowledge - passionate about my work. I have a sense of adventure (and humor). I am intellectual, warm, caring and full of fun. I love books, music, art, travel, nature, dinners with beautiful food and provocative conversation. Seeking one rare man to love, with similar interests and sensibilities, approximately 43-57, who is kind, emotionally aware, with humor and integrity, and who takes care of himself, body, mind and spirit. Impossible? Please send personal handwritten letter telling me about yourself/photo/phone. 7620 ✉

Blondie—Very pretty, warm, Christian, 40. Seeks a kind, secure man. 7595 ✉ ☎

Good Things Come In Small Packages—This package consists of a pretty, vivacious, petite, slim, dark-eyed brunette with a zest for life and love - a warm, loving woman (early 50s, looks younger) who is a professional singer. To keep fit, I enjoy race-walking and working out. A woman who fully taps the energies of NY by regularly attending all the arts. Is equally at home in a cozy country cottage, on a sandy beach or traveling to new and different horizons with someone I love. If you are a highly successful, financially secure, attractive Jewish man, 54 plus, who appreciates the finer things in life and a woman of class to share them with, respond with note/phone/photo a must. No smokers or recently separated. 7587 ✉

Female, 48—Divorced, new in the area, seeks a friend. I am fit and trim, but empty weekends. 7600 ✉ ☎

Gentle, Smart, Creative Man—(Yale, Harvard, Oberlin, Middlebury), Harvard MBA, avocational musician, good sense of humor, seeks loving, monogamous, good-looking, well-educated female partner, 25-40, successful and creative, nonreligious, nonsmoker, wanting kid(s). Please send picture. 7572 ✉

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
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P.O. Box 4600
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Nice Guy, Strong Values—Handsome, fit professional, young 42, communicative, mature, funny, stable and kind. Seeks bright, nice lady, 34-39. 7605 ✉

Meg Ryan Looks—For her Dennis. Commitment minded beauty seeks male best friend, 36-46, who will make her hormones jump. Theater/travel a plus. 7586✉

Recipe For Love—Take this petite, Jewish, pretty, 5'3", green-eyed, light-brown-haired, fun, outgoing, open-minded, down-to-earth, 26-year-old professional. Add very handsome, fit, driven, fun, romantic, sincere, honest, passionate, successful man under 32. Throw in some good times...and let's see what happens. Note/photo a must. 7559 ✉

Manhattan Lady—Pretty, 5'6 3/4", good figure, seeks good-looking, tall, educated gentleman, 60s, forever. 7598 ✉ ☎

Exciting, Young Looks And Attitude—Intelligent, unpretentious Manhattanite, seeking caring, sincere, special gentleman of substance, 65 plus (doctor, lawyer, merchant chief), eager to meet very secure, blue-eyed blond, Jewish widow. 7589 ✉

Gentleman Friend, 55-65, Sought—By attractive, feminine, caring Asian, for loving relationship. 7554 ✉

Sweet And Sassy—This fun-loving, slim, pretty, vivacious woman wants to meet an attractive, successful man, 45 plus. Like me, you are healthy and fit, love the city and have a great sense of humor. 7615✉☎

Woman With A Passionate—And joyful heart, seeks soul mate. I'm a raven-haired beauty, 39, fit, PhD. You're a smart, attractive, kindhearted nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo. 7588 ✉

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You Can Have It All!—Beautiful home, country club, travel, with successful, 38, boyishly handsome, Jewish, blue-eyed, fit, 5'11" - ready to settle down with fit, sexy, bright woman to 37, for romance, laughter. Photo. POB 2474, Westport, CT 06880

Gay White Male—Attorney/actor/therapist, young 40s, a handsome bull of a guy with gentle spirit. Looking for relationship with a good-looking man (30-45), nonsmoker, average to muscular build, who is open, honest, sensual, intelligent and able to commit to a shared journey. Like me, be psychologically aware, emotionally connected, focused yet easygoing, spontaneous and passionate, into theater, movies, travel, sunsets and all things romantic. Most of all, be 100 percent real! Note/photo/phone. 7603 ✉☎

Attractive Black Male—Reporter/attorney, 30, into politics and fitness, seeks attractive, grad school-educated white female, 25-40, into same. 7557 ✉

Birthday-Remembering—Flower-sending, no-games-playing mensch. Hard-nosed, soft-hearted advertising CEO, 49, very intelligent, witty and not PC, seeks bright Jewish woman, 35-45, for museums, movies, travel, philosophical discussions and hanging out. Significantly better looking than George Costanza. You should be too. Note/phone and photo please. 7585 ✉

Intelligent, Attractive, Slim—Jewish female, 41, seeks upscale, professional Jewish male to share in marriage, kids and the finer things in life. 7568 ✉

Sexy Menschette With An Edge—Can a beautiful, brilliant, funny, divorced Jewish performer/writer, 43, 5'6", very fit, with strawberry blond hair, green eyes, Generation X looks and a Baby Boomer's heart and mind, find her soul mate in the big city? Seeking an attractive, high-energy, passionate male professional, 40-49, who loves comedy, jazz, nightlife, spontaneity, risk-taking and an independent, sexy woman who will never bore him. 7580 ✉

Warm, Attractive, Svelte Woman—Young 60s, would like to share fun, her love of the arts, travel, museums, golf (not a must) and possibly romance with a sensitive, gentle man of similar age and interests - especially weekends and holidays. Honest note/current photo. 7597✉☎

Oenophile's Delight—Seeks 1940s vintage, mellow, robust, full-flavored, spirited blend for special elixir. 7593 ✉

Confident—29, 5'7", kind, sweet, ambitious, good-looking, physically fit, athletic, beach-loving, Soho-living, easygoing, motorcycle-riding, professionally successful man seeks a 24-35, secure, attractive, slim, energetic, goal-oriented, bright woman for engaging conversation, weekends at the shore and potential for a soulful journey. Note/photo. 7624 ✉ ☎

Handsome Jewish Lawyer—35, 6', athletic, kind, sense of humor. Seeking attractive, intelligent, nonreligious Jewish female, 25-30. No diseases/drugs/smokers/tattoos. Note/photo/phone. 7551 ✉

Gentle Midwestern Man—35, 6'1", attractive, blue eyes, short brown hair, athletic build. Investment manager in Manhattan, lives in Hoboken. Honest, intelligent, enjoys outdoor activities, travel, music, movies and relaxation. Seeks attractive, honest, intelligent, physically fit white female, 25-35, for fun, conversation and possible long-term relationship. Note/phone. Photo optional. 7599 ✉ ☎

Flexible Mind—Can jump from the concrete to the conceptual with the greatest of ease. Polyglot, polymath, very athletic but not a jock, good-looking and successful, creative and funny and creatively funny, would like to meet a woman in her late 20s to middle 30s, who is too smart, who can articulate her smarts eloquently, who can run or jump or swim or something, who is easygoing and successful, not petite and... fairly omnivorous. An evocative note with a photo would be great. 7577 ✉ ☎

The Perfect Woman—Thus quite awkward using this medium. If you are a warm, honest, clean-cut, attractive, tall, successful and driven single male under 40, you will be pleasantly surprised to meet this very affectionate, genuine, slim, gym-fit, exotically beautiful and elegantly sensual, 32-year-old female attorney of direct African descent. Note and recent photo, please. 7578 ✉

Classy, Attractive Asian Mom—Of one, who enjoys the fine and simple things in life, is seeking successful, caring man with sense of humor, 45-52, for friendship. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 7553✉

Female NYC Teacher—Living in central NJ, pretty and intelligent, seeking bright, good-looking, tall male in 40s or 50s. Photo a must. 7562 ✉

One Terrific Businessman—Live on LI. I am Jewish, well-established, sensual, considered to be bright and handsome, confident and at times witty, with a sense of humor. I have been an educator for a number of years, am presently operating a very successful real estate business. I am 5'11"; like candor, good films and the theater, fine restaurants, love to travel. Seeking that special lady who is attractive, bright, educated, for friendship and more. 45-54. Note/photo/phone. 7552 ✉

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Handsome Attorney/Investor—In 60s, slim, 5'10", athletic, affluent, diverse interests - a thinker, warm, verbal, droll sense of humor. Seeks well-educated, pretty, slim, cultured female in her 50s. Recent photo/note/phone, please. 7576 ✉

Nice Guy—39, 6', fit, attractive Wasp with good job, never married (yet), seeks slim, kind, attractive woman. Note/photo; will reciprocate if asked. 7565 ✉

Beautiful Former Ballerina—5'6", 109 lbs, very intelligent, athletic, energetic, sexy and elegant. Loves the finer things in life. Seeks secure, caring, sensual, social man, ideally 50 plus. Photo please. 7610 ✉

FL Surgeon—38, Jewish male, seeks professional Jewish female, 26-32, for long-term commitment. Photo/phone. 7567 ✉

Handsome, Outgoing, Bright—Athletic, confident, resourceful, reliable, Jewish (you needn't be) professional, 39, 5'11", 180 lbs, seeks a sweet, sexy, sharp, fun-loving female (ponytail a plus), 28-37, who wants it all. Photo. 7619 ✉

NYC Attorney—Wants to ease up and relax more. Seeks "laid-back" woman (45 or under), sensitive and affectionate, to catalyze the change. He is intellectual, athletic, loves the arts, great sense of humor, healthy lifestyle. Chronological age 54, physical age about 40. Jewish, 6', 165 lbs. Note/photo. 7608 ✉

I Can't Compete—With CEOs and millionaires, yet. But if reasonably successful is okay...I'm 42, 5'11", 185, (physically, fiscally and aesthetically fit), warm, Jewish (you needn't be), have an irreverent and playful sense of humor, am adventurous, introspective, ambitious, honest, amorous. I work in the investment field, do most things cultural, am well-traveled, athletic, love indy/foreign films, auctions, dining in/out, tennis. Seek grounded, sensuous, well-educated, fitness-minded female in her 30s, for all the marbles. Note/recent photo. 7561 ✉ ☎

Fun-Loving Thinker—PhD philosophy - lives modestly, upbeat and humorous, trim and sexy, 50s, 5'7", 145 lbs. Seeks some of same in femme. Be bright, pretty, youthful, shapely, kind and witty - dancing and interest in ideas a plus. 7614 ✉ ☎

Often Blond, Always Funny—Fit, pretty Jewish social worker, 35, seeks down-to-earth, intelligent professional man, 30s-40s. Tall a plus. 7627 ✉ ☎

Great Catch—Male, 29, many interests, fab career, seeks pretty Jewish female, 25-30, with career. Note/photo. 7560 ✉

Adjective-Free Man—Writer, 37, seeks open, easygoing woman, who has dreams but is also able to laugh about them. Send sketch, story board or FBI file. 7606 ✉

Extremely Beautiful, Elegant—Gorgeous Russian brunette, 28, 5'6", long hair, Jewish, will be a perfect wife to loving, caring, successful man, 30-40. Note/photo. 7582 ✉

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New York Magazine's

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Strictly Personals

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For The Late 60s—I am a Jewish, petite lady who enjoys life and desires to go on accompanied by a retired, strong, wealthy (as I am), Jewish Manhattan gentleman... sincere, well-educated and free. Being with me will remind you vividly of your 20s. Photo and handwritten note. 7628 ✉

Seek Offbeat Yet Upbeat—Spontaneous woman, sometimes serious/sometimes frivolous, but always sensitive - pretty, Waspish or Oriental, mid 40s-mid 50s, who follows her intelligence, learning and good taste rather that what's fashionably "in". Secure enough to stand up for a worthwhile cause, despite ridicule, or to do something outlandish just for the hell of it, although others may laugh at you as well as with you. She has enthusiasm, good sense of humor, pleasing voice/accent, great legs (shapely and straight), and must have a slender, in-shape figure. No smoker or right-to-lifer. I'm a divorced, slim, in-shape, considered attractive, financially secure, outspoken Wasp man who enjoys lots of tennis at B level, fine Bordeaux, history-related travel and Bach to Broadway. Send note, phone and recent clear photo. 7629 ✉

Laugh Or Ski—*Let's do both. Attractive,* successful, modest, white Jewish female, 34, seeking that energetic, thoughtful man who appreciates how special leisure time is when shared with the right person. Photo, please. 7573 ✉

Attractive, Slim—Jewish, classy professional woman, 38, seeks handsome, professional, fun-loving man, 35-43, for a lasting romance. Photo/note. 7592 ✉ ☎

Gay Man Seeks Same—I am 48, handsome, smart, funny, gently masculine, healthy white professional, live-out father, active in the stock market, gardening, therapy. You are 30s-40s, masculine, healthy, white, emotionally secure, financially independent, like children, are not a newcomer to intimate relationships and have had years of therapy (and it helped you). Note/photo. 7612 ✉

Bright, Blond Beauty—Financially and emotionally secure widow, tall, slim, former model, healthy, athletic, 49, nonsmoker. Loves dancing, movies, off-Broadway, boating, beach, travel, Italian food. Looking for NY or NJ man who likes to laugh and have fun. 7570 ✉

A Truly Special Gentleman Has It All!—(Except for you). I am very successful and highly accomplished, professional, CEO, PhD, with exceptional good looks (tall, green-gray eyes), strong, fit, athletic body. You will find me to be kind, loving, loyal, passionate and happy to share life's best. You are sweet, communicative, responsible and sensual (to age 36), exotic, Asian/Latin preferred! Photo/letter, please. 7621 ✉

Wings, Wheels Or Sails—Seeking adventurous guy, 40 plus. Exotic black beauty in need of escape from city. 7517 ✉ ☎

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Sophisticated And Sensual—Sensational looking, long-haired brunette, young 40s, LI, college professor (PhD), passionate and principled, fun and funny, energetic and easygoing, humanist and gourmet cook - is eager to meet a gentle, 40s-50s, accomplished Renaissance man with a sense of humor, integrity, social justice and love of learning - who has time for conversation, liberal ideas, blues clubs, adventurous travel, museums to mountains, a best friend and loving partner. Personal note and photo, please. 7550 ✉

Pretty Russian Lady—5'9", fan of Remarque, opera, arts, will admire and cherish *conservative intellectual under 50. 7583* ✉

Slim, Pretty (And Pretty Sane) Shrink—Active, independent, happy with career, friends and life, seeks previously married man, 50-60, of similar spirit, for possible great relationship. Note/photo. 7566 ✉ ☎

Let's Fall In Love—Successful, attractive 40-year-old white female, seeking reason to leave office earlier. I enjoy travel, movies, romantic home-cooked dinners, bad jokes. Looking for confident, sincere man, 35-40s, to get to know. Note. 7618✉

Jewish Professional—42, 6', seeks attractive female for lifetime. Photo appreciated. 7563 ✉

Come Fly With Me—*LI flight attendant,* with two kids, Jewish, adventurous, blond, seeks 40ish mensch, successful, with brains and looks, athletic, emotionally available. Note, photo and phone. 7569 ✉

Debonair Asian Skier—49, rugged 5'9", into fine dining, travel, theater, resorts. Seeks trim, gutsy lady as soul mate. NYC/NJ. Photo. 7579 ✉

Heart Of Gold—Single white female, 35, attractive, full-figured, with eclectic interests. Enjoys beach, hiking, Broadway and sushi. Seeks single/divorced white male to be my best friend and lover. Include date of birth. 7602 ✉ ☎

Gay Male—43, 6'1", professional, with a great love of life - passionate about travel, the arts and fine dining. In search of a quality man, 23-32, straight-acting, athletic and kind. Note/photo, please. 7625 ✉

Green-Eyed Redhead—Pretty, slim, active, youthful 60s, seeks active Jewish male, up to early 70s. Loves the arts, theater, cultural activities - for a lasting relationship. 7564 ✉ ☎

Handsome Investment Banker—Very well-educated, successful, highly accomplished, fun-loving intellectual, mid 30s, seeking beautiful, sensual, affectionate and outgoing professional woman under 34, to enjoy traveling, dining out and everything Manhattan has to offer. Note/phone/photo. 7617 ✉

A Week In Provence...—Just back from Europe and I'd love to show you my photos. Mathematician and computer trainer, 49, who loves traveling, learning, laughing, music, movies and cooking, seeks kind, intelligent, funny, warm, attractive woman, 30s-40s, for friendship, love and more. Within-two-year photo, please. 7601 ✉

Male Total Package—Seeks female total package, 38-48. You'll never want for anything the rest of your life. Photo. 7609 ✉☎

Gay White Male, One-Of-A-Kind—33, handsome, successful, fit, masculine, with intelligence, character and integrity, who is warm and sensitive, with varied interests. Seeks gentleman (East Side type), with similar qualities, who is easygoing, for laughter, conversation and romance. Note/photo appreciated. 7590 ✉

All Brains, Need Brawn—White female, creative professional, mountain lover and truths-seeker, seeking self-happy, awake man, 40-54, with solvent heart/loves to eat, read, think, talk, touch, work and play, and not afraid of heights, deep waters, commitment and other unknowns. Please send letter with picture of what you look like on the inside. 7591 ✉

Tired Of Walking On Eggshells—Meet a relaxed, down-to-earth, affectionate, very pretty, petite, slender, divorced Jewish professional, 56, good listener, with warm sense of humor, diverse cultural and culinary interests - who seeks a sincere, financially secure, divorced or widowed male counterpart, 52-68, to share the best in life with love and laughter. Note/photo. 7604 ✉

Upbeat, Low-Key Downtown Girl—*28.* Likes...driving, dancing, laughing, reading and exploring. Seeks fun guy who is great to go out with and eventually nice to come home to. Note/photo. 7594✉

Sweet And Delicious—Petite, pretty, 50ish Jewish female. I am wise, warm, sincere, fun-loving and earthy. I appreciate a "healthy", active lifestyle. Seeking quality male for best friend and lover. 7558 ✉

Steven McQueen Lookalike—In my 30s, now in my 50s, seeking a Jewish lady, 45-55, who likes to drive (as I can no longer drive due to an eye problem). Let's explore all the romantic, scenic and historical spots within a few hours of NYC. 7555✉☎

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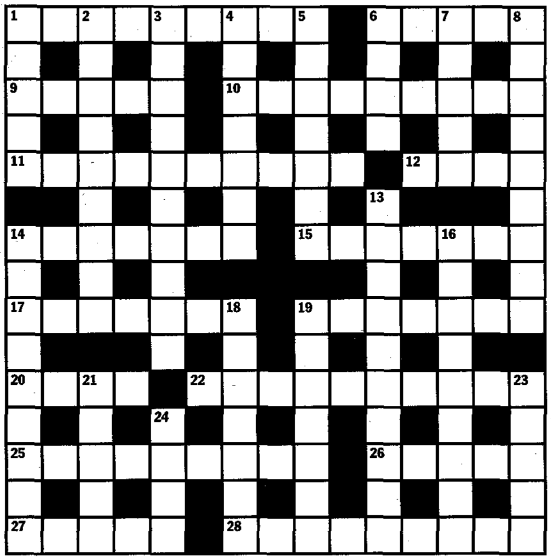
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Cathedral tenor role made difficult. (5,4)
6 Arty boys reportedly easy to handle. (5)
9 Go back over by return train. (5)
10 Board to settle up-country. (5-4)
11 Honourable directors apparently baffled? (5-5)
12 Mineral packed in metal canisters. (4)
14 Closely investigates way back for servicemen? (7)
15 He is against operation on model. (7)
17 Reinstate some interest or excitement. (7)
19 Drink given to animal through coarse cloth. (7)
20 Stone thrown over the French river. (4)
22 Recoil as soldier takes one in silence. (10)
25 Got rid of head-boils. (9)
26 She needs part of their energy. (5)
27 Highly praise letter about Biblical character. (5)
28 Sorely tried a man when pickled. (9)



DOWN

1 Is she in Standard One? (5)
2 Structural features of detective medicines? (9)
3 Phrase for indication of musical feeling. (10)
4 Deeds in battles. (7)
5 Measure lawyers proceed to put a ban on. (7)
6 Support that is found in public relations. (4)
7 One artist has it turned into a head-dress. (5)
8 Impropriety of nothing to drink at end of year? (9)
13 Resistance at work-place. (10)
14 Vicarage attendant embracing crime. (9)
16 Binding broken net with cord first. (9)
18 Where first lady pretended . . . (7)
19 . . . tooth found in coach. (7)
21 Approximately one round. (5)
23 Some of them endeavour to improve. (5)
24 The philosopher of the factory. (4)

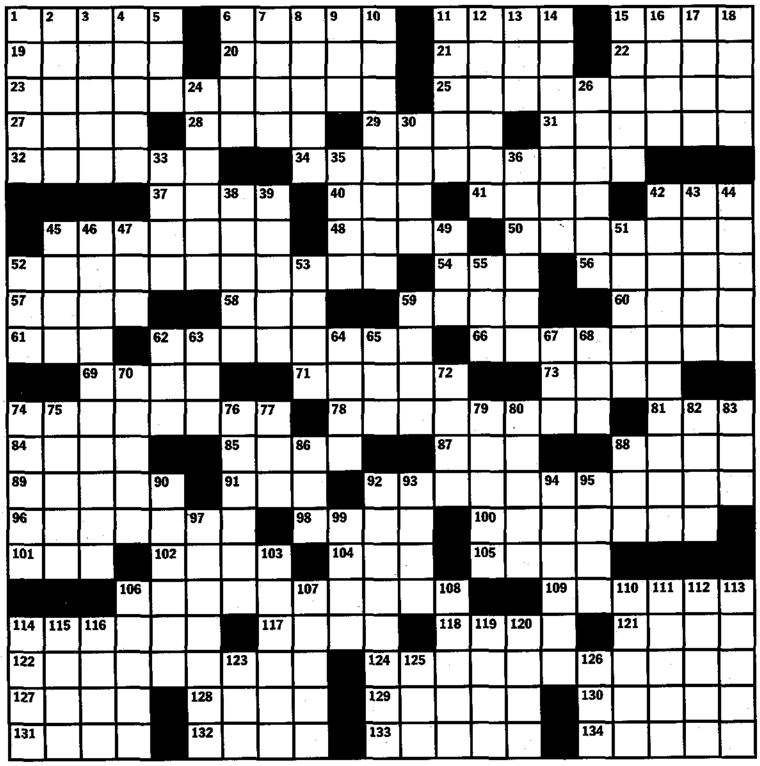
'Dirty Dozen': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

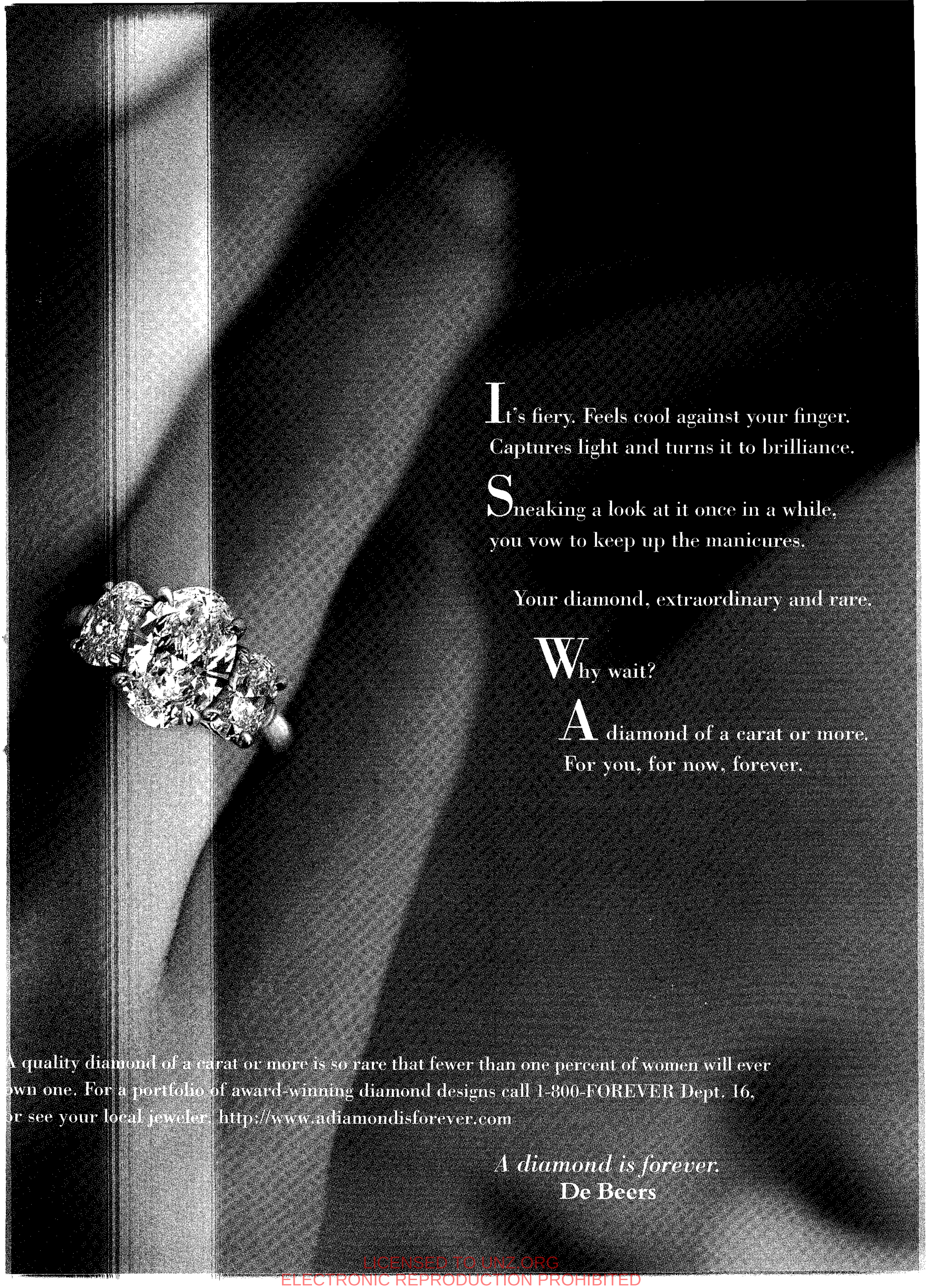
1 Soda-fountain freebie
6 Set on a foundation
11 "—— Good Men"
15 Witch's concoction
19 One of Chekhov's "Three Sisters"
20 Calcutta coin
21 Greek vowel
22 Pompeii's ruination
23 Pioneer blues singer
25 Early 20th C. political reformer
27 Six-pack buy
28 British prep school
29 Ship's center timber
31 Downy ducks
32 Take into custody
34 Bed skirt
37 Opposite of "vive!"
40 Cousteau's milieu
41 Epistle apostle
42 Badger verbally
45 Erik of "CHiPS"
48 Songstress James
50 Uplift
52 Onetime New York stadium
54 Not against
56 Shiny fabric
57 "Movin' ——" ("Jeffersons" theme)
58 Former film studio
59 Longfellow's bell town
60 Exchange for two nickels
61 Sibilant consonant
62 South African prime minister of the '40s
66 Apiary dwellings
69 Whisker
71 Susan Lucci's "All My Children" role
73 Rickey ingredient
74 Displaced persons
78 Dame Peggy
81 Fall guy
84 Snug as —— . . .
85 Attendance list
87 Biddy
88 Last word at an auction
89 "Pagliacci" character
91 Third king of Judah
92 Stage makeup
96 Begins a new paragraph
98 Scottish hillside
100 Easily read
101 Kvetch's utterances
102 Service charges
104 Rubber tree
105 Home loan: abbr.
106 Disney fairy tale
109 Legendary Irish princess
114 Coveted statuettes
117 Hoopla
118 The Campbells, e.g.
121 Brazilian state
122 Bitumen lodes
124 Benjamin Britten opera
127 Behind schedule
128 Girl-watch
129 Happening
130 Singly, with 43-Down
131 Audi rival
132 Ballerinas' props
133 Mr. Warbucks
134 Contract conditions

DOWN

1 "The Lion King" hero
2 Less false
3 Jockey
4 Brooke's husband
5 Method
6 Someone else's child
7 Hatchback, for one
8 Shell out
9 Ending for election of profit
10 Work-table accoutrements
11 Target sighter
12 Snafu
13 And more: abbr.
14 Like an insomniac
15 Ice-skate feature
16 Croupier's implement
17 Eternally
18 Part of V.F.W.
24 Household drink area
26 Moon valleys
30 Coup d'——
33 Puppeteer Tony
35 Secondhand
36 Spenser's "The —— Queene"
38 Bedeck
39 Midwest Indians
42 Homeland
43 See 130-Across
44 Shalit and Siskel
45 Countless years
46 Group's side money
47 Go one better
49 Toward the stern
51 "And God Created Woman" director
52 "Annabel Lee" author
53 Alaskan city
55 Sphere
59 Novelist Sholem
62 Donegal dance
63 "—— we there yet?"
64 River to the Caspian
65 "—— the season . . ."
67 Keebler worker
68 Broadway sellout
70 "The Adventures of —— March" (Bellow book)
72 Tooth woe
74 Mathematical relationship
75 Wood for clarinets
76 Made a dele
77 Call from the Titanic
79 Domain
80 Start of an attack
82 Youngest Brontë sister
83 Favorite
86 Research rm.
88 Dish the dirt
90 Ablaze
92 Went faster than a canter
93 Rod's go-with
94 Urging, with "on"
95 Slapstick missiles
97 Sawbuck
99 Felt remorse for
103 Agree out of court
106 Bumpy beast
107 Pink wines
108 Was a thespian
110 Voice a view
111 More hobbled
112 Shut-eye fantasy
113 Bridge positions
114 Christiania, today
115 Prelude to a duel
116 Quote as reference
119 Give temporarily
120 Superficially cultured
123 "My turn!"
125 A Gabor
126 Decompose



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 78.



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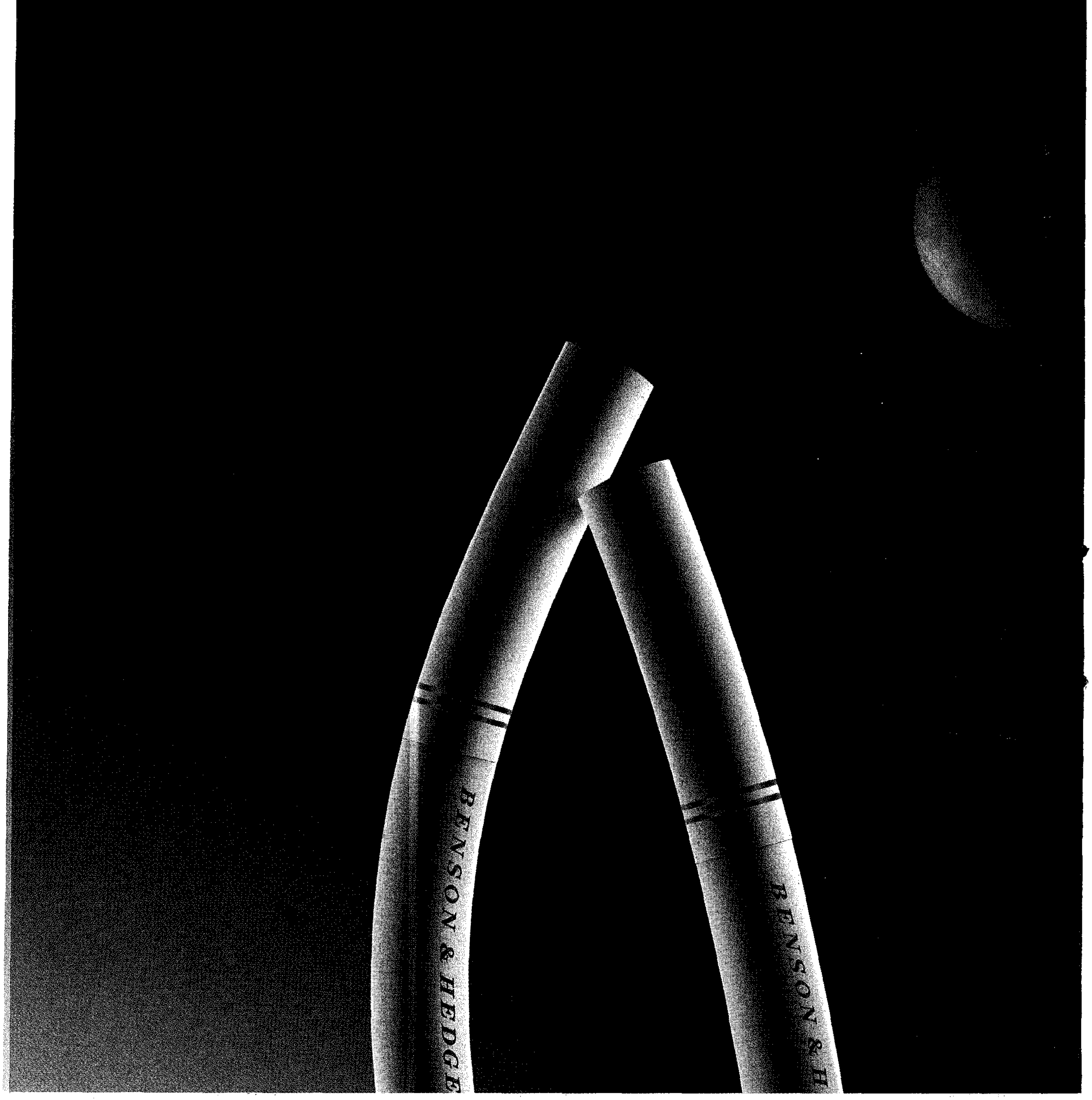
BENSON & HEDGES



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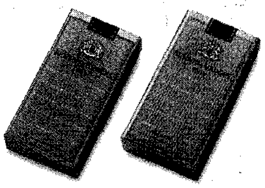

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